Liberty

JUNE 26, 1943

10c

BOOK:
CONGO SONG
Stuart Cloete's
Best Selling Nove

LIBERTY

WHAT REALLY
HAPPENED IN
NORTH AFRICA

LIBERTY

BOMBING
RAID
ON GERMANY

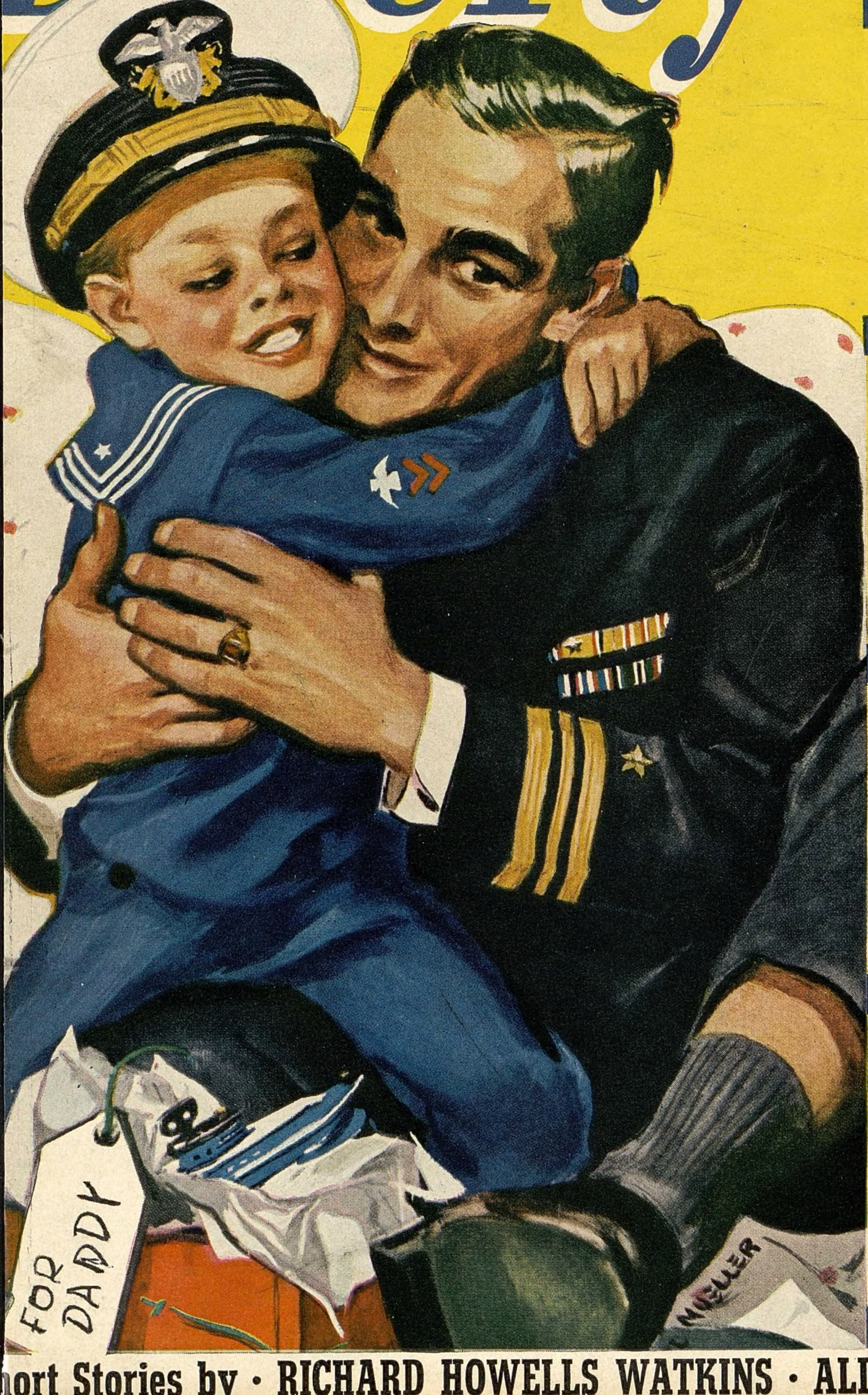
LIBERTY

SAFETY MIRACLE
IN
WAR PLANTS

LIBERTY

WHAT THE
WAR IS DOING
FOR US

LIBERTY



hort Stories by · RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS · ALICE MEANS REEVE

Ah! dear me... a bell-jar! Complete with garden of hand-made flowers. Fitting memento of your "front parlor" of the 1880's. That, too, was the good old ancient age!

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AA is for the whiskey of the flavor years

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Ancient Age

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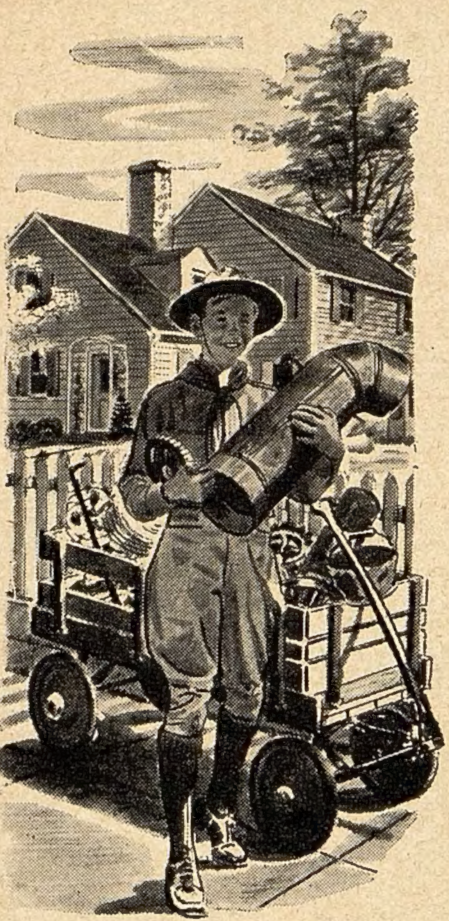
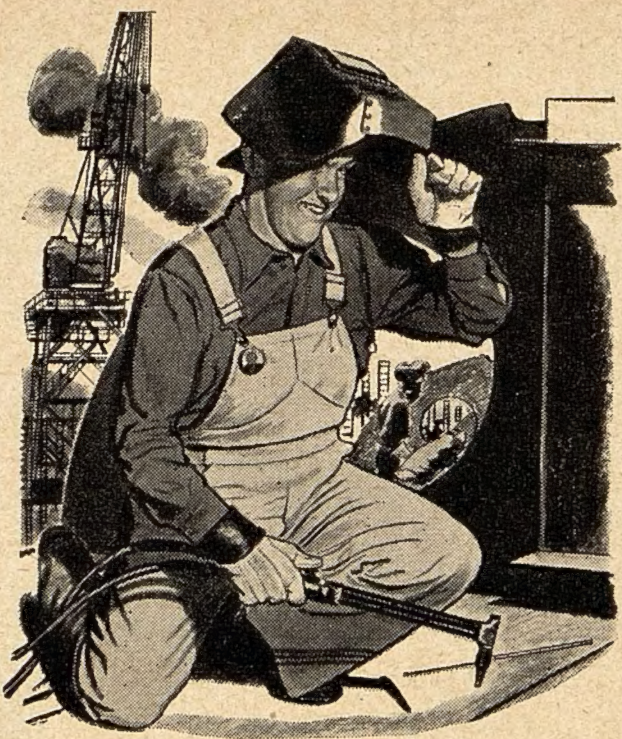
what's in a name?

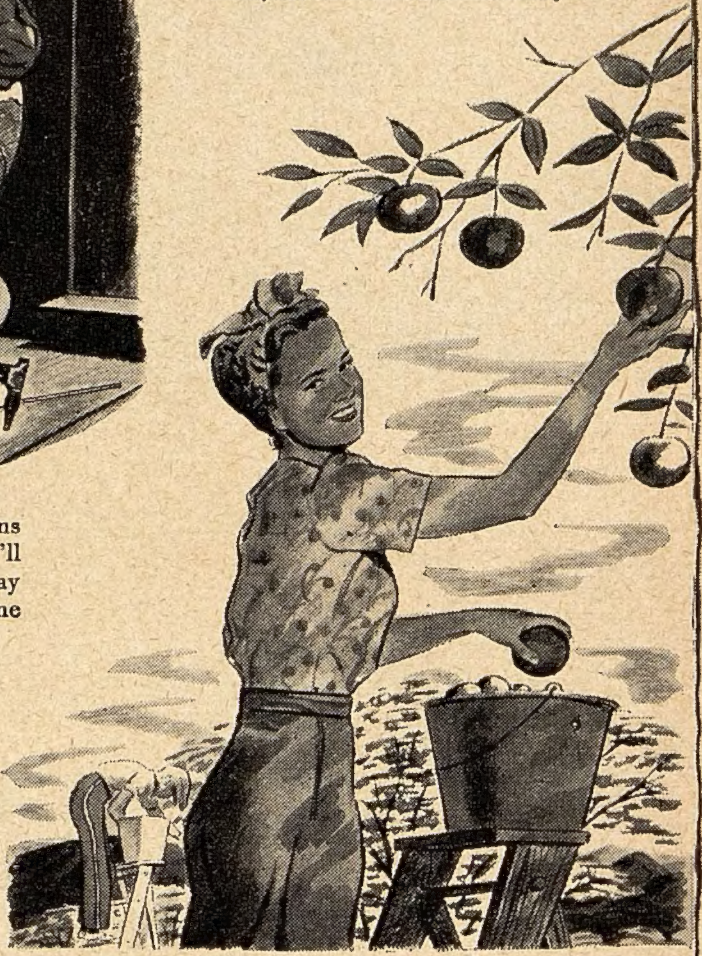


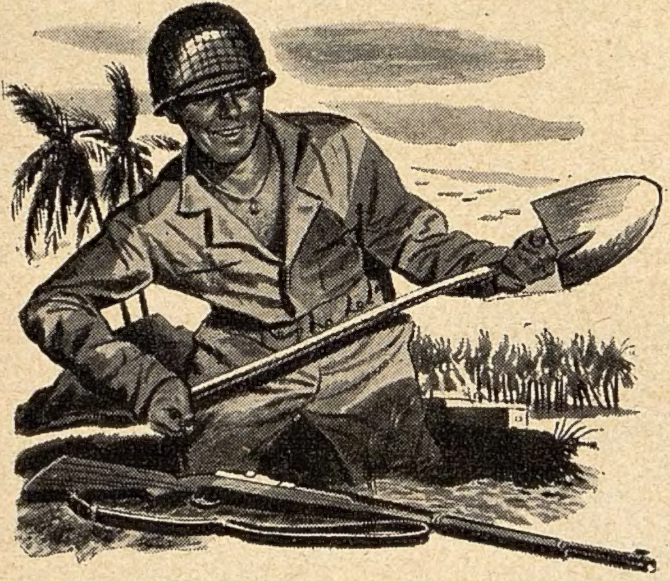
Says **ELLIOT:** "My name means *huntsman*, and right now, I'm on the trail of old iron, rubber, tin cans and other scrap for Uncle Sam. Scrap will help to scrap the Japaxis."



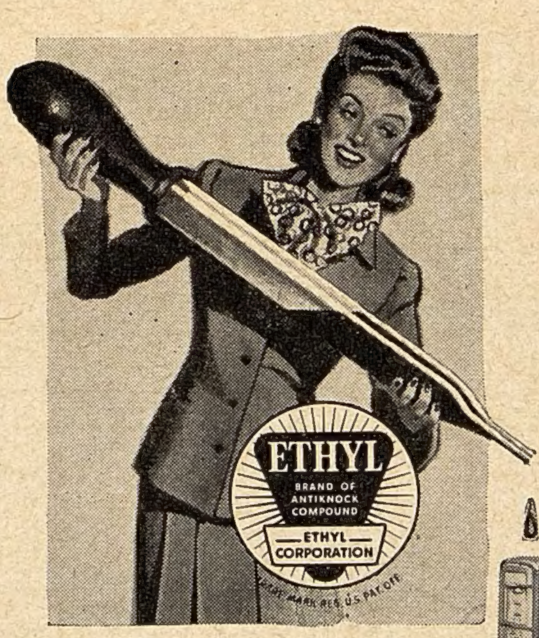
Says **GILBERT:** "My name means *bright pledge*. And believe me, I'll keep my pledge to put 10% of my pay into war bonds—and 100% of my time and skill into building more ships."

Says **GEORGIA:** "My name means *a farmer*. I've joined up with the U.S. Crop Corps for my vacation. It's hard work, but I never felt better in my life."





Says **ANDREW:** "My name means *manly; brave*—but I must admit I was scared stiff going into battle for the first time." (*However, it didn't stop him from heaving a grenade smack into the middle of a Jap machine gun nest.*)



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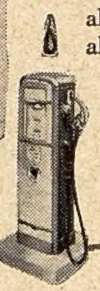

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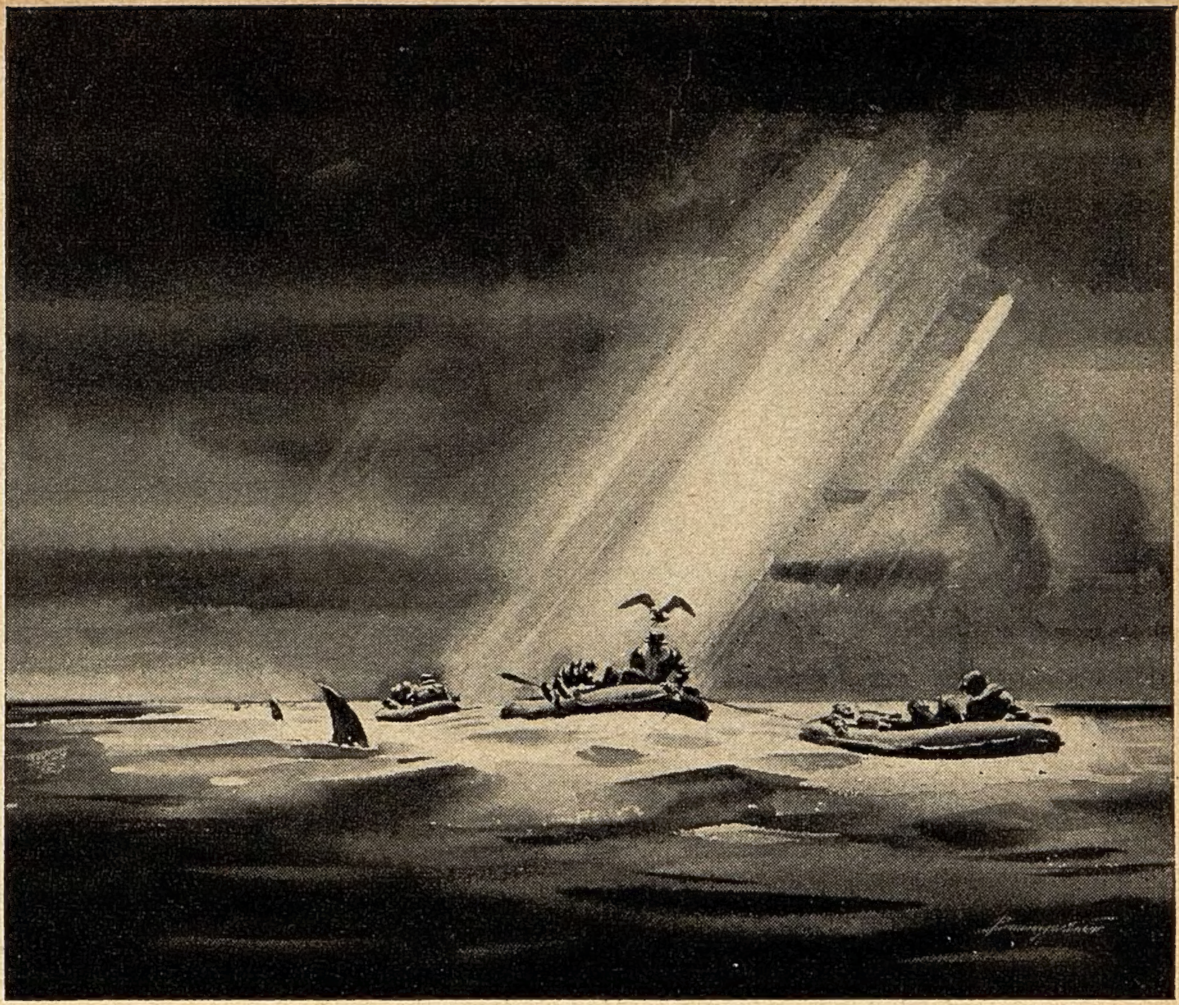
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

MEET ALICE MEANS REEVE, who makes her bow in this issue with Johnny Doesn't Live Here Any More. For years the itch to write possessed her, but she was afraid that people would laugh at her if she tried. She was sure she'd never make the grade. At last she mustered courage enough to write a travel article, and she was stunned when it was accepted by a major magazine. From that moment she was "lost." Short stories popped out of her typewriter, and now she hopes if people laugh it will be with her, not at her. She also showed literary taste in a husband, for she married a writing man. Other tastes? "Well," she says, "I love cats, marionettes, red hats, onion soup, camping in Death Valley, and eucalyptus trees in the fog."

TO QUOTE LLOYD SHEARER, who wrote What the Army Has Done for Us, elsewhere in these pages, "I am twenty-five and live in Charlotte, North Carolina, when I have dough enough to get there, which ain't often. For the last two years I've been living on the army, which was particularly anxious to secure my services, and where I constantly lost my monthly pay at blackjack. However, I was transferred to work on Yank, and in the shuffle I somehow picked up the rank of sergeant. Now I'm doing some sort of radio work for the Special Service Division somewhere. *Selah!*"

BETTY GASKILL has a fighting husband in North Africa, and lives in Washington, where she uses her eyes and ears and a remarkable nose for news, which resulted in the keen article we give you of hers on page 13.

THE EDITORS.



EVER EAT RAW SEA GULL?

"We organized little prayer meetings in the evening and morning. Frankly and humbly we prayed for deliverance. Then we prayed for food. If it wasn't for the fact that I had seven witnesses, I wouldn't dare tell this story, because it seems so fantastic. But within an hour after prayer meeting a sea gull came in and landed on my head."

—CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER

THEY ATE the gull raw. Used the innards for bait that caught two fish. Ate them raw, too. Seven of the eight lived, to be rescued, to fight again to help win this war for you and me.

Yet, some of us act as though the days of human sacrifice were over . . . some of us blind as bats to the blood and sweat of men who put their lives in the balance . . . some of us squawking over gas rationing when one of our old tires would furnish rubber enough for a raft... some of us belly-aching over shortages when we ought to get on our knees and thank God we're not living on raw gull and ripe fish . . . some of us four-flushing about our contributions, when they couldn't stand examination through an honest microscope.

Take War Bonds, for example. Are you buying your *full* share—not just what you can conveniently afford, but *all* you can?

Let's get this straight. Our very lives are at stake. The least we can do is to put every penny, every dime, every dollar we can into War Bonds—the finest investment we Americans will ever make.

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost $18.75, for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
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5. War Bonds can be redeemed, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to build up interest after 12 months.

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

SWELL!

GREENVILLE, PA.—I just finished reading the book condensation I Served on Bataan, by Lieutenant Juanita Redmond. It is heartening to know that there were, and that there will be, nurses with the courage and fortitude displayed by her and her companions serving in the fields of operations. To her and those who served with her should go the nation's thanks.—*Pvt. Leonard F. LaPenna.*

IS HIS FACE RED?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I see in March 6 Liberty a picture of my favorite writer, Oscar Schisgall. My, what a handsome man he is! Why didn't you put his picture *on the cover* and give all the girls a treat?

I, personally, am sick of looking at cover girls. Give me *men, men, men!—Frances Finn.*

WE STAND CORRECTED

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.—Liberty recently published a letter (May 15 Vox Pop) concerning our flag, and the writer, Mr. Lewis, stated that in one of your issues you misnamed our flag by calling it the American flag. I beg to say that you came as near to the correct name as he did, as he called it the United States flag.

As a Boy Scout, may I add my two cents' worth and state that the correct name is "the flag of the United States of America."

I refer Mr. Lewis to any World Almanac or Boy Scout Handbook.—*Jack Howley, Jr.*

RIGHT! YOU'RE WRONG

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—I hope, now that your blushes have died over the revolver-pistol controversy, that several hundred thousand long-memoried folks have risen to tell you that the old brass-bound Ford in the illustration on page 16 of May 22 Liberty is most definitely not a Model T!—*Pfc. W. G. Gaffney.*

Perhaps Pfc. W. G. Gaffney is just too young to remember.

ART EDITOR TAKES A BOW

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Being just a housewife who has enjoyed your magazine for I don't know how many years, I must tell you how beautiful your colored pictures are now and have been in the recent issues. From the advertisements to the illustrations of stories, they are superb. Your art department deserves a hearty thank you, and here it is from me. The beautiful pictures of our generals in the armed forces are very much appreciated, too.—*Violet Petersen.*

RURAL JOYS

BALTIMORE, MD.—In a recent issue of Liberty I read an article about women learning to do farm work. (May 22 Liberty.) That's swell by me. I'm strong for it—I've worked on a farm all my life. But just what will a city-bred girl do when she meets a field mouse—or if, when she goes into the barn in the morning to feed the horses, she suddenly encounters a large black rat? Or, just to make it easy, how is she on earthworms? I've gone fishing with a lot of city girls, but I never saw one that wasn't afraid to bait a hook with a worm.—*Guy Hemple.*

LIGHT-HEARTED LAWMAKERS

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Recently I had occasion to make a trip to New York. I was impressed immeasurably by the dimout there. From New York my business called me to Washington. My, what a difference! Bright street lights, electric signs blazing, taxis everywhere (except at the railroad station, where they are most needed), and all this in the one city where an air raid might be most expected.—*George Wrainwright.*

GAY
WHITE
WAY

PAGE BABE RUTH

LAWRENCE, MASS.—In April 17 Liberty your short short story writer Lloyd Eric Reeve should stick to his "cricket" instead of trying to talk baseball. There isn't a man alive who could knock a ball over the outfield fence at Yankee Stadium. Mr. Reeve should go there sometime and see for himself.—*Joseph Oneil.*

ERSATZ, PERHAPS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—And so Mr. Hitler eats "his usual meatless breakfast of Scotch oatmeal and fresh fruit," according to your article Something *Has* Happened to Hitler (May 29 Liberty). Well, as a loyal Scot, I'd like well to *ken—know, in Americanese*—just where Mr. Hitler gets his Scotch oats? I'm certain he doesn't get them from Scotland.—*Malcolm Macalster.*

WE'LL SUGGEST IT

ORLANDO, FLA.—Your short short Last Word, by Olga Rosmanith (May 1 Liberty) was superb.

Vox Poppers often forget the artist. I think Pat Holbrooke's portrait of the reverend was a masterpiece.

To abandon such a noble start would be a literary loss. Therefore, will this team listen to reason and do a longer story woven around this gentle, understanding doctor of souls?—*James Phelps.*

THE RETURN OF DOBBIN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The other day I saw a horse-drawn truck with a big sign on it that read, "This horse and truck is replacing a gasoline-powered truck for the duration of the war." That seems to me to be a good idea. Let more concerns use horses—but on the hoof, not on the table, as some people suggest. Oats are not rationed.—*Mrs. John Fraser.*

JEALOUS?

NORFOLK, VA.—"Hooligan Navy" for the Coast Guard; "Putt-Putt Navy" for the Reserve; and now "Pantywaist Navy" for the Auxiliary (May 22 Liberty). I'll bet those Regulars feel as I do. The nicknames are O. K., all except the Navy part of it. Coast Guardsmen are good sailors—they know their vessel from stem to stern. Any resemblance between a Coast Guardsman and a Navy man is purely coincidental.—*"Ric" Fendler.*

Liberty
ELLERY QUEEN'S THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

NEXT WEEK

SCHOOL OF MILITARY GOVERNMENT

What is this Army School at the University of Virginia? Is it, as one critic claimed, a "cradle of imperialism"? Graduates of the school's first class are now in North Africa, supervising the occupation and reconstruction of the French colonies. And other graduates will some day be in government posts in other distant places. There is a vital reason for the existence of the Army School at Virginia, and you'll want to read all about it.

WHY RUSSIA HATES GERMANY

During German occupation of Soviet cities there were incidents that left a deep scar of hatred on the hearts of all Russians. Model towns were left like piles of debris, volumes of books were used to fill mudholes, livestock was ruthlessly slaughtered. Maurice Hindus, eminent correspondent, will give us a firsthand glimpse of Russian hatred, and its cause, next week.

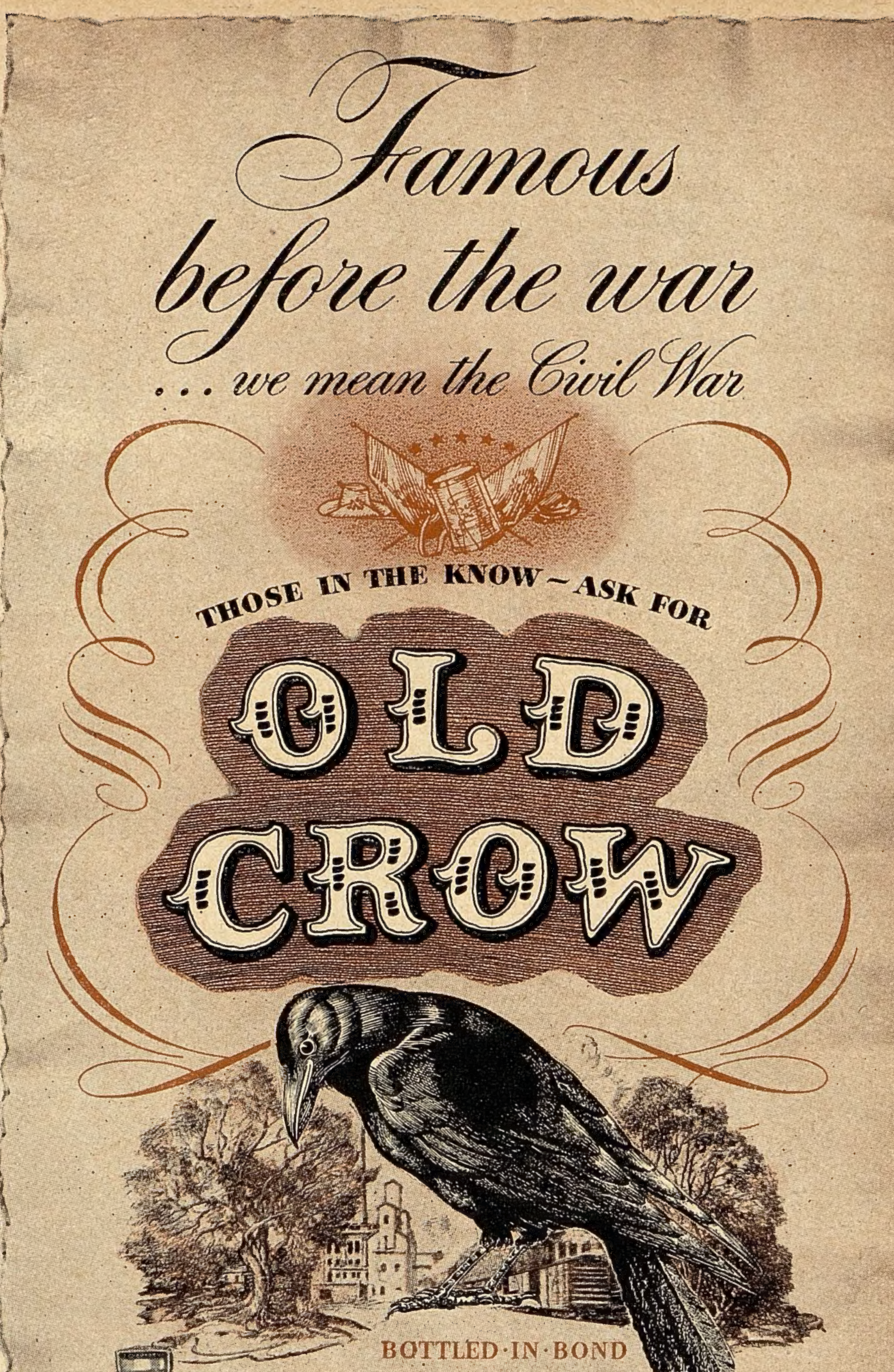
A WOODEN SUIT NEED NOT BE A COFFIN

Morris Markey will take us on a trip through the postwar wonderland, show us suits and hats and stockings made of wood. A blouse made of coal? A raincoat made of plastic? Yes, and waterproof shoes made from a new flexible composition. Housewives will have no moth problems. Just dip a blanket into a simple liquid and it's safe for five years. Here is a view of future living in the new world to come.

HARRY JAMES AND HIS HOT HORN

How would you like to be Mr. James, the young man who nets about $500,000 a year by blowing a trumpet? He sounds like Gabriel to the jitterbug mob, but he leads no easy life. A look at the daily schedule of this 27-year-old music maestro will explain what we mean. We'll give you a look next week.

BARGAIN BOOK: Ellery Queen's super-thriller—There Was an Old Woman.



Famous before the war
... we mean the Civil War

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

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WHAT THE ARMY HAS DONE FOR US

The boys come in full of prejudice and class feeling —but they soon learn that rich, poor, Jew, and Gentile all look alike to a bullet

BY SGT. LLOYD SHEARER

Fighting together develops democratic ties too strong for rabble rousers to break.

SHE walked into the orderly room —a tall stately woman with mother-gray hair—and said expectantly, "I'd like to see my son, Private Peter Chaney."

I thought for a second and smiled. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Chaney," I said, offering her a chair. "We just gave your son a three-day pass to attend your funeral."

Momentarily taken aback, she quickly recovered and broke into light laughter.

"You can't really blame Peter for lying," she explained. "You know, the army *did* take him from us in the springtime of his youth. He hasn't been home for so long. . . ." And then she went on to tell me how her boy had had such a wonderful civilian job, such a promising future, such a lovely fiancée, and how much he had lost by being called into the service. Not once in half an hour of talk did she show any awareness that the war had done or would do her Peter any good.

To her, as to most people, war spelled only waste, destruction, evil, and blind hate. Had any one dared tell her that the war would strengthen her son's character and outlook, bring out the best in him, and improve his lot, I'm sure she would have fallen back in amazement.

And yet the truth is that it has. Not materially, of course. But spiritually the war has enriched all of us soldiers with a fellowship and unity and unselfishness we never before knew in a highly competitive civilian life.

Let's take for example Mrs. Chaney's boy, Peter. I came to know Pete well. He had lived his entire young life of twenty-three years in the United States, a democracy; and yet, it seems, like so many of us, he never knew what democracy really was until the war brought him into the army. He had been raised and educated in accordance with the economic status of his parents—people in the five-to-ten-thousand-a-year class.

When he first joined my outfit, almost two years ago, he was quickly typed by the other enlisted men as a stinker. He wasn't half bad as rookies go, but he couldn't understand why a college man had to pick up cigarette butts along with an illiterate Tennessee hillbilly.

"Cripes," he used to complain, "I'm an accountant, not a street cleaner."

He couldn't see sharing his cigarettes or newspapers or cookies from home with a fellow in the next bunk who spent all his time reading Superman. He couldn't see a lot of things, like room orderly and fatigue clothes and washing windows, and as a result the men couldn't see him—couldn't see him at all.

For a while Pete had a tough time of it. "The lone wolf" the fellows used to call him. But it didn't last long. The army taught him, as it did us, that twenty-mile hikes, hunger, fifty-pound packs, thirst, sore feet, sleepless nights, the whine of bullets, and lastly the visit of Death fall alike on the rich and the poor, the Negro, the Jew, and the Catholic.

After hiking fifteen miles in the hot sun, it made absolutely no difference to Pete who gave him a swig of water, an illiterate or a Ph. D. When he desperately wanted a cigarette in the field, he never asked the man who gave it to him whether he came from an exclusive suburb or a city slum.

Naturally, the knife cut both ways. Having experienced want himself, Pete began to give unselfishly of whatever he had.

PETE learned a lot in the army. He came from the South and at the outset was true to type. But the army changed that, too. The army showed him that Negro troops could outmarch him any day in the week. "They drill better than we do," Pete conceded, "because they have natural rhythm. But surely they're not as intelligent as we are."

After a Negro sergeant got through teaching him how to compute firing data, Pete even had his doubts about that.

I remember, before he left for Australia, how genuinely enthusiastic he was about a Negro engineering outfit which was stationed at our post.

"Talk about flashy units," he used to argue. "Listen, buddy. Your company can't come near the Fortieth Engineers. They're tops."

Of course there wasn't a complete breakdown of a long established prejudice in Pete; but there were healthy indications that it was beginning to crack.

I think it really broke wide open when four New Guinea natives carried Pete on a stretcher for ten miles. Later, when he was brought back to a hospital on the Australian mainland, he wrote me about his adventures. I'd like to quote part of the letter:

"Kahn, who is doing a profile on General Harding for some magazine in the States, pulled in from Buna yesterday and told me the Japs got Bill Goldstein. Bill, as I wrote you, was the fellow who saved my life by picking off that Japanese lieutenant who came at me with his samurai sword. . . .

"Bill's death made me think of quite a few serious things. It made me think of the days back in North Carolina when a fellow like Pelley and some other nuts went around denouncing the Jews. And a lot of people listened to them, me included. Not that I took them seriously, but I listened. Gee! We were gullible then. All I can say now is this: If ever I get out of this war alive, I'm not going to stand for talk about the Jews being nothing but money grabbers and so on. No one in my outfit's going to fall for that line, either. We've seen them in action; and they fight and die just the way any one else does.

"And about the Negroes. Four of those natives we call Fuzzy Wuzzies brought me out of Buna. And most of the supply work down here has been done by Negroes. They're the best workers in the army. . . . All I can say is that if any one's going to get anything out of this war, the Negro is entitled to a full share."

That was just one portion of Pete's letter, but it reflected his maturity, the awakening in him of a social consciousness and the finding of true democracy.

THE war is teaching Pete and all his ten million buddies that a bullet does not stop in mid-flight to read the name, color, and creed on a soldier's dog tag. Those who spend even a little while shooting and being shot at develop democratic ties much too strong to be torn asunder by the preachings of any postwar rabble rouser.

Pete and his buddies want a better and more tolerant world when the shooting and shouts and shells of this war are over. They intend to have it, too, because through danger and hardship and teamwork each of them has been finding out what a swell guy the other fellow is. Each of them is observing how Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, white and black, ignorant and educated come through equally well when Uncle Sam has his chips down.

THE END

4th YEAR—
marching on!

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DOROTHY STICKNEY and HOWARD LINDSAY
Directed by Bretaigne Windust *Setting and Costumes by Stewart Chaney*

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KTBI, Tacoma, Washington—**WMUR**, Manchester, New Hampshire
WGAC, Augusta, Georgia—**WEIM**, Fitchburg, Mass.—**WSPB**, Sarasota, Florida
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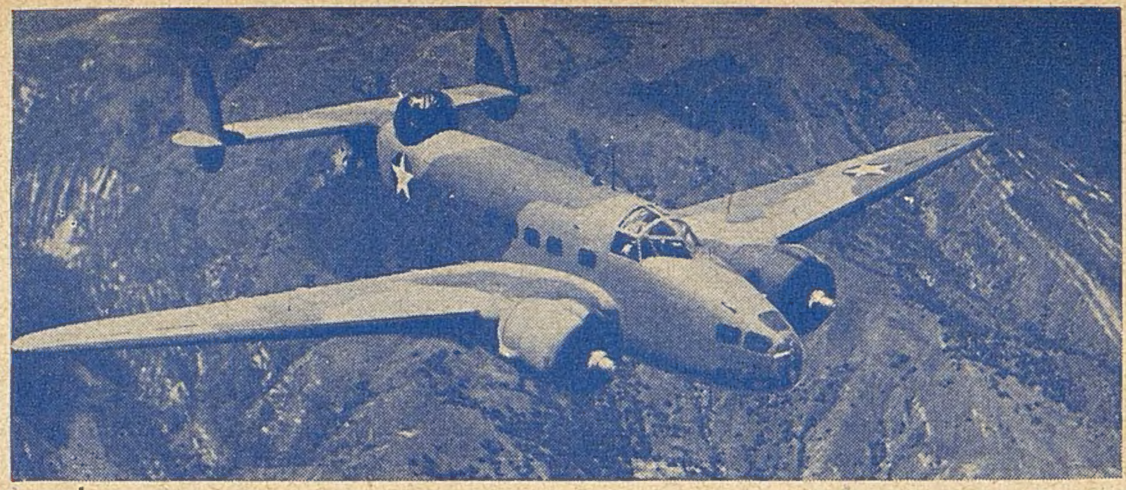


The Lockheed Hudson Bomber, medium reconnaissance plane used by the R. A. F. Coastal Command, was the first American-made plane to be delivered to the European war zone in quantities. Its fine performance on observation duty, and as a raider, dive bomber, and fighter, has made it outstanding.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Postwar Preview
(Fourth of a series)

What kind of commercial transport planes will you travel on after the war and how fast will they fly? Some pretty good predictions can be made, because the Army transport planes of today will provide the pattern for commercial planes tomorrow.

For speed on long-range flights, such as New York-Chicago nonstop, or New York-San Francisco, or Miami-Buenos Aires and New York-London, you can count on an average speed of 280 miles per hour. Some experts say it will be 300 miles per hour, but actual operations never seem to live up to expectations. For example, the average speed of the Douglas DC-3 transport today is not 180 miles an hour, or three miles a minute, but about 165 miles per hour. Before the war average airplane speed was four times faster than ground transportation of forty miles per hour. After the war this ratio will be seven to one. But there will be many transport planes on shorter hops doing between 165 and 220 miles per hour; the great speeds will be reserved for long-range hops.

As to size, we will see many four-engined forty-passenger transports, after the style of the Douglas C-54 Army transport, which in turn was patterned after the commercial DC-4—one of which was built some years ago. Feeder and secondary lines will probably operate transports of from 10- to 25-passenger capacity, while transoceanic planes will carry from twenty to forty passengers, depending on the length of the hop. Despite much talk of 200- and 400-passenger planes, don't count on these too strongly, at least for immediate postwar travel. Many operators prefer a large number of smaller planes to a few of great size, on the ground that they make for more frequent schedules and greater flexibility of use. However, much larger planes are coming some day, and no one can say with any certainty just how big they will be. Today's opinion is that a 40-passenger transport plane is just about right for flights calling for stops every 500 to 1,000 miles.

China's Air Needs

Another significant report has come from the Chinese war front, revealing how much progress we could make against the Japs if ample air strength were available in that area. Lieutenant Colonel Herbert Morgan, assistant chief of staff and operations officer for the 14th Air Force, has reported to Washington that the A. A. F. has destroyed Japanese aircraft at the rate of ten to one in air combat, and much better in the aggregate, since beginning operations July 4, 1942.

Counting aircraft destroyed on the ground, the ratio is about twelve or fifteen to one—"with emphasis on the higher figure," he added.

In more than threescore raids in all its operations, the 14th Air Force has lost only one bombing plane, that one bomber having been lost October 25, 1942, in a raid over Hong Kong.

Main target of American flyers is Jap shipping. All Jap ships bombed have been sunk. The raid which Colonel Morgan likes to talk about is one in which ten bombers and twenty-three fighter planes of the 14th Air Force met thirty to thirty-five Jap fighter planes, destroyed almost the entire Jap air group, and sustained not even a hit on our side.

But what the 14th Air Force wants most is more airplanes and more fuel. They're not getting enough Japs fast enough to suit them.

Air-Mail Pick-up

The skeptics were hard to convince four years ago that a pick-up air-mail service could ever amount to anything, but there are no doubting Thomases now. A regional air line that carries no passengers, called All-American Aviation, Inc., celebrated its fourth birthday May 12 with an astonishingly fine record of performance. Credit for launching this novel type of air line goes to the Post Office Department, to Congressman Jennings Randolph of West Virginia, and to Richard C. du Pont, founder of the air line.

Rambling through a maze of routes touching 115 communities in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, New York, and Delaware, the company operates two to four daily schedules with single-engined mail planes which only stop at the termini. They drop and pick up mail and express in small towns which either can't afford to maintain regular airports or whose mountainous locales make airports impossible. Most amazing feature of the air line is that the air pick-up stations are an average of 17½ miles apart, which should be evidence aplenty that the airplane is suitable for short-haul service.

In four years All-American has completed nearly 2,700,000 miles of flying, with 225,000 pick-ups and deliveries—all done without injury to personnel and without serious mishap to aircraft or cargo. (Even crates of eggs can be picked up or delivered without damage as the plane swoops over the station.) Despite the frequent bad weather in the mountain areas (the worst flying area in the United States) the company has completed an average of 93 per cent of all schedules. What's more, the revenue of the mail carried turns back to the Post Office a nice margin of "profit" over mail payments to the air line. Look for considerable expansion of the air-mail pick-up system around the world after the war.

Odds and Ends

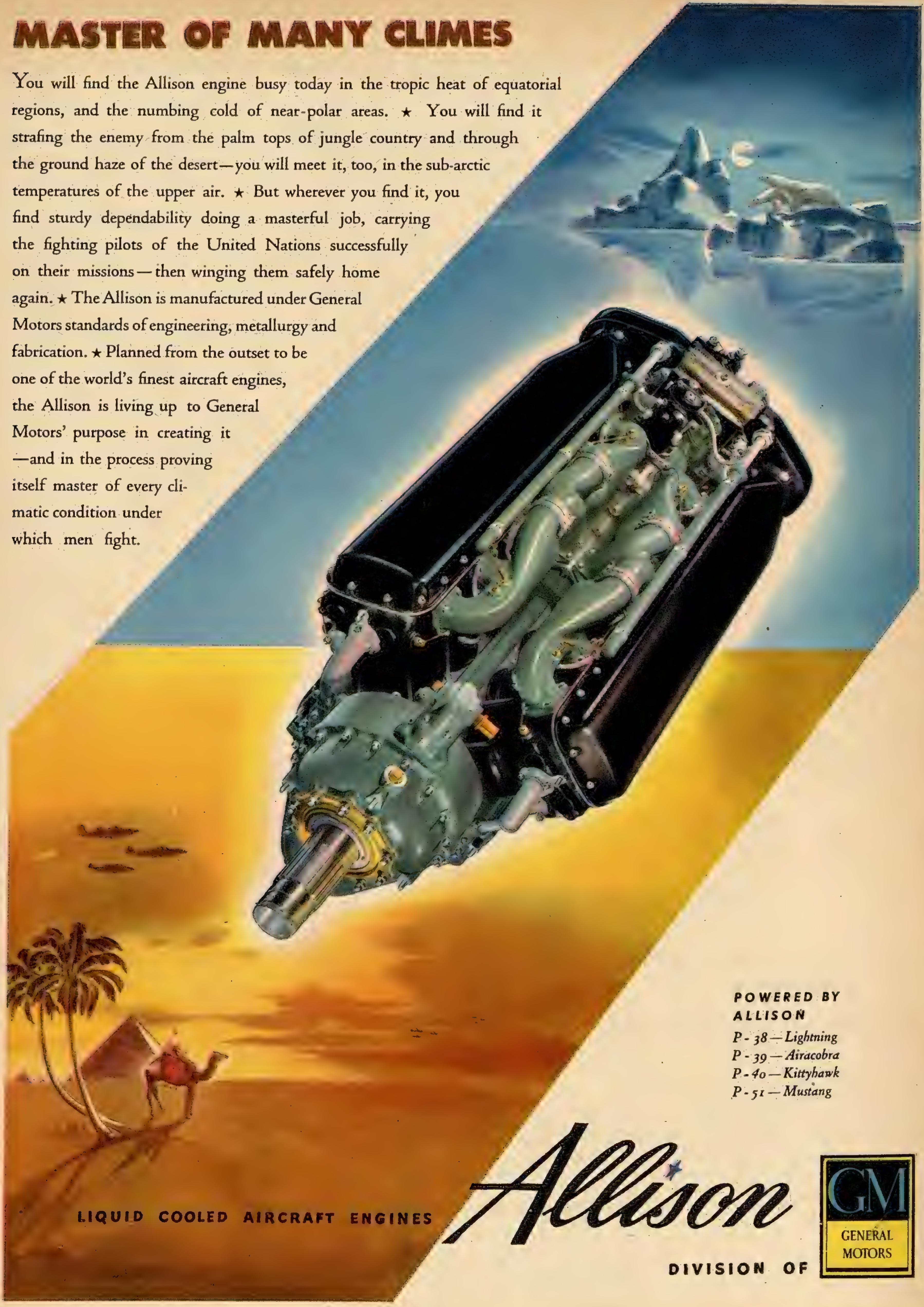
In 1939 the aircraft-manufacturing industry (including engines and parts) ranked forty-fourth among U. S. industries. In 1943 it ranks first.

The year the war broke out—1939—the U. S. Army had funds for the purchase of only 373 planes. The Navy had funds for only 343 planes.

The Army is now sorting mail in transport planes crossing the oceans, much as in a railway mail car. First instance of sorting in the air was in 1928, when a Swedish postal employee flew back and forth on the Stockholm-London route in the performance of regular duties.

MASTER OF MANY CLIMES

You will find the Allison engine busy today in the tropic heat of equatorial regions, and the numbing cold of near-polar areas. ★ You will find it strafing the enemy from the palm tops of jungle country and through the ground haze of the desert—you will meet it, too, in the sub-arctic temperatures of the upper air. ★ But wherever you find it, you find sturdy dependability doing a masterful job, carrying the fighting pilots of the United Nations successfully on their missions—then winging them safely home again. ★ The Allison is manufactured under General Motors standards of engineering, metallurgy and fabrication. ★ Planned from the outset to be one of the world's finest aircraft engines, the Allison is living up to General Motors' purpose in creating it—and in the process proving itself master of every climatic condition under which men fight.



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Kittyhawk
P-51—Mustang

LIQUID COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

"PLEASE,

MR. AND MRS. PUBLIC"

"Please think over the Long Distance calls you've made recently to war-busy centers. Won't you agree that some of them are unessential?

"All of these calls can't be vital, but we don't know which are necessary and which are not. You who make them can best decide that.

"We have plans to spend a billion and a quarter dollars to take care of your needs after the war but we can't do much about it now.

"If you will ease up on calls that aren't really necessary, we'll do our best to get the vital calls through with little or no delay."

P. S.—This is serious.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

rre Boisson, governor general French West Africa at Dakar.

General Emile Béthouart, who now represents Giraud in Washington.

Robert D. Murphy, Washington's representative in North Africa.

General Noguès, by whose order t American invaders were fired up

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN NORTH AFRICA

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Now it can be told—the *real* reason for our policy in North Africa. Exclusive Washington sources furnish the missing parts to the diplomatic jigsaw puzzle

BY BETTY GASKILL

THE triumphant Tunisian campaign has marked the end of World War II's most intriguing story so far. Hollywood's wildest moments could not have produced such a plot as the State Department and the army concocted in French North Africa. It had everything: suspense, color, conflict, undercover men, natives, and the biggest invasion fleet which up to that time had ever been assembled.

But although the plot was so absorbing, the story was never made clear. The characters were not sharply depicted, their actions were shrouded with mystery, and there were big gaps in the telling. The average newspaper reader who attempted to digest the story in serial form threw up his hands in disgust. Even now he is still perplexed. What really went on in French North Africa? What is the *whole* story of the invasion? What do those French politicians really stand for? And why?

I think I am able to tell that story—on the basis of exclusive information supplied me by some of the leading figures of the North African situation, now in Washington. Certainly it is even better worth telling now than it would have seemed at the time. For the "headaches" in North Africa, the complexities and difficulties, were of the selfsame kinds as those which—on a far greater scale—will confront us and our allies throughout Europe whenever invasion comes.

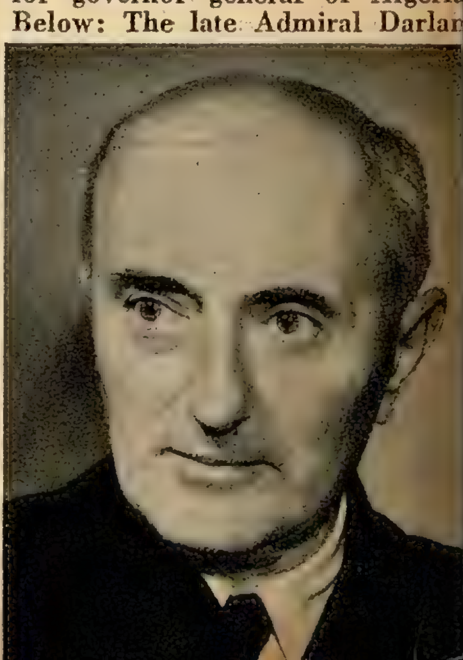
It is well to go back. Way back. Mr. Robert Murphy has undoubtedly influenced the character of the North African affair as much as any one man could. When the State Department chose to coddle Vichy for some later, greater good, they sent Murphy to France as a counselor. On his list of things to do was the rehabilitation of France's Northwest African colonies. They needed food and other commodities and Uncle Sam undertook the job. Vichy was happy. Germany, under her armistice terms with France, could raise no audible objection. So it happened that Mr. Murphy spent more and more of his time in North Africa. More than thirty "control officers" were sent out from the United States to supervise shipments. Germany cocked a weather eye at the whole procedure, yet Murphy and his control officers not only fed the French North Africans but laid the ground for the Allied invasion.

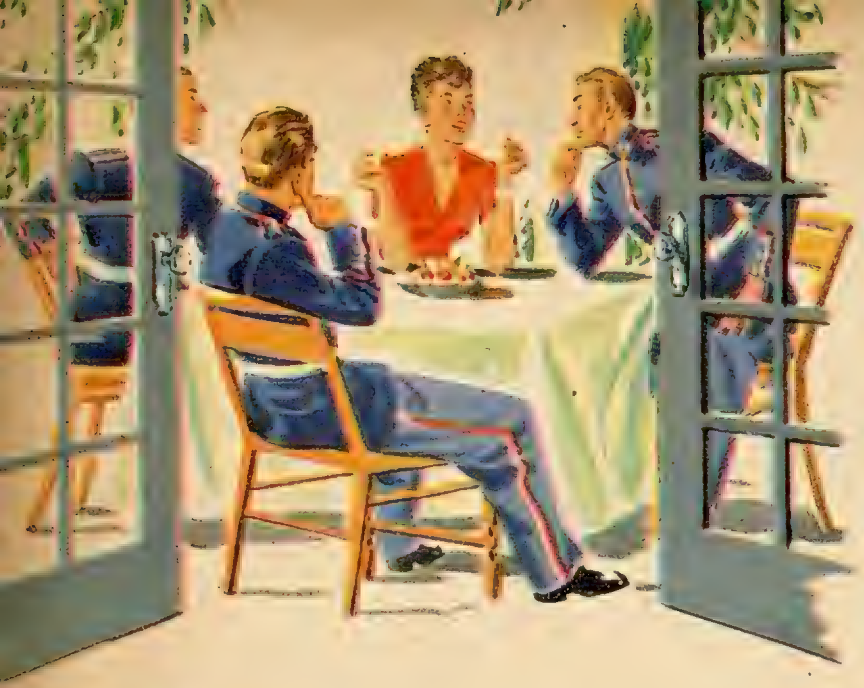
The job of Murphy's men was to find out which Frenchmen in North Africa wanted to play ball on our team. One fumble and the game was lost. The Fighting French had already paved the way, unintentionally, with an established Underground. Murphy's men found themselves among just such undercover individuals. The names of several important ones can be published here and now for the first time: René Capitant, an influential professor of Free French sympathies; Brincard and Muscatelli, directors of the Algerian "F. B. I."; Esquerre, chief of Algiers' police; Jacques Brunel,

(*Continued on page 40*)

General Henri Giraud, with who the De Gaullists have difference

Marcel Peyrouton, Giraud's choic for governor general of Algeri Below: The late Admiral Darla





JOHNNY DOESN'T LIV HERE ANY MORE

She couldn't call her bed her own, living in a strange man's apartment—but his buddies and sweetheart finally get the story straight

BY ALICE MEANS REEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

WHEN Sally saw the man with a suitcase, she took out after him like a P-38 after a Jap submarine. She was still clutching the crumpled telegram, and had been combing the streets for hours, absurdly hunting FOR RENT signs in this great defense area where people were already parking on shelves like cans of sardines. Her alligator pumps barely skimmed the sidewalk as she ran, and her brown hair flew out behind her like a banner. Then she skidded to a halt beside the man with a suitcase, said, "Oops! I want to ask you something!" and stood gasping for breath.

The man—who was tall and sandy-haired—halted, shoved the mauve-colored letter he'd been reading into a pocket, and said, "Yes?" in an absent-minded kind of way, as if he had troubles of his own.

She took a deep breath, said, "I saw the suitcase, and I thought—well, what I mean is—are you leaving town?"

"Yes, but—"

"And you're moving out of something that's for rent?"

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, *please* let me rent it, then. I don't care if it's just a hole in the wall!"

He said, "Why, about six fellows have asked for my apartment, if I ever gave it up, though most of them have gone into the service, and—"

"I'm sober, quiet, industrious—"

"Pretty, too!" he said spontaneously, as if he'd just discovered it.

But Sally, concerned only with getting a roof over her head, smoothed out the crumpled telegram and said, "My roommate just got married in Reno. The happy couple'll be back tomorrow, and with just a one-room apartment, that really leaves me out on a limb."

The man tsk-tsked sympathetically, then said, "Well, maybe you *could* have the place, at that. I'm leaving tonight. I was just taking a suitcase of stuff to store at a friend's. Come on. I'll show you the apartment. The owner lives out of town, and he did tell me it'd save him a trip if I rented it for him."

As they walked together up the tree-shaded hill, Sally told him, "I'll certainly remember you in my will."

He grinned at her, and she suddenly discovered that he was quite attractive in a lean, sandy sort of way.

"It's a nice place," he said. "Nobody but Uncle Sam could make me give it up."

"Have you got a commission, or will you have to shave off that lovely mustache?"

His tanned face flushed. "The whiskers are out for Private John Moore. Here we are." He led the way into a big old made-over mansion, unlocked a door on the second floor and said, "I'm packing, so it looks a bit messy."

He opened the door, and Sally gave one big-eyed look and said, "Oh, my goodness! It's wonderful!"

She ran around, oh-ing and ah-ing, and finally went back to where John Moore was hunkered down in the middle of the living room, surrounded with what appeared to be a practically insurmountable heap of clothes, bags, and sundries.

"Did *I* fall into a tub of butter when I chased you down the street!" Sally chortled. Then she saw his harassed look and said, "Would you be insulted if I told you that isn't the way to pack?"

He groaned and said, "Lord, no!"

SALLY got down on her knees beside him. "Look—like this. It's easy," she said, folding garments neatly into about one tenth their size. "I can pack this stuff in a jiffy. You do anything else you have to do."

"You're swell!" He got up, went into the bathroom, began getting things out of the medicine cabinet. He called back conversationally, "You know, you should make some man a good wife."

"I'd just arrived at that conclusion myself," she laughed, and went on happily pairing socks from the heterogeneous heap on the floor.

From the bathroom: "Can you cook, too?"

"Of course!"

"Hey! That reminds me. Food!" And he leaped past her on his way to the kitchen.

She heard a great rattling of pots and pans, and a few minutes later he called out, "The starboard gas burner on the stove needs fixing. You better get a man up Monday."

Still packing, Sally snickered to herself. It was such a nice domestic little scene that she almost replied, "Yes, dear."

Then, a few minutes later, he appeared with a tray of food, placed it on a card table and said, "Let's have a little snack. I didn't ask if you'd stay for fear you'd say no."

"Umm—with smells like those, I couldn't resist."

He pulled out a chair for her, and then looked in sudden awe at his neatly packed bags. "Hey!" he said. "Miss—what *is* your name, by the way?"

"Sally Adams."

"Well, Miss Sally Adams, you're a wonder!"

Sally felt proud and oddly happy.

They began to eat hungrily, and she said, "For goodness' sakes, what *is* this grand dish?"

He looked pleased. "Just invented it out of left-overs. Think I'll name it Hamburger Hush-Hush or Hominy Incognito."

"I bet you'll be cooking for the general himself before you've been in camp a week!" Sally predicted.

Charles Bryson

The meal was fun, and by the time it was ended they were "Sally" and "Johnny."

And then, after Johnny had phoned for a taxi, Sally said hesitantly, "Is—any one seeing you off?"

"I'm going so suddenly nobody knows it," he said. "Why?"

"Well, taxis are so scarce now, I thought maybe I could ride to the train with you, then go for my belongings in the same taxi."

"Good idea," he said.

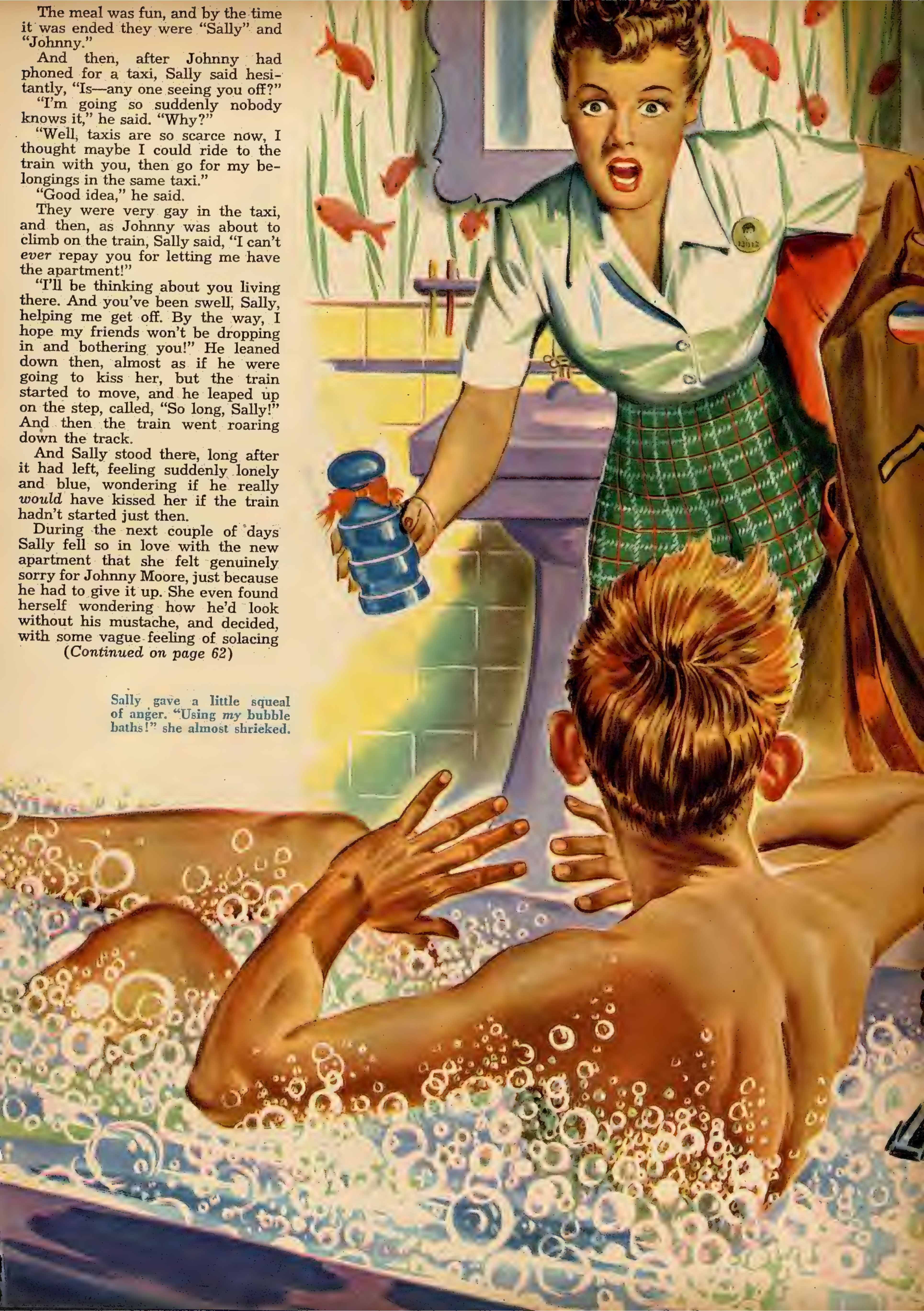
They were very gay in the taxi, and then, as Johnny was about to climb on the train, Sally said, "I can't *ever* repay you for letting me have the apartment!"

"I'll be thinking about you living there. And you've been swell, Sally, helping me get off. By the way, I hope my friends won't be dropping in and bothering you!" He leaned down then, almost as if he were going to kiss her, but the train started to move, and he leaped up on the step, called, "So long, Sally!" And then the train went roaring down the track.

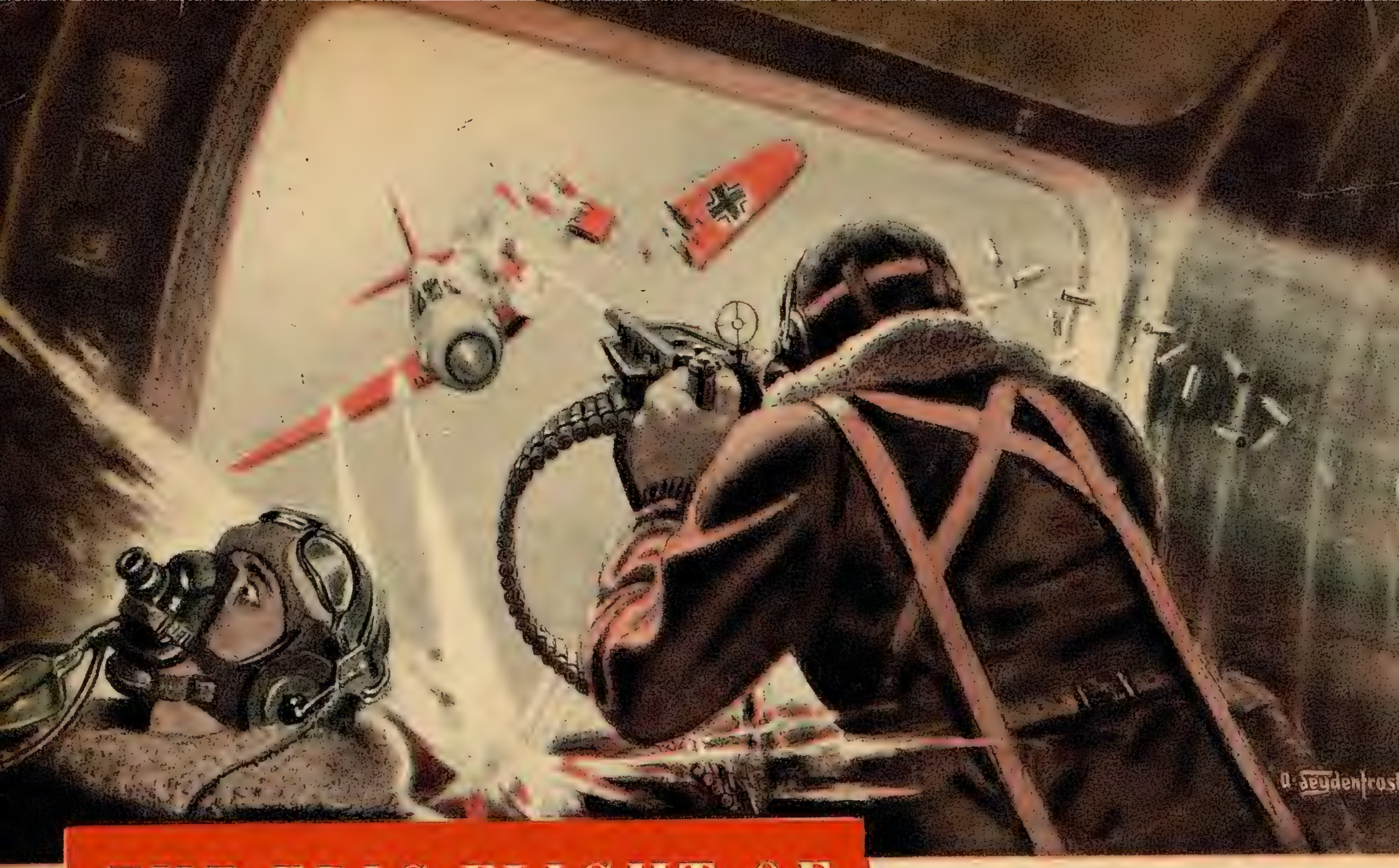
And Sally stood there, long after it had left, feeling suddenly lonely and blue, wondering if he really *would* have kissed her if the train hadn't started just then.

During the next couple of days Sally fell so in love with the new apartment that she felt genuinely sorry for Johnny Moore, just because he had to give it up. She even found herself wondering how he'd look without his mustache, and decided, with some vague feeling of solacing

(*Continued on page 62*)



Sally gave a little squeal of anger. "Using *my* bubble baths!" she almost shrieked.



"I froze onto the trigger. His left wing dropped off. But he'd hit Jung and me."

THE EPIC FLIGHT OF THE NIGHT RAIDER

BY CORPORAL CARROL STEWART

ILLUSTRATED BY A. LEYDENFROST

What goes on in our raids against Germany? Typical is this heart-stopping story of a crippled B-24 that took all that the German fighters could hand out—and still got back

"HEAVY bombers of the United States Army Eighth Air Force attacked important industrial targets in Wilhelmshaven, Germany, yesterday by daylight. Weather over the target was clear and good bombing results were observed."

That is the news as it appears in the communiqué—a cryptic, routine report of a U. S. air raid on Germany, of which there have been dozens. My guess is that the folks back home read it dispassionately, if not with indifference.

Here, however, is what that communiqué meant to ten of the men who carried out the raid and lived to tell of it—men whose every flight may be their last.

The day of the raid dawned crisp and bright on the B-24 base somewhere in Britain. At the briefing, the Liberator known as "Night Raider" was tagged for one of the hot spots, an outside position on the next-to-the-last V formation. That was nothing new; since early last October, Night Raider had been a veteran of flight over enemy territory, though never, despite its name, in a night raid.

Clad in awkward high-altitude flying togs, the airmen made final checks with the ground staffs and climbed aboard. The weather man had picked a honey—the skies were clear. This was it.

The skipper, Captain Bud Fleenor, twenty-five, of Manhattan, Kansas, was at the wheel as usual. The Kansas State College alumnus tucked his long, gangly legs into the compartment while the engines warmed. Beside him sat the co-pilot, First Lieutenant J. J. Leary, twenty-five, 2422 North Fiftieth Street, Omaha, Nebraska. In the nose down below were two Southerners: First Lieutenant Earle E. Ellis, twenty-five, Arco Road, Asheville, North Carolina, the navigator; and Second Lieutenant George A. Pinner, twenty-five, Covington, Tennessee, the bombardier. The radio operator was Staff Sergeant Robert P. Jungbluth, twenty-four, of Arlington, Nebraska. Farm-born, of American-German stock, Jung's first love is and always will be flying.

Staff Sergeant Ronald L. Nelson, thirty-one, 2601 North Pittsburg Street, Spokane, Washington, is the oldster of the crew. As always, he listened attentively to the hum of the motors before settling himself in the top turret, where his 157 pounds plus the high-altitude togs were a snug fit.

Peering out the side windows from their waist-gun positions were Staff Sergeant T. J. Kilmer, nineteen, 927 Santa Fe Street, Alva, Oklahoma, and Technical Sergeant Louis Szabo, twenty-eight, 367 West Fourteenth Avenue, Homestead, Pennsylvania.

There were two pinch hitters aboard: Sergeant Elmer W. Dawley, nineteen, 362 William Street, East Orange, New Jersey, the youngster of the lot; and Sergeant Edward M. Bates, twenty-two, 804 Figurora Street, Walla Walla, Washington, a curly-haired 175-pounder. Bates was substituting because the regular tail gunner, Staff Sergeant Steven Hedges, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, had got his hands frostbitten several days earlier. The regular tunnel gunner, Staff Sergeant J. V. Roberts, Denver, Iowa, was on a furlough.

Night Raider went thundering down the runway. The take-off was uneventful. A few spurts of lead were fired into the thin air or into a cloud bank as the gunners warmed and tested the guns.

Then things began to go wrong.

As the raiders reached the Dutch coast and enemy opposition began to appear, Dawley passed out in the high altitude. His oxygen mask was frozen. Kilmer went to investigate, and found icicles on the kid's eyelashes. The effort to revive Dawley, plus oxygen trouble of his own, soon had Kilmer himself unconscious, clinging desperately to wire cables that control the tail assembly. The skipper and Leary managed to stay in formation.

Szabo, the 150-pound waist gunner and engineer, had almost more than he could handle in loosing Kilmer's grip, his own mask being torn from his face in the struggle. A few moments later Kilmer relaxed—lay there blacked out, unconscious.

As they approached the target, flak was puffing all around. Cannon hits were heard. Shrapnel was spraying the fuselage everywhere. Enemy fighters had already made an estimated thirty passes at the Raider; even when the flak was heaviest they continued to attack. Then the Raider began its run, its yawning bomb-bay doors wide open. Wilhelmshaven rocked under the bursts. Pinner had pin-pointed his mark.

But trouble mounted fast as this B-24 limped back toward England, its big belly empty. The supercharger was knocked out, ack-ack fire was intense, and German fighters were still doing their deadly stuff. Even a destroyer lying thousands of feet below in a Dutch harbor sent up a barrage of flak and hot lead.

The Night Raider doggedly made its way into the clear, high over the Zuider Zee. The sister ships that had led the attack were now disappearing far out on the horizon. The skipper knew the Raider couldn't possibly overtake them—not with the supercharger out and one engine dead, the result of enemy cannon fire. The radio, too, was dead. It was impossible to call for help.

JUNG, the fair-headed radio operator, left his position on the flight deck to administer first aid to Kilmer, whose face was now purple. Others who saw him thought he was dead. But Jung fixed an oxygen supply on him and worked hard with artificial respiration. Finally Kilmer showed signs of life.

By now the Raider was losing altitude as one of the three remaining motors began to vibrate and cough.

Jung left the reviving Kilmer and worked on Dawley, the tunnel gunner who had been unconscious since first reaching the Dutch coast. Ellis left the nose to go to the rear and lend a hand. "Big Jung saved the lives of those two fellows, all right," the North Carolinian testified later.

The skipper sent word for Ellis to hurry back to his gun in the nose. More trouble was brewing. Jungbluth took over one of the waist guns. Szabo was on the other.

There suddenly appeared twenty German fighters—FW-190s, ME-109s, ME-110s, and JU-88s—that had been lurking in the sky for a straggler. This was their chance. Peeling out of the bright sunlight, they came in a vicious running attack that was to last for forty minutes. Night Raider had taken care of enemy fighters before—one, two, or three at a time. But this was different.

Captain Fleenor eyed a large friendly cloud miles away, perhaps a half-hour away at the speed they were traveling. It was their only hope—and a slim hope, at that.

Bates' tail-turret guns had long been silent. They had frozen up tight after he had poured only eight volleys into the Huns on the way to the target. He was bluffing now—training the sights on the MEs and FWs as they came in. "One JU-88 sat out there, about 200 yards off our tail, for several minutes. I could have shut my eyes and hit him if my guns had been working," he later complained from a hospital bed, where his hands and face, frozen early in the flight, were being treated. One Jerry planted a twenty-millimeter shell inside the rear turret, barely missing him. The hydraulic fluid was spurting from the turret mechanism in numerous places.

Ellis and Pinner were pulling their triggers on everything that came into sight, and up in the top turret Nelson was shooting 360 degrees; didn't even have time to "follow through on the shots." Later he said, "I was shooting over two o'clock for an ME-110 when an ME-109 came in from eleven thirty, putting a twenty-mm. into one engine. If he'd been any lower he'd have sure hit Captain Fleenor and Lieutenant Leary, and if he'd been any higher he'd have hit me."

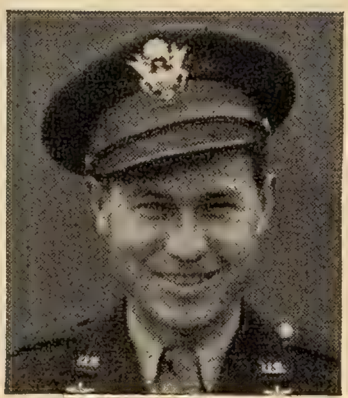
(*Continued on page 44*)

THE CREW OF THE NIGHT RAIDER

Capt. Bud Fleenor of Manhattan, Kan.

1st Lieut. J. J. Leary of Omaha, Neb.

1st Lieut. Ellis of Asheville, N. C.


2d Lieut. Pinner of Covington, Tenn.

Staff Sgt. Jungbluth of Arlington, Neb.

Tech. Sgt. Szabo of Homestead, Pa.

Staff Sgt. Kilmer of Alva, Okla.

Staff Sgt. R. Nelson of Spokane, Wash.

Sgt. Edward Bates of Walla Walla, Wash.

Sgt. Elmer Dawley of East Orange, N. J.

Mike Curtiz, Hollywood says, can direct anything. And he's proved it seventy times.

BRING ON THE EMPTY HORSES

Meet Mike Curtiz—the slave-driving Hollywood director whose terrible temper, bad English, and good pictures are Hollywood's most fascinating legend

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

MIKE CURTIZ is probably the only Hungarian officer in the history of this planet who spent three months ordering three hundred American soldiers around. That this former captain of Emperor Francis Joseph's artillery was chosen to direct the screen version of This Is the Army puzzled Washington and provoked many a chuckle elsewhere but was taken for granted by Hollywood. "Mike can direct anything" is a slogan of the industry. In his seventeen years in the United States he has hung up a record unsurpassed by any of his competitors. He has directed seventy pictures. Every one of them made money. And at least forty dealt with subjects about which he knew precisely nothing.

Once upon a time he was assigned to a Western. His colleagues gasped, but Texas acclaimed Mike's epic as the only picture to do justice to the Lone Star State. Mike has never been in Texas, and it is his firm conviction that the Civil War was fought between the North and the West.

Until the very day he was handed the script of Yankee Doodle Dandy he had never heard of George M. Cohan, let alone seen him on the stage. And yet there was something so authentic about the picture that even Mr. Cohan had to admit it was letter-perfect. "It's me, all right. One hundred per cent," said George M.

Not much of a globe-trotter, still less of a geopolitician, Mike would hardly qualify as an expert on North Africa or the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, but there they are—Casablanca and Mission to Moscow—two great Curtiz jobs.

It was while the red-haired dynamo was at work on Mission to Moscow that Joseph E. Davies, our former Ambassador to Russia and the author of the book, arrived in Hollywood. Curtiz was summoned to explain to Mr. Davies how he was going to turn a bunch of diplomatic dispatches into a screen drama.

"Your Excellency," began Mike, bowing in his best Old World fashion, "we start with a close-up of you. You appear on the screen carrying a protocol under your arm."

Mr. Davies looked startled, but Curtiz went on:

"In our next scene you open the protocol—"

That was too much for the gentlemen who were present at the conference.

"Look here, Mike," said one of them. "You can't open or close a protocol. A protocol is a code of etiquette."

"To hell with the etiquette!" shouted Mike. "I am making this picture for the masses."

It would take at least six issues of this magazine to catalogue all the immortal Curtizisms. A few will suffice to give the taste of the master.

The officers of the Royal Canadian Air Force are still quoting the remark made by Mike when he came to Canada to take the outdoor scenes of Captains of the Clouds.

"If it's all right with you, gentlemen," announced Mike, "I would like to pay a visit to the quintaloupes."

When the officers regained their power of speech, they asked, ever so shyly, mightn't it be the quintuplets that interested Mike?

"Ah, gentlemen," sighed Mike, "I wish I could speak such pretty English like you, but you see I have to use my own library."

"Library" in Mike's English means "vocabulary."

To Brenda Marshall, the actress, he explained, as he was about to shoot a scene: "Now look, Brenda. Here is what it's all about. It is morning in a haystack and lots of sunlight and I want you to turn over on your tummy and look sex."

The extras who played in Dodge City are still calling each other "boy cows" because that's how Curtiz referred to them during the shooting of the picture.

It was likewise while at work on Dodge City that Mike managed to coin another immortal Hollywood classic. Some one dared to sneeze just as Curtiz was about to shoot an important scene. He jumped up and shouted, "Quiet! Quiet, please! I insist on a noise darkout."

Recently, when Mike and Hal B. Wallis, the producer, were spending a few days in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria, a lamentable episode occurred on the sidewalk just outside the hotel. A Pekingese, out for a stroll, bit Curtiz. Just like that.

"You must have been teasing him, Mike," volunteered Wallis.

"I didn't!" screamed Curtiz. "All I did, I walked peacefully upside down."

"You don't mean, by any chance, that you were walking up and down the street, do you?"

"That's what I said. I was walking peacefully upside down."

Wallis gave up.

The most famous of all Curtizisms has to do with horses. During the filming of The Charge of the Light Brigade, Curtiz yelled at the top of his lungs, "It's wonderful! It's marvelous! And now bring on the empty horses!"

This, needless to say, meant that he wanted to take a shot of riderless mounts.

THE first one to admit his inability to cope with the mysteries of the king's English, Mike resents the items printed about him in the movie columns, not because he is opposed to laughter, but because he feels, justly, that he should be judged by his pictures instead of by his grammar.

A taskmaster and a perfectionist, Mike spares nobody, least of all himself, in order to achieve the effect he is after. When he was making Captain Blood, he nearly lost his mind because he could not force the galley slaves to register real agony on their faces. "Those bums," he complained to his assistant, "look like well fed Hollywood extras; not like brutalized victims." He walked off the set in disgust.

When he returned, several minutes later, his hands were full of small sharp stones. First thing the barefoot galley slaves knew, they were going through an honest-to-goodness McCoy agony.

Mike's insistence on realism costs his employers a pretty penny but not infrequently brings handsome returns. It is true that once he set fire to three buildings, one after another, because he did not like the color of the flame and said he would go on burning buildings until he got "that beautiful, beautiful yellow shade." On the other hand, the Warners owe the discovery of one of their biggest money-makers to Mike's unwillingness to accept the next best thing. It happened while he was shooting The Case of the Vanishing Bride. The scenario called for a corpse covered

(*Continued on page 65*)

Curtiz (left) and former Ambassador Davies talk over Mission to Moscow.

Mike explains a bit of business to Ingrid Bergman on the Casablanca set.

Curtiz and Hal Wallis with Irving Berlin, composer of This Is the Army.

CALL ME SPIKE

The Navy has traditions that can't be broken—even by a brash newcomer. A tense drama of the men who go down to the sea to fight subs

BY RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THIS started at Halifax. Young John Clark came down into the seamen's mess with his gear on one shoulder and a chip on the other. He spilled his sea bag off onto the deck at the foot of the ladder. He stood still, looking around, and he kept dusting his big hands together, ready for anything.

There wasn't much for him to see, beyond men, for the Daisy was a corvette. They load five officers and about seventy matlows in one of those two-hundred-footers. Then they pile on a four-inch gun, a few A. A. rapid firers, a lot of depth charges with throwers and rack to get them away, some hush detectors, and all that.

If all hands below decks should draw a deep breath at the same time, the ship would have to breathe, too. In spite of things being so matey, she was a happy ship—until Clark's chip got to working.

Only Ben Kane noticed the new addition.

"Where do I sling my hammock around here?" John Clark asked him. "My name's Clark, ordinary seaman. You can call me Spike."

Several other chaps looked up when they heard that.

Clark waited, keeping his long arms and legs rigged in so as not to mix 'em up with a lot of other fellows.

"Am I being kidded?" Ben Kane asked, looking him over. John Clark was about as long as two, but sort of fresh out of the egg, sandy hair, freckles, pink complexion and ears getting red.

Clark stuck out his jaw. "Being kidded how?"

Ben Kane was nearly twenty-one. "Spike, huh?" he said. "How old are you?"

"Eighteen," Clark said.

"Who told you?" another man asked. "Same guy that named you Spike?"

Clark stuck out his jaw again. "Eighteen is plenty if you aren't stupid."

"You talk younger than you look, barring length," Ben Kane said.

Clark walked over to him. "Look, admiral," he said. "The height is six two. But I've had misunderstandings with a Mountie and a couple of Nosies who thought I didn't rate a uniform. So I carry my proof with me on the age. It saves chatter."

He reached and pulled out a paper and shoved it into Ben Kane's face. Afraid of getting caught on a gag, Ben looked at it cautious. He grinned. It was a birth certificate, all official.

"Eighteen," Clark said. "John Clark, born in 1925. Right? Now that's settled, you can call me Spike, like I said."

Ben Kane passed the birth certificate around. And his thin face was still wrinkled up in a grin. "Hey, Spike," he yelled, "here's a chap named Clark that says we call him Spike."

Spike Sullivan was darning a sock. Every time he made a pass with the needle in his massive mitt he'd move his furry black eyebrows around and twist his tongue in his mouth. And you could hear him breathing half the length of the table. He grunted and eased up.

"If you're Clark you're Nobby Clark," he said. "This is the navy. My name's Sullivan. That's why I'm Spike Sullivan. You're not Spike."

He made another swipe at the sock with his sail needle. Somebody who was shaving shoved the birth certificate along into Spike Sullivan's hands. He stopped sewing to look at it. He looked at it a long time. "Huh!" he said. He nodded at Clark. "You're Nobby."

CLARK moved fast. He jumped up on the table, which isn't polite. Bent over to escape the overhead, he walked along to Spike and stepped down.

"Spike," Clark said. He tapped Sullivan's thick shoulder. "Mr. Spike Clark, Province of Manitoba. You can be six Spikes. But I'm another, understand?"

When their eyes met they seemed to click like marbles. It was a tight moment. Slowly Spike pulled the towel away from the chap that was shaving and carefully dried up a place on the birth certificate where the guy's wet hand had been. "You're Nobby," he said again.

"Do I have to hammer it in with my fist?" Clark asked. He grabbed away the certificate. His face was getting white. Everybody quit doing things in the seamen's mess.

Spike Sullivan blinked his eyes. He didn't look mad. He looked puzzled.

He's thick as a bollard, having been a stevedore before the war, with big ears, a little cauliflowered, and a lumpy sort of face. An oldish guy for corvette mess decks—thirty-two. His temper was something, when it got loose. His blue eyes, dark under those black eyebrows of his, suddenly speared at Clark.

"Let me tell you about—" he started. It sounded feeble.

"Tell me nothing!" Clark said, closing his fists.

Spike Sullivan frowned. "Eighteen," he said, "is old enough to get your ears pinned back."

"Not by you," Clark said.

BEN KANE, hanging on every word, nearly fainted. But nothing happened. Except that Spike put his head on one side, listening. In the dead silence everybody heard the quartermaster up on deck piping:

"Close all scuttles and deadlights! Special sea-duty men, close up!"

"We'll be slipping," Spike said quickly. "You guys want to cop a blast from the bloke? Come on, Nobby."

He was moving toward the ladder. Believe it or not, Clark made a swipe after him with one of those long arms. He missed. And Spike Sullivan pretended he didn't know he'd had a fist raised to him.

Everybody gasped. Spike went on up on deck. This is Spike Sullivan that did this.

Ben Kane's eyes were popping.

We went out between the gate vessels. A way past Chebucto Head with the convoy formed up and two watches fallen out, Ben Kane walked up to Spike Sullivan, experimental. This was out of sight of the first lieutenant, Jimmie-the-one, the bloke who had the bridge.

"Nobby's a tough kid, huh, Spike?" Ben said and laughed.

Spike Sullivan planted his sea boot on Ben's feet and backhanded him across the jaw. Then he put a hand on Ben's chest and shoved him twenty feet. "Dummy up, you!" Spike said.

Yes, the Daisy had been a happy ship.

Ben Kane went muttering around, sore as blazes.

"Well, you found out if Spike's steam was gone," an A. B. said.

Ben shook his head and his thin lips twisted up. His eyes nearly closed as he looked at the stringy new O. D. "There's some mystery

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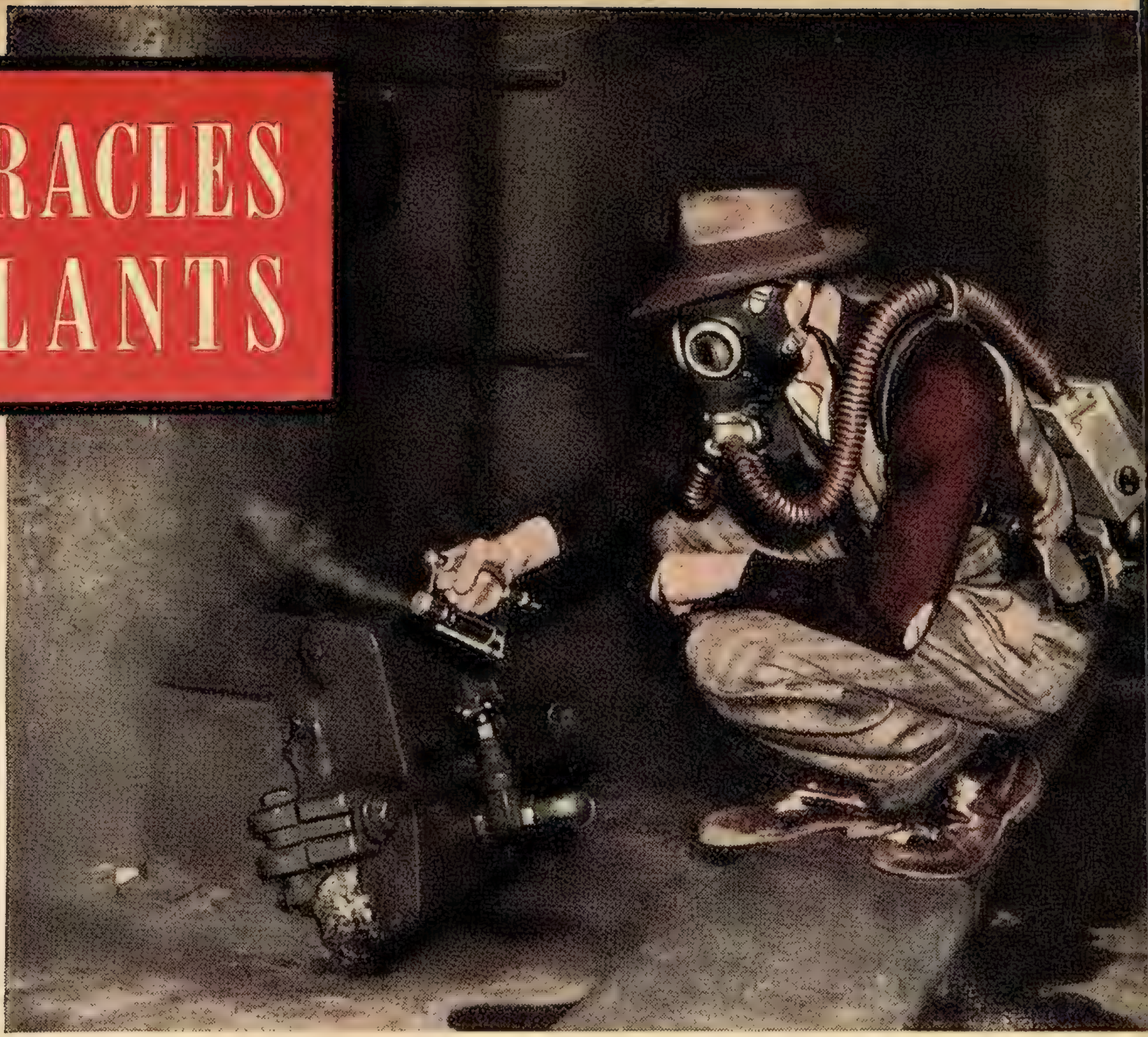
'Keep your kid's claws off my
uns!" Spike Sullivan yelled.

SAFETY MIRACLES IN WAR PLANTS

Here's good news. Safety engineers are waging a blitz against industrial accidents—which last year took six times as many American lives as did Axis bullets

BY MONA GARDNER



This masked worker is hunting for a gas leak. He wears a standard oxygen-supplying respirator and holds in his hand a "hoolamite" detector of that deadly gas, carbon monoxide. Similar safeguards are now in use wherever gas is used or manufactured.

IF you are laid up for two or three days with a cut finger, it's hard to believe that the total war effort has suffered much. But listen to this story: A Pacific convoy was waiting for 100 tanks. The tanks were all ready, lined up on the embarkation dock, waiting only for 100 small gadgets that were an essential part of the tank-steering mechanism. Where were those small but crucial units? Oh, they hadn't been made because the machine operator, at a subcontract factory, had cut the end off one of his fingers and couldn't work for a week. So, because of the lack of a finger guard, the tanks missed that convoy—and the battle for which they were intended.

Industrial accidents can thus cause casualties on the battle front. And at home workers' carelessness can be more devastating than bombs. In our first year of war, our workers killed by accident were six times as many as our fighting men who were killed in combat action on land, on sea, and in the air. Six times!

But fortunately we have changed this picture in recent months. Under wartime pressure ingenuity has gone into high gear. Now dozens of novel safety devices are saving lives every day; dozens of mechanical gadgets are pulling workers' hands out from under 200-ton punch presses, steel-encasing their toes, or shielding their eyes.

The National Safety Council started the ingenuity ball rolling last summer. With the financial support of its War Production Fund, the Council set out to combat the "seventh column" by removing killer conditions from every factory, community, farm, and home. It set out to save the 100,000 lives that were being scrapped by accidents each year, to salvage some of the priceless 480,000,000 man-days that industry has been losing through injuries.

It is still too soon for wide-scale results to be apparent in an undertaking of this magnitude. But random examples are coming in from here and there across the country, bringing conclusive proof that the goal is not just a pretty mirage.

The E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company reports that its thirty-eight enormous chemical plants have not had a single injury in a year's time. One of the Fisher Body plants has turned in a six-months' report without a single lost-time accident, in spite of an increase of 53 per cent in the number of its employees. The Glenn L. Martin bomber factory in Baltimore reduced its accident rate by exactly half, and also chalked up a no-fatality, no-permanent-disability record of the accidents that did happen. The Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Corporation of Milwaukee reduced its accident severity by half; Hercules Powder reduced theirs by some 56 per cent; the Medusa Cement Company of Cleveland had a perfect no-accident record throughout 1942 while operating at full speed with many inexperienced war workers. There are other such splendid records in foundries, textile mills, mines, machine shops, refineries—all of them bright signposts on the road to safety.

How did these busy, rushing plants accomplish all this? The answer amounts to a saga of inventive genius and resourcefulness—prodded and spurred always by wise factory management.

Take the case of the Picatinny Arsenal in New Jersey. There had been five or six bad accidents there to women, all of whom had fallen on slippery floors. Tom Trezona, a painter in the operating department, began puttering around with an idea he had, and came forth with a non-skid floor surface. It was tried out—and there have been no slipping accidents at Picatinny since then.

Trezona's accident-stopper isn't anything intricate or expensive. He uses ordinary floor paint over which, while it is still wet, he sieves a coarse-grain grit such as powdered emery, or better still, the waste from steel-blasting operations.

Multiply what happened in this one plant by the 196,000 plants there are, and you see the possibility for increased safety, don't you?

And remember, falls blot out—for keeps—seventy-one workers every day.

The first safety caps issued by Wright Aeronautical in Paterson, New Jersey, for women workers were made of dark cloth. The younger girls refused to wear them, despite the risk of scalping they were running. The caps, they said, were ugly, let oil soak through, caused dandruff and would eventually make them bald.

Then Helen Buttel, a gear grinder, solved the problem one night at home. She made a transparent cap out of a koroseal shower curtain. It turned the trick by keeping oil out and letting pretty hair-dos and ribbons show through. Now the company is issuing only caps of the Buttel design, and the women wear them gladly. Miss Buttel has been named a Safety Ace and given a $100 war bond by the Council's War Production Fund.

Another Safety Ace is Rocky Caruso, war worker at the Walter Kidde plant in Belleville, New Jersey, which makes inflation cylinders for army and navy airmen's life rafts. Caruso was cited for his invention of a device which catches flying metal splinters and muffles loud explosions in the important testing operation. It has entirely eliminated eye injuries which formerly threw two to four key workers out of production each week. It has also reduced the clatter from a deafening machine by some 75 per cent, which, of course, means a material lessening of fatigue.

Of all accidents to workers, 30 per cent are to their hands. Men who keep records say the time lost last year through needless finger and hand injuries alone would have built something like 5,000 bombers.

One of the most ingenious new methods of protecting hands and fingers is the pull-back cord attached to mammoth punch presses. Straps are fastened to the operator's arms and co-ordinated to the ram—the big column that stamps the metal into the mold. As the ram comes down, the straps tighten and automatically jerk the operator's hands out from under.

Until ingenuity found a safer way, foot levers used to control the big punch presses. This left the worker's hands free to be mangled by a 215-ton steel "jaw" if he miscalculated by a fraction. Westinghouse—with fifty men working full-time on a safety program, analyzing and charting each accident—changed this by installing dual hand controls. The worker has to press, well back from or above the danger area, two control buttons simultaneously to make the jaw go into action. Accidents were cut one third in the first few months after this new control was installed.

For still bigger presses worked by three operators, the Fisher Body Division of General Motors found a way to synchronize controls so that all six hands had to be pressing valves all at once or else the machine wouldn't budge.

ELIZABETH MEISTER got a safety idea one day while she was having a permanent wave. Being a nurse at the Westinghouse Lamp factory, she had dressed the scorched fingers of many girl operators who, even though they wore asbestos gloves, were burned when they moved airplane landing lamps from the annealing oven to the sealing machine. This day Miss Meister noticed that her hair was being cooled by air from a hose while the hot-waving process was going on. She suggested the same principle be applied to the asbestos gloves.

Plant engineers went to work on the idea, and air-cooled gloves are the result. Not only are there no more burned fingers but, surprisingly, these air-conditioned gloves improve the lamps. The circulating air inside the gloves seems somehow to bring about less shrinkage in the lamp glass.

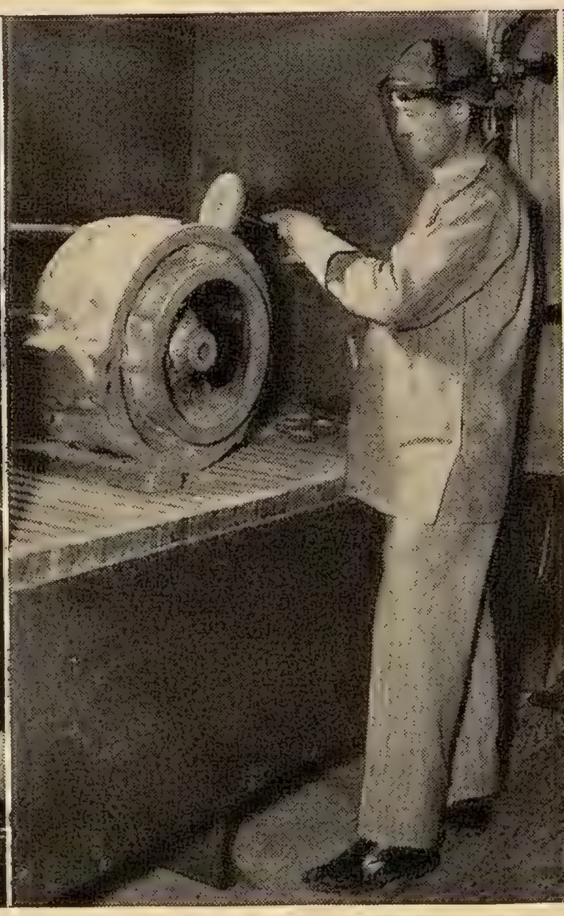
At the Bausch & Lomb glass plant there are pressing furnaces that generate a heat of 2,000 degrees. This heat sapped vitality even though cool air was blown steadily on the furnace workers. A safety-minded employee came forth with the idea of a booth for them. Now there are air-cooled asbestos booths with colored glass windows to reduce glare from the furnace openings. Shields protrude from the booth to protect the workers' arms. A foot pedal inside operates the glass molds. The whole is an expensive contraption, but it paid for itself almost immediately in man-hours saved.

Magnesium in dust form is so inflammable that a spark is enough to set off a fatal blast. In molten form it will burst into roaring flame from mere contact with air. Yet magnesium castings for airplane engines are an important part of our war production. Extreme precaution is necessary while the lightweight metal is being melted and poured into molds. Even more hazardous is the grinding and polishing of the castings.

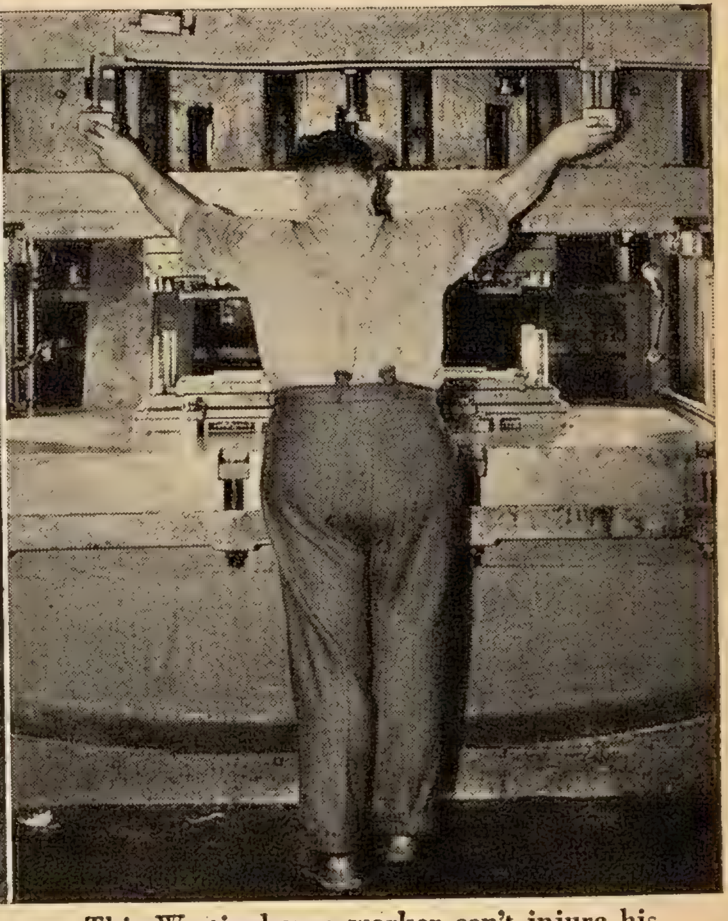
Wright Aeronautical Corporation put a dozen safety engineers on this serious problem. Now all breeders of static electricity have been grounded to eliminate sparks. Electric motors are sealed in explosion-proof housings. Reinforcing rods are buried deep in the castings. Rigid rules decree that all saws, grinders, buffers, and routers be cleaned every few minutes to remove dust and shavings. A fine water spray washes

(*Continued on page 66*)

ack safety cords now jerk the punch-operator's hands out from under the nding ram that used to endanger them.



Clad head to foot for safety from fire, he works in a Wright aircraft engine plant's magnesium foundry.



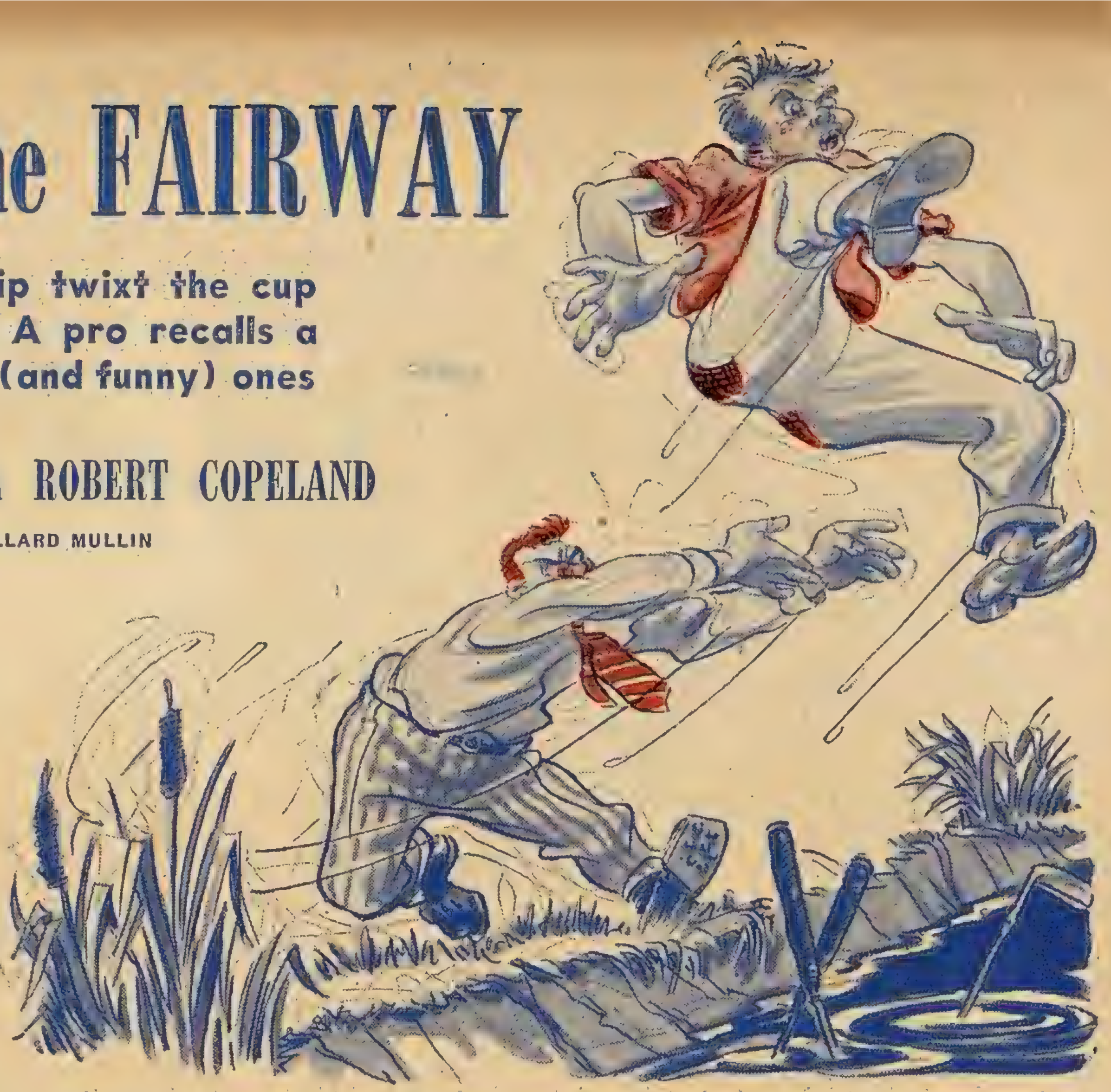
This Westinghouse worker can't injure his fingers. To bring down the press's "jaw" he must push two high-up control buttons.

FABLES of the FAIRWAY

There's many a slip twixt the cup and the golf ball. A pro recalls a few of the famous (and funny) ones

By AL WATROUS with ROBERT COPELAND

CARTOONS BY WILLARD MULLIN



He threw his bag and clubs in. Then he picked up the caddie and threw him in.

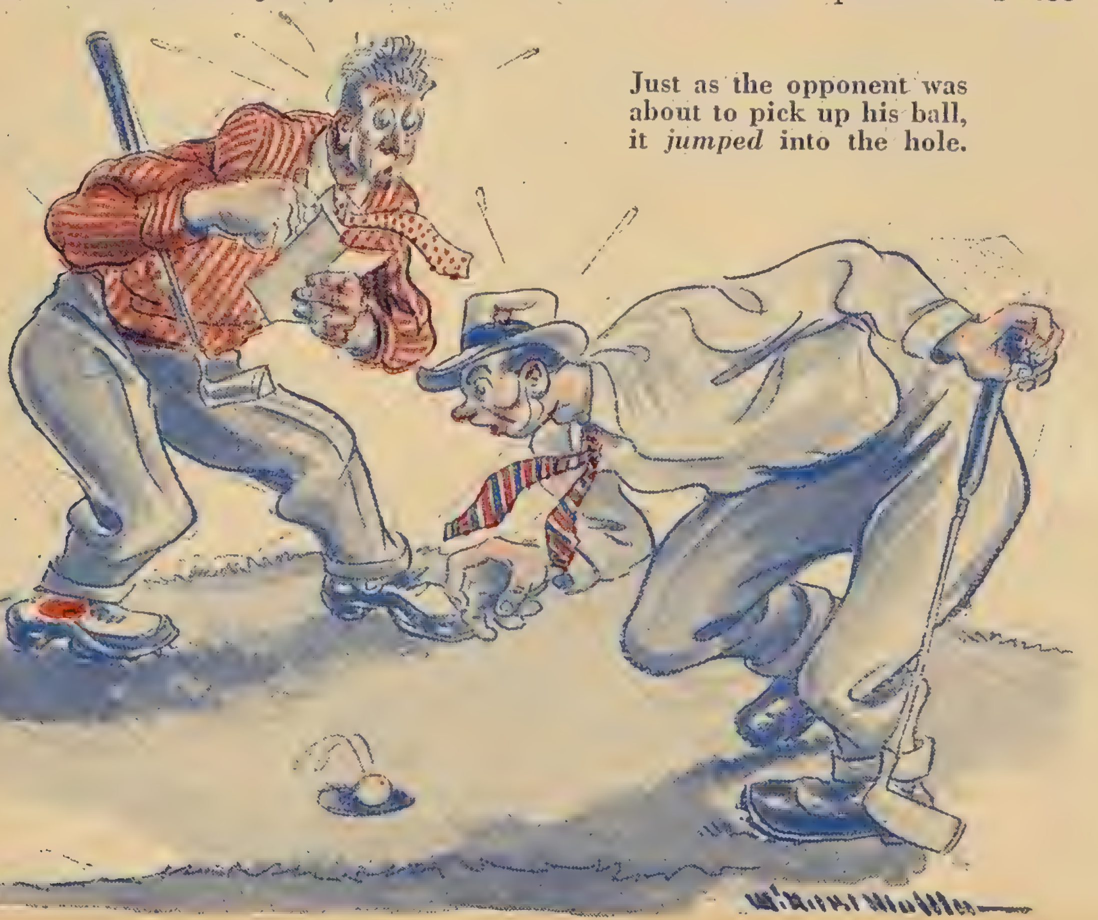
SOME of the funniest things in sport happen on golf courses. This summer, when even the experts can't forecast the winners of tournaments that won't be played, is a swell time to recall a few of golf's immortal believe-it-or-nots.

Take this story Jimmy Hines likes to tell: Harold Sampson was leading in a California P. G. A. match. Harold had just dropped his putt to take the hole—he thought. His opponent's ball was about two inches from the cup. Just as the opponent was about to reach down and pick up his ball, conceding the hole, it actually *jumped* into the cup for a halve. This so upset Sampson that he went on to lose the match. That evening, the local newspaper accounted for this "green magic." At least, on its front page was news of a local earthquake tremor which had been recorded at the time of the ball-jumping.

Jimmy relates another which was lucky fun for Sam Snead but not for Hines. They were matched in the semifinals for the P. G. A. championship at Shawnee on Delaware in 1938. They were all even coming up to the three-par thirtieth hole. Snead was about six inches away from the cup in two. Jimmy was two feet short, with a direct stymie, in one. He made a chip that was perfect except for one thing: it just caught the top of Sam's ball. What happened? Well, while Hines rolled in for a deuce, Sam's ball came tumbling in after it to halve the hole. This turned out to be the "winning hole," as Sam beat Jim one up.

Horton Smith, who is making just as good a soldier as he did a golfer, mentions Walter Hagen in one of his favorite stories. He and Hagen were playing Bill Thompson and another golfer in a Sunday exhibition at Canton, Ohio. On both the first and second holes Walter pushed his tee shots to the right of the fairway. So did one opponent. Horton hooked both drives to the left side, as did the other member of the foursome. The same thing occurred on the third hole. Just as he was about to hit his second shot, Smith heard this interesting explanation from one of the gallery to another:

"Don't you get it? Hagen is 'covering' Thompson and Smith is 'covering' the other guy."



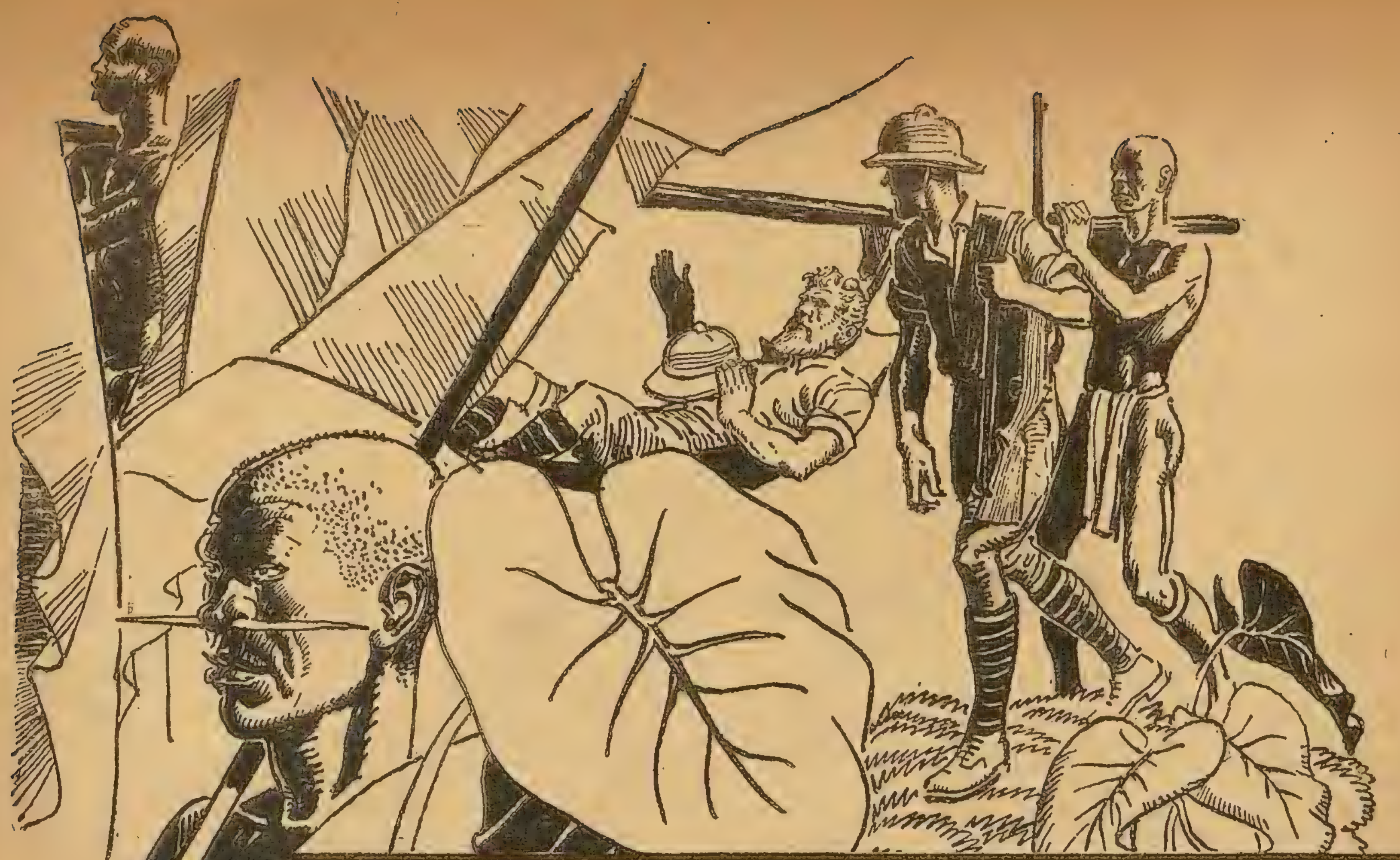
Just as the opponent was about to pick up his ball, it *jumped* into the hole.

All golf courses, generally on quiet days but not always so, as most greens committees can testify, are "gang-somed." Willie Goggin well remembers the day when eight golfers, eight caddies, and a couple of others out for the exercise started off the first tee at El Camino in San Francisco. All but one played their second shots for the green. This one couldn't find his drive. The reason, after frantic searching, proved simple. In all the excitement of the big parade on the tee, this fellow had just forgotten to hit one.

There have been various accounts of Paul Runyan's "disguise" game with John Pelley, head of the Association of American Railroads—a result of conniving by some of Pelley's good golfing friends: Steve Early, Presidential secretary; the late Senator Pat Harrison; and Merle Thorpe, editor of the Nation's Business, among others. I have the true story in Runyan's own handwriting. Here it is:

"The match was played at the Bay Shore in Miami Beach. I was introduced to Mr. Pelley as Mr. Paul of Muncie, Indiana, whose handicap

(*Continued on page 71*)



CONGO SONG

A Novel by STUART CLOETE

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERICK
CHAPMAN

To seven men and one fatally beautiful woman war came in a strange way, in a strange land.

When it struck, it brought tragedy, love, and hate into the bizarre tangle of relationships that linked these people together.

Their story has made this best selling novel one of the most talked-about books of the year.

THREE men sat on the stoep. They were drinking tea from white enamel half-pint cups with dark blue handles. They were talking of women. That was because there were no women here. One did not count the native women going to the water with red earthen pots on their heads.

Only Sebastian and Channel were talking. Bentinck, who was a hunter and kept the store—it was also a hotel—seldom spoke at all, and then never of women, which was the real reason the others came. They required a listener. Naturally they did not listen to each other. Each was polite in maintaining silence while the other spoke. This was a convention, something mutually accepted. It was accepted as Marais' neatness of dress was accepted, or Olga's beauty, or the absent-mindedness of her husband, the professor. In the Congo one accepted or one died.

A year ago Sebastian first came here from nowhere, arriving on foot with his paints, some rolled canvas, and stretchers. Channel had been here a long time, but in a day they had discovered their common interest, the one as a painter, the other as a Frenchman, very spirituel, a doctor, and an observer of natural phenomena, particularly that which concerned what he called "the relation of the sexes." In addition, he had other interests: his collection of medical specimens; his passion for hypnosis; his love of bad music.

While the two talked, Bentinck got up and came back with a rifle. He set the sights at three hundred yards, leaned it on the stoep rail, and fired.

"Get it?" Channel asked.

"Yes. A duiker. Convenient, isn't it?" It was a little idea of Bentinck's: that patch of bright green beans planted on a hillside three hundred yards away. The only crops he ever reaped were the buck that came to graze upon it. The land had been planted for that purpose. Without orders his boy had left the house, knife in hand.

"It is a terrible thing to kill," Sebastian said.

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"I do not kill for fun. I have to eat. I kill for food, or for money to buy food." You had to explain things to Sebastian as if he were a child.

"Whisky," Channel said.

"And whisky." It amused Augustus Bentinck to be considered a heavy drinker. Sometimes a bottle lasted him two days. He said, "It will go up if there is war." There would be war. Munich had made it certain. The only question was when or where it would break out.

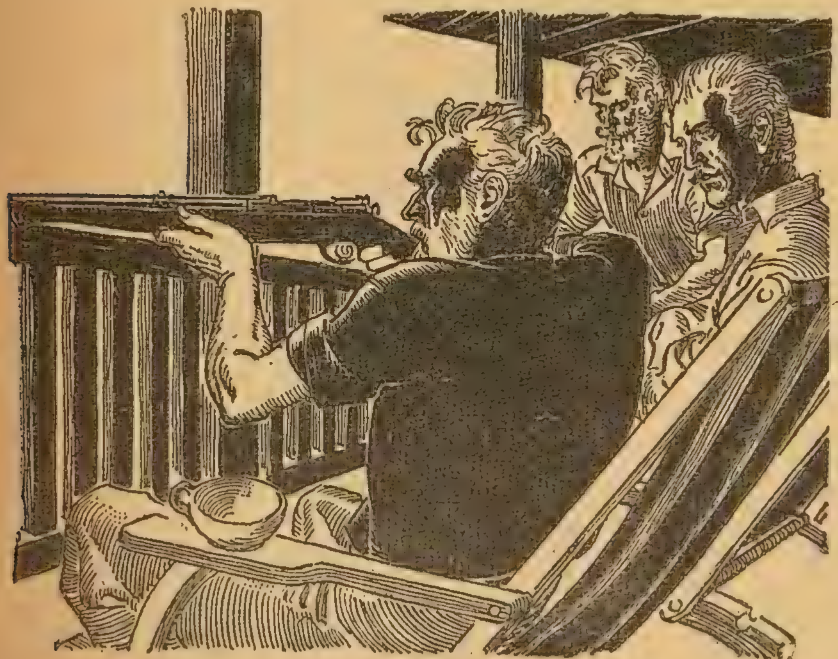
"Let us go, Sebastian," said Channel.

Sebastian got up. "In Spain," he said, "when I was with the International Brigade . . ."

"Yes," Bentinck said, "and if you want some meat, send down a boy. I only want the saddle."

They drove off up the hill that was almost a precipice. Below them was Bentinck's store and the big tree by which it had been built, and the village, and the banana plantations—brilliant green, the dead leaves orange.

As they turned a corner, Sebastian said, "This is where I will be buried. The view is magnificent. People will come here to the grave of Sebastian the painter."



"You are not likely to die," Channel said, "and do not always talk as we turn the corners."

The car pulled up at the artist's house and his dog ran to meet him. Two native girls, one in cerise and one in primrose taffeta, stood watching. One of them, Maria, was Sebastian's principal wife.

Channel drove on to his own house. He went through the sitting room into his office. He sat down to write:

July 12. Went to the store with Sebastian. Discussed women. It is interesting to note that in all our conversations Olga is never mentioned. Why? Possibly because thoughts of her are always present.

He put down the pen. Olga was a woman alone among men. He thought about the beauty of women. One man's woman was not another man's. But the women who were considered really beautiful—actresses, film stars—were simply those who by their symmetry appealed to a number of men instead of a single man. Olga was of that type.

Down at the store, Bentinck still sat thinking of his callers. They came once a week, sometimes oftener. They did not know anything about women. They did not know anything about anything. He knew about women. He had loved one woman and married her. And she had died. That was how you learned about women: from one woman; from loving her.

He was dozing now, on a deck chair beneath the big marula tree. He was dozing while he waited for some one to come. A quarter of an hour ago he had seen a man running over the low hill that bounded the far side of the river. The man was a native. There was only one place to which a man could run. Bentinck was in that place.

Three go-away birds rose out of a bush with fluttering wings. *Go away! Go away!* they cried. Bentinck sat up. The wait was over. The man had come.

He stood beneath the tree in front of him: a young Masai.

"I see you, chief," he said.

"I see you, warrior," Bentinck answered.

The sweat ran down between the warrior's breasts. He had run sixty miles through the little paths of Africa. Changing his tall spear to his left hand, he raised his right and placed it, palm to palm, against Bentinck's. Later, when he had rested and been fed, he came back and spoke his message: "There is news from Balan; it came by runner. A man has come. A man in a motorcar."

"Aah," Bentinck said. "A man." For a year now he had been waiting for some one. But, after all, if it was the man he wanted, what had he to tell him? Just straws in the wind; just the faintest spoor on the rocky ground. If this man was the right kind of man . . . if he could convince him . . . if . . .

"What manner of man is this?" he asked.

"A very tall man. White, an Englishman."

"And where is he?"

"He is two days away and his motorcar is sick. Its leg is broken."

"But he comes this way?"

"Lord, what other way is there for him to go?"

"That is true. Give greetings to the elders."

"I will give greetings." The Masai raised his spear. "I go."

"Go sweetly." Bentinck settled back in his chair.

Two days, he thought. That was one day by car; fifty miles over those roads was not bad going. He would be here tomorrow. The Masai were very reliable.

WELL, whoever it was, he was coming on a good day. There was going to be a party for the doctor tomorrow night. They were always having parties at the Botanical Station. They would all get drunk except Olga. He might even get a little drunk himself. She would watch them contemptuously and go out to play with that gorilla of hers—Congo. Von Brandt would lay down the law—he always did—and talk about German West when it was German West. Channel would become sentimental about Paris. He thought of Sebastian roaring about beauty and art, of the professor pottering around, and Owen miserable. Those parties were no place for a missionary, but Owen always came. Partly out of loneliness and partly to save them, if he could.

He thought about his visitor again. Frazer must have sent him. Things were moving at last. He had told Frazer he was too old for the job when he had sent him here. But his argument had been no good. "It's because of that I want you to do it. You know the country and the natives. You know German. No one will think anything of it if you take over the store. It's the kind of thing a man like you would do."

And it was. But it was funny in a way, too. After a lifetime of hunting animals to hunt the biggest game of all . . . to end your life hunting men. "If there's a blood spoor, I'll find it," he had said. But he was tired of spooring. It was time they closed in a little—gave 'em a run for their money. He had sent in no reports for a long time. He had always been the same, wanting to make sure before he fired. Patience paid. He thought of his notes. Olga had them. That was certainly the last place any one would look for them—the last place and the most dangerous. Olga was a good friend of his.

He went into the house to eat. When he had made up his mind about the man who was on his way, he would see Entobo. He was a first-class witch doctor and universally respected. It made him smile sometimes to hear people talk about witch doctors. Behind all that mumbo-jumbo there was knowledge.

Late that night he heard the drums: the Congo drums. News was being passed through Africa: news of the stranger, perhaps.

That stranger arrived at the store the following afternoon. His car slowed down, the storekeeper rose from the deck chair. He was a big, loosely built man with an untrimmed gray beard. He put out his hand, saying, "Augustus Bentinck."

"I'm Henry Wilson."

They shook hands.

"I've got your room ready for you," Bentinck said.

"My room?" Wilson said. "You expected me?"

"Been expecting you for a year."

The man was mad. A year ago he had been in New York. Happily married. "I don't see . . ." he said.

"No," Bentinck said. He led the way to the store. A colored boy was putting a brown-enamel teapot on the table. Bentinck served them and lit his pipe. His dark eyes went over Wilson a point at a time.

"Taking you to a party tonight," Bentinck said. "Cocktail party. It's a French holiday—the fourteenth of July. It's Channel's party. He's French." Bentinck seemed to think everything was satisfactorily explained.

Wilson looked round the room. There was the table at which they sat, four chairs, and a bench, but nothing, except two shelves of books and a rack of guns, that gave any clue to the kind of man Bentinck was. Through the door he could see the store. Presently the boy came through the room with two gasoline cans of hot water.

"Your bath," Bentinck said. "Expect they'll send for us, or we might drive up in your car." He rose and led the way to his guest room.

Bentinck, thought Wilson, as he dressed for the party, seemed almost as unlikely a secret agent as Frazer himself. He had become acquainted with Frazer in Nairobi. One evening, when they had dined together, Frazer asked, "Do you mind my asking you why you are out here? You're not the ordinary tourist."

"I was divorced six months ago." It had been hard to say.

"I see. I'm sorry," Frazer said. "The reason I asked you is because I want you to do something. I want you to go to Mokala and find an excuse for staying there a bit. Something is up and I want to know about it."

"Why do you?" he had asked. Frazer had never struck him as a curious man.

"Because I want to know about everything. You see, I'm in the Intelligence. A lot of Germans came back after the war. Have to keep an eye on them." He had smiled. "I'm supposed to be a statistician. I send nice little reports to the Colonial Office about the native production of cotton and coffee and things. I go out a lot; bore people to death with my figures while I listen. Of course, no one reads my reports—not those reports. But it gives me an excuse to go about.

"You speak like an American," he went on then.

"I lived there as a child," Wilson said. "My father was English but my mother was American. And my wife." He had not thought it worth while to add that he had been to an American university.

"I think it would be better if you let people think you an American," Frazer said. "At Mokala, I mean. I've got a man there," he had gone on, "an old hunter, running the store. You might look him up. And there's a Botanical Station on the mountain. Interesting people, I hear."

So now Wilson was going to meet these interesting people.

ALL that day preparations for the party had gone forward in the big luxuriously furnished house up at the Botanical Station where the elderly preoccupied Professor Le Blanc lived with his exotic young wife, Olga. No matter who gave a party, it was always in her house, because she enjoyed arranging things. Today she had gone into the terraced garden and cut quantities of dark red roses for the living room, stopping at last to stare at the great African Rift, the mountains lying in ranges, one behind the other. The nearest were a brilliant green. The broken silhouettes of the more distant were blue: pale blue, dark blue, lilac, purple, their peaks indistinct with mist. When the mists cleared, the snowcaps glistened white. There were lakes, hyacinth blue, divided by green volcanic cones, set like jewels between forests and thickets of bamboo. This was the rocky backbone of a continent: high mountains, deep secret valleys.

She picked up the roses and turned back from the view. Yes, she decided, she would wear the red dress—the dark wine-red that almost matched the roses.

Her house was the biggest of the five that comprised the Station Botanique. Channel's house was about a hundred yards away, with his hospital behind it. Sebastian's was between them. Then there was the guest house. The group was attractive—whitewashed, thatched, surrounded by trees, flowering shrubs, and creepers. Each set in its own lawn, they clung to the hillside. The experimental station was below. Down in the valley was the rubber.

She went into her own room to dress. The professor was very well off, and she had designed it as a setting for her own beauty. The great Spanish bed, the polar bearskins on the floor, the curtains of green brocade, the pink-shaded lights were not mere accessories. They were a part of herself: an expression, luxuriously couched, of her contempt for Africa: the challenge of a woman to a continent.

She wondered about the new man, the American who had come to stay with Bentinck. What would he be like? She must see that Congo did not get out and wreck her decorations. He was now hammering on the wall. From a hook behind the door she took an electric prodder and opened the door of the next room.

The gorilla was sitting in a chair waiting for her. He was dressed in a white sailor suit with a blue-striped collar. On his head he wore a blue cap with a red pompon: the cap of the French sailors.

"Come, Congo," she said, "you shall watch me for a while."

He came toward her, semi-erect, balanced on his knuckles. He was unaware that he belonged to Olga. In his opinion, Olga belonged to him. When he was with her he was happy. His eyes never left her.

With his supper that evening she gave him coffee, which he loved. But then she shut him in his room. Alone, he was always unhappy.

IT was a good party. Olga was amused by the American. He was rather like a St. Bernard: very large, strong-looking, with fine wide shoulders. She liked his voice, and he had charm.

"Channel," she said. He was standing near her.

"Madame?"

"I am so glad you have decided to ask Mr. Wilson to stay with you. Later on he can have the guest house. It will only take a few days to put it in order." Nothing had been said to Channel about it, but he could be counted on.

"I don't want to be any trouble," Wilson said. "I was going to stay at the hotel."

"Trouble, Mr. Wilson? It will be no trouble. It will be a pleasure."

"Madame is fond of pleasure," Channel said. "She has a capacity for it."

Olga smiled at him. "You say such charming things, doctor." The man was a serpent. He knew too much about women. But Wilson would not understand.

"I will be delighted, Mrs. Le Blanc, if you are sure it will be no trouble."

Wilson was surprised to hear his own words. He had meant to stay with Bentinck. He hoped this change would not offend him. But the Station was intoxicating—the paradox of snow on the equator; of roses and strawberries; and, above all, of the strange people who were gathered here. What a charming woman Mrs. Le Blanc was!

The professor came up to him. He was in a very good mood, a delightful man. When the butler brought him another drink, he lifted his glass to his guest.

"Good luck, Mr. Wilson, and may your stay with us be pleasant and long. A stranger does us good. We get tired of each other, don't we, Captain von Brandt?"

Von Brandt clicked his heels and bowed. "Tired, Herr Professor? Never." He too raised his glass. *"Prosit."* He drained it at one gulp. He stood very straight as he drank, his heels still close together and his elbow very high. His bent arm was parallel to the ground.

"Messieurs, mesdames . . . Damen und Herren . . ." Channel rose, a small, sharp man. Trimmed—neat as a yacht in his dinner clothes. "A toast," he said. "I ask you to drink to France. It is the Fourteenth of July. To France," he said. His glass was held high.

"To France." The glasses were raised and emptied.

"Another," Olga said. "Another to our doctor. It's his birthday too."

Channel smiled at her and sat down. This comedy had been repeated so often, for so many years.

"Channel . . . the doctor . . ."

He stood up and bowed. He was very moved. One was always moved by alcohol.

To Owen the party was intolerable: a debauch. Yet these parties had a fascination for him. He tried to understand them; to relate them to his religion; to his own life that he led at the mission twenty miles away. He was a man of God and these were Godless; unbelieving or worse; worshiping their own false gods. The professor believed in the god of science. Channel, also a man of science, was cynical even of science and dabbled in the occult. Sebastian was plainly mad, painting abominations with an inspired brush. Marais believed in money. He was frank about it. Von Brandt in force. He was equally frank. Bentinck was an old man and perhaps the only good one, but even he never came to the mission. And Wilson. If only he had been quicker, he might have got him to come to stay at the mission instead of remaining here. Mme. Le Blanc, Olga . . . with her ape and her big black snake. She kept it to intimidate Congo. But she liked it.

FRITZ VON BRANDT was enjoying himself. When he caught Olga's eye, he smiled at her. The professor's wife, but . . . Among them all he was the only one who understood the new world that was being formed. Because of this, he was the only one who dared to be proudly male, a pure Aryan type, a begetter of men. He stood with his shoulders back, his belly drawn in. His only regret—that he was not able to wear his uniform. Uniform had been forbidden. But the day would come.

Marais, the Dutchman who was engaged in a big dredging operation, approached. He had escaped from Sebastian, who had been too determined to explain color to him. Bentinck, sitting with his brandy glass in hand, observed these moves. His eyes never left von Brandt. At how many water holes and pans and fountains had he watched like this! How many spoors had he followed!

Von Brandt and Marais were talking in German. Bentinck saw Olga turn her head and raise her hands to her head. She leaned toward the mirror to tidy her hair. That brought her nearer to von Brandt, her elbow touched his shoulder.

Bentinck touched the scar on his cheek: Heidelberg. But scars on a professional hunter were easily accounted for. The tie between the Nazi and the Dutchman was business. Marais thought of nothing else. They were talking of wild animals. Marais sometimes got hold of one. Apart from being a German, Bentinck detested von Brandt on professional grounds. To capture animals alive was brutal. The idea of it disgusted him.

He raised his glass and drank. He would give Wilson a few more days before he said anything. The American had quality . . . blood, you'd call it in a horse. The only question was, had he staying power?

The professor's voice reached Bentinck: "Mr. Wilson has never heard you sing. My wife has a beautiful voice."

"Sing, Olga," Channel said. "After all, it is my party. It is the Fourteenth of July and my birthday."

She was turning to him. He could see the white blur of her face above the red of her dress. Between the face and the dress was a hectare of white breast.

"Sing Mon Ami Pierrot," he urged.

She went to the piano and began: *"Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot."* How beautifully she sang! Freely as a bird, as clearly. She must have been well taught. Well taught in many things, in a hard school perhaps; but that no one would ever know. "I am Olga Severenisky," she said of herself. "I was secretary to the professor. Yes, I am Polish and of good family." That always seemed to amuse her. "My mother was French."

Presently the party was over. It had gone well, Olga thought. She wondered how many more fetes there would be like this. Where would they all be this time next year? Before she undressed she went to the wired-off cage on the veranda where she kept her snake. It was cool and smooth in her hands—it curled over her bare arms and round her neck. The snake which terrified Congo had a calming effect on her.

She wondered about Wilson's wife. He had told her he had been married. But it was obvious he knew nothing about love. How could he? Love had to be learned. She was glad he was going to stay.

He had told her that Frazer had sent him.

Next morning she began to prepare the guest house for its new occupant. First it had to be rethatched. Wilson, from the terrace of Channel's house, where he had breakfasted with his host and Sebastian, saw her supervising the natives at work upon it.

He went in to shave and have a bath. When the other two were leaving, Channel said, "I have several operations. One is a beautiful ulcer. An interesting case."

And Sebastian: "Here we all work. I go to my studio. *Au revoir.*"

While he dressed, Wilson began to plan his course. If he was going to stay, and he knew he was now, he would have to find something to do. Anthropology? Maybe he would write a book. People always wrote books when they had been a few weeks in a country. . . .

He got out his car and drove down to the store. Channel and Sebastian were sitting on the stoep with Bentinck.

"Have some tea," Bentinck said. "I thought you might turn up."

Channel said, "The woman died."

Sebastian said, "I lost it, monsieur. I lost my inspiration. In consequence, behold me here. We were discussing pleasure. Proceed, doctor." He turned to Wilson. "I do not agree with the doctor, but I like to listen to him."

The talk zigzagged on, with an occasional pause. Bentinck listened, smoking his strong foul tobacco. Finally Channel got up. "It is time we went home. Come, Sebastian." They both bowed. "We will see you later."

They went to their car. It was a Model T Ford with a box body.

"This is a queer place, Wilson," Bentinck said presently. "If you're going to stay, I'd better tell you a few things. I must say you've done very well. It's all been most realistic. And your being an American is good. American passport and everything, I suppose?"

"Of course I have a passport." He had done that very neatly.

"Frazer tell you anything?"

"Not much. Only to come and see you."

"Clever man, Frazer. Every one thinks he's a fool. Most fools go about trying to make people think they're clever. So he left it up to me, which is all right, but I must say you've been a hell of a long time coming."

What was the old man talking about?

"You see, I'm getting old," Bentinck said. "And things are coming to a head. Come inside."

They went through the store into his bedroom. It was furnished with a camp bed, covered with a silver jackal kaross; two wicker armchairs; and a rack of guns against the wall. The rest of the room was piled with cases of stores, a great pile of newspapers, a barrel of gunpowder.

"USE it as a storeroom," Bentinck said. "Convenient. Sit down." He sat down himself. "Going to be war, Wilson. We all know it, but we pretend not to know it." He paused, and then said, "What do you think von Brandt is doing here . . . collecting animals?"

Wilson had not thought of von Brandt.

"There's a tie-up with the Belgians," Bentinck went on. "He has authority; no one interferes with him. Know anything about natives?" he asked suddenly.

"Nothing," Wilson said.

"All the better. But remember this: Treat the Masai well: as gentlemen. If you don't, they will kill you. Come back in a day or two and I'll have things fixed up. And don't make a mistake with von Brandt, if you see him. He's one of the best men they have."

When Wilson left, Bentinck thought him over. Frazer had made a good choice. Wilson was bored and angry with life. Something had happened to him. For a job like this, that was a good thing, and he looked tough. Bentinck had the feeling that in a few days something would happen. He believed in his hunches. Nothing must ever be hurried; a new pattern formed as a crystal did . . . slowly but unmistakably. He was satisfied that already something had begun. A little waiting and watching, and then he would be able to make a plan.

He went into the store. Some more machinery had gone up to Marais yesterday. He looked about. Everything seemed to be in order. If anything had been moved, he would have noticed it.

WHILE the Le Blancs' guest house was being made ready, Olga and Wilson saw a good deal of each other. Her voice had a curious effect on him. He found himself longing to hear it when he was away from her.

"You'll be able to move in tomorrow," she said one morning; "and meals"—she paused—"you will take with us, of course. Except breakfast. Channel wants you for that. He gets tired of Sebastian undiluted."

"That will be very nice, Mrs. Le Blanc. Very nice indeed. Are you sure I shall not be . . ."

"A nuisance? No, Mr. Wilson. You will not be a nuisance. You are a new type to me."

"You think men can be divided into types?"

"Both men and women, Mr. Wilson." She stood beside him as they looked out of the window, so close that he could feel her body against his thigh. The perfume of geranium that she always wore disturbed him. He had wanted to get away from women, to forget about them. Or, if not exactly that, he did not want to be seriously involved.

"That is where Congo came from."

She pointed to the forest below. "I will show him to you in a day or two. I had to wait till he got used to you. He seems to know your smell now. Of course he has watched you as you move about. He is probably watching us now."

So that was it. He had often felt he was being watched. He felt it at the back of his neck and along his spine. He looked at his hostess; she was smiling. Her face was always expressionless or smiling. You could read nothing in it.

"Then you are satisfied?" she asked. They had been staring into each other's eyes. "With your new home," she continued, "and I hope monsieur will stay a long time." She swept him a curtsy. "My husband will be so pleased. And now I must go."

He was relieved to be alone. But he was not alone. She had left a fragrance behind her: a faint scent of geranium. He had always been susceptible to scent. Anne used Chanel 5. Where was she now? Palm Beach was the last he had heard, indirectly, of course, but that had been some time ago.

On the day before Wilson left Channel's house the doctor said, "Olga asked me to bring you over. She wants you to see Congo."

They went out together. Wilson was strangely excited. Because he was going to see the gorilla? Because he was going to see Olga again? Because he felt that by seeing them together he would learn something of her, come nearer to her? Before he could decide, they were there.

Olga met them as they opened the screen door of her stoep. She had on a cream dress of heavy Chinese silk with a wide bright crimson sash. It had a square peasant yoke, but was cut low. It had short sleeves.

"I'm glad you could come," she said. She took both his hands in hers; they were soft and cool. Then she kissed Channel.

"Papa Channel," she said: "doctor, counselor, and friend."

"You insult me, Olga."

She laughed. How pretty her laughter was! Wilson wanted to take her in his arms. . . . He was astonished at the range of feelings her laughter had aroused.

"Congo is in a good mood this afternoon," Olga said, "so I thought it would be a good chance. Don't be afraid of him, Mr. Wilson."

"Never be afraid of any animal," Channel said. "Animals can smell fear. It is even possible that people can smell fear or love in others, though they do not know it."

Olga was leading them through the house. "He has his own room," she said. Picking up the prodder, she opened the door.

Congo was grotesquely manlike as he came forward. His small sharp eyes peered out from under the ridge of his brows. He was making soft little noises through black pursed lips. For all his tremendous bulk, he moved with absolute quiet. Olga interposed herself between them. How fragile she looked beside this animal! Beauty and the beast. That's what she wanted him to think of, Wilson knew. Congo put a tremendous arm around her waist and lifted his face toward hers. She bent to kiss him. He stroked her hair with a black hand. He touched her lips, forcing them open gently to see her teeth. All the time he muttered to himself.

"Come nearer, Mr. Wilson," Olga said. "This is Mr. Wilson, Congo. You understand. He's staying here and you are not to hurt him. He is a friend. A friend," she repeated.

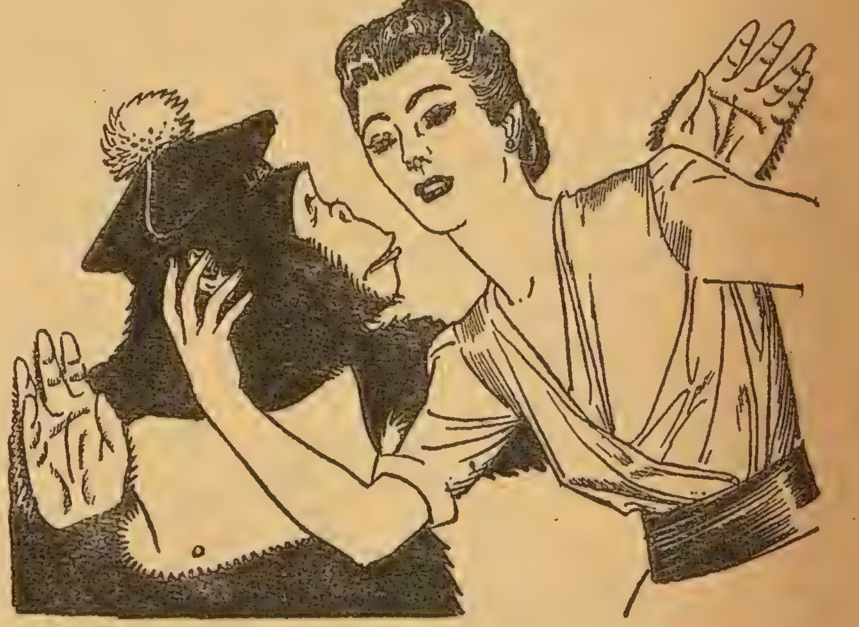
The gorilla looked from her to him. He took off his cap and scratched his head. His eyes remained fixed on him.

"Kiss your hand to him, Congo."

The gorilla put his hand to his mouth and blew him a kiss.

"Once he's done that, he's safe," Olga said, "unless he gets angry. Blow the doctor a kiss too."

Congo blew Channel a kiss. Letting go of Olga, he put his arms around Channel's neck and rested his head on his chest while the doctor patted his shoulder. Channel said something in a low voice. The gorilla muttered an answer.



"They talk to each other," Olga said. "Except for me, Channel is the only one who understands him. Sebastian does too, a little, but in a different way. If you meet Congo outside, you need not be nervous," she added.

"Are you sure?" Wilson asked. "I mean, he's really all right?"

"As long as you don't annoy him," Olga said.

Annoy him. He wasn't the kind of man who would annoy gorillas.

They left Olga with her pet. Channel began to laugh. "It is not every one who has met a gorilla socially," he said. "And one day you will be glad of it. It is an experience."

He talked on, following the trail of his thoughts to an ending: "I think I mean that life should be lived fully, and that perhaps there is only one great sin—brutality, cruelty, call it what you will: the sin of causing pain and suffering to others without suffering pain yourself." He sat down. "That is the worst of living like this, Mr. Wilson. One gets ideas."

"I like to hear you talk," Wilson said. "It does me good. I have never really tried to figure things out for myself. I lived as every one else I knew lived."

That was exactly what he had done. But Wilson was beginning to feel that here he was being dragged into a maelstrom. He could feel the pull. The climate, the scenery, the conditions of life were weakening him. Sounds, perfumes, all had their particular impact on his personality. The wild, occasional shouts of Congo. The doctor's lectures. Sebastian's outbursts. The professor's botanic objectivity. Bentinck's hunter's patience. The scent of geranium that came from Olga. The soft touch of her hand upon his bare arms. The look in her eyes.

The line of her neck. The perfume of the roses that came in at his window. The choking cough of a leopard. . . . And the feeling that war was coming in Europe. The feeling that before it was done, one, perhaps more than one, of these people among whom he lived would die. From an interested observer, from an umpire in the game, he had in the few days he had been here become an actual participant.

On the day he was to move into the guest house, he found Olga in the garden. Congo was with her, his knuckles touching the ground as he walked. For a moment Wilson almost turned back.

"Come and look at the roses, Wilson." She had seen him.

They walked down the grass path. "General Jacques Minot," Olga said. "The sweetest-smelling rose in all the world."

She picked a bud for his buttonhole. As she put it in, her geranium smell, now blended with that of the roses, came to him. "Roses remind me of my first love affair. And you?" she asked. "You have loved, have you not? I can see it in your face." His hand went to her waist. "No. Not now. Not with Congo. He will not let any one touch me. Not even my husband."

Not now? That meant later. He found himself answering her:

"Yes, Olga, I have loved." He had given up calling her Mrs. Le Blanc. "It did not go well. My marriage went wrong."

"Does it ever go right? And why should it? Why not be satisfied with beauty while it lasts? I have loved many men. I have never been sorry." She came closer to him. "I could love you, Mr. Wilson," she said. Her breath was on his cheek. "Yes, I could love you. Do you think you would like it?" she laughed. "I could send you mad for me."

He could read nothing in her eyes except a faint amusement, a faint ironic promise. The blood was hammering in his ears.

"Come," she said, "let us take the roses to your house. What is a house without flowers?"

As they went into the guest house, she said to Congo, "You wait."

As Wilson closed the door she was in his arms. He had never known any one could kiss like that. She trembled like a flame in a draft, burning up and then down. She slipped away from him. Her hand went up to her hair. To tidy it.

"You see I was right, Mr. Wilson," she said.

"Yes, you were right, Olga."

She put the vase of roses in the window and turned quickly.

"Let me know if there is anything you want, won't you?" she asked.

He was alone once more. His eyes kept going to the vase of roses. He kept smelling them. That was clever of her.

HIS lunch came over from the main house on a tray. With it was a note: "I am sending your lunch over, as I am indisposed and the professor is out." He smelled the paper when the boy had gone. In the afternoon he went for a walk, climbing the mountain behind the house. It was too hot for doing this, but he felt impelled to go.

Dinner was uneventful. Olga was the charming hostess, nothing more. In his own house, afterward, he put her out of his head.

Very late, he went out into the garden. The African moon was shining. It was very big, much bigger than even a Southern moon. The night air was cool, fragrant, and from somewhere came the throb of a native drum. It was not talking. By now he had come to learn when a drum was sending messages.

Some one was coming toward him. It was Olga in a green dressing gown. Her hair hung like a cloak over her shoulders. It reached her waist.

"You were expecting me?" she asked.

"Perhaps," he said. "I was uneasy." In his heart perhaps he had been expecting her, been hoping she would come. She was drawing him into the black shadow of a palm.

"To say good night," she whispered. She was warm, supple in his arms, fluid against him. Her mouth clung to his. She broke from him, laughing softly, and was gone.

The next day Professor Le Blanc told his wife that he had decided to go away for a few days. There were some trees that he could not reach on the regular safari which he took every three months. "It seems a good time, with Wilson here to keep you company," he said. "You do not mind?"

She looked at him out of clear wide-spaced gray eyes.

"Mind? I always mind when you go. Life is not the same without you, but I know if you say you must, you must."

When Wilson came in for lunch, she was alone, very fresh in a pale green linen dress. She led the way into the dining room. "Tête-à-tête again," she said. "How my men desert me! It makes a scandal. It must be dull for you to talk to a woman all the time."

The lunch was chicken curry, rice cooked with saffron, chupatties, mango chutney, and hock to drink.

"How do you like my husband?" Olga asked.

"I like him," Wilson said. What an extraordinary thing to ask!

Olga laughed. "Oh," she said, "how funny you are! You should have said, 'I hate him.' It is normal to hate husbands . . . at least, it is polite to pretend you do. Yes, you like him," she went on, "and so do I. He has certain admirable characteristics. He is very patient, very unobservant. And me? Do you like me?"

If she wanted the truth, she should have it. "No," he said.

"*A la bonne heure*, that's better," she said. "You might fall in love with me. You do not want to, and you have."

"I haven't," Wilson said. He was furious with her. She was making him behave like a small boy. He lit a cigarette. He wanted to get out of here—to get out and see something normal: to smell gasoline in the streets, to see a policeman again.

"I shouldn't tease you, should I?" she said. "It is not kind. And love . . . why should I say love? What, after all, is a kiss?"

She was laughing now. Before he could say anything, she had jumped up and passed behind his chair and, stooping quickly, had kissed his neck.

He heard the door of her room close. When next he saw her, he would be embarrassed. He was in love with her, as he had known he would be. Had he been a fool to stay? But there was his promise to Frazer—and the fact that Bentinck seemed to need him.

When the professor, at departure next morning, shook his hand and asked him to take care of Olga, Wilson replied, "I'll do my best," wondering, as he spoke, what it might involve.

That afternoon he drove down to Bentinck's. Olga at dinner the night before had asked if he would bring up the meat. She had noticed that the white flag was up.

He was wondering, as he neared the store, what Bentinck would have to say. Bentinck interested him. He was obviously educated, well read, though he spoke very abruptly as a rule. His name belonged to a great English family. The Portlands, he thought. The Duke of Portland must be a relation of some kind. He had been at Rugby. After Bentinck had left Germany—and he had warned him never to mention that he had been there—he had knocked about the world—China, the East Indies, Australia—for a year or two, and then had come to Africa, where he had remained, hunting, trading, and transport riding. But mainly hunting. His knowledge of animals and their ways was amazing.

Wilson had learned all this from listening to Channel and the others. But evidently none of them knew that Bentinck spoke German.

Bentinck had thought Wilson might come, when he ran up the flag. He had in his pocket a letter authorizing him to take Mr. Wilson out on safari to shoot one male gorilla. He wondered how Wilson would like the idea. Anyway, if Wilson did not want to shoot it, he would do it for him. In the old days, before there had been any of these new restrictions, he had shot a lot of gorillas. The natives had asked him to, partly because the gorillas damaged their gardens, and partly because the natives liked to eat them. Gorilla flesh was good; more palatable than that of many buck.

He regretted the old days. He was too old for these oblique diplomatic approaches. There had been a time when a man had been either a friend or an enemy. Now . . . well, now things were different. You had to meet men like von Brandt socially. He thought of Channel's party: of von Brandt talking about animals and telling Marais that there was some more machinery for him on the way up. That old dredge of his seemed to require a lot of spare parts. It was a mistake to despise women as those Nazis did. Was there a tie-up somewhere between Marais and the German?

Why did von Brandt go and meet that girl of Sebastian's so often? What were those messengers doing that went so often between him and Marais? What had his two trips over to the lake meant? The porters had gone under their full loads of sixty pounds and had come back with next to nothing. And why this sudden hospitality among the coffee planters over the mountain? Party after party. Were they parties? There had been little singing or drinking.

The boy who had brought him the news had looked in at some of them through the window. "They stood like this, *bwana*," he said. He had stood very straight with his heels together and had raised his right hand. "They said, 'Aalitler . . . Aalitler.' Then they went their ways." There was no beer, no women, no dancing. "I think it is a new god they worship, *bwana*. And they have arms. They open boxes of small guns."

Small guns. Those would be Mauser pistols, Lügers, tommy guns. Unquestionably Mr. Wilson must go and shoot a gorilla. They would pick up some Pygmy hunters and he would take a few young Masai.

Bentinck's plans were laid. He had just come back from three days in the bush. He had been seeing his friends the Pygmies. He had shot a buffalo for them. He had also seen another friend: the witch doctor, Entobo. He had arranged to see him again before they left. The threads of his inquiries begun three years ago were coming together. He had told Wilson it was von Brandt, but there must be some one behind him. Von Brandt was a front. Was it Marais? Olga suspected him. She hated him because he took no interest in her. Had she stumbled on the truth by accident?

At Channel's party he had noticed a curious thing: Marais had upset a saltcellar. He had picked a pinch and thrown it over his left shoulder. If any one else had done it, it would not have been funny. He would, for instance, have done the same himself. But it did not fit in with Marais' neatness.

Von Brandt was one of their best men—one of their best second-raters. Still, there was a long way to go yet. He wondered if Wilson knew how dangerous all this was. He had an idea he didn't. He would explain the whole business to him as far as it went, when they were out in the bush. The permit to kill a gorilla had been necessary to make the trip seem valid.

"Glad you came," he said, when Wilson's car stopped. He shouted for Jan to bring tea. They sat on the stoep.

"You've got some meat?" Wilson asked.

"Yes, a bush buck. Got him yesterday." Bentinck was polishing his pipe. "How are things going up there? Professor get off all right?"

"Yes," Wilson said. So he had known the professor was going.

"Next week we're going off ourselves. I've got a permit for you to shoot a gorilla. Adult male."

"Me . . . a gorilla?"

"Give us a good excuse to poke about. Throw 'em off the scent. Damn them!" He filled his pipe slowly. "They're up to something big. More tea?" He filled both cups.

"What about letting me have a couple of bottles of whisky?" Wilson said. "Buy 'em, of course." It was amusing that he was really learning to talk as Bentinck did when he was with him.

"Sell you a case," Bentinck said. "Put it in the car with the meat. . . . Anything else you'd like?"

"Just whisky."

"Then we'll start next week. Take my boy Jan and some Masai . . . few Pygmies. No good using the car. Travel light. Let you know when everything's ready. And don't forget, it's your idea. American. Hunter. Hire me. Fiver a day and found. Means whisky, too," he said.

When Wilson got back to his house, he found it filled with roses. Why had she brought them while he was away? And why so many roses?

Nothing in their talk at dinner that night gave him the answer, and the question faded from his mind.

Long after he had gone to bed, to sleep the sleep of the just and the well dined, lights burned in the professor's house. Olga sat smoking. Waiting. Congo was shut up in his room, listening, she knew. She was expecting Fritz von Brandt this evening, and he was late. She knew what delayed him—he was organizing the coffee planters. They should never have been allowed back after the war.

Four years ago, when he had first come, Fritz had interested himself in the Le Blancs because he had been told by his government to find out certain things. And he might have found some of them from the professor if she had not deflected his attention. Thereafter she had continued to deflect it. . . .

The next night there were guests at Olga's table. Channel, Sebastian, Wilson, who brought Bentinck up in his car, and Fritz—Captain von Brandt, as she called him in public. Bentinck was spending the night with Channel. Wilson could take him back in the morning.

"You will enjoy the forest, Mr. Wilson," von Brandt said. Bentinck had spoken of the trip they were taking.

"Yes, it will be an experience. I wish you could have come with us, too, Captain von Brandt," Wilson said. That was clever of him, Olga thought.

"I wish I could, but I have my work."

"Perhaps we shall be able to see your place on the way."

"Or on the way back," Bentinck said. "You would like to see his animals. He has a way with animals."

"I like to master them. It is simple, really: a matter of technique and courage," von Brandt said. "The Germans are a very courageous people. It comes natural to them. In addition, it is inculcated now. Hard, like steel."

Channel looked at Olga. "So much is a question of time . . . of age," he said. "We pass through phases. As you get older, time passes faster. It would seem as if we get practice in passing time. Practice in facing it. Practice in disappointment. Time only passes slowly if you want something very badly and are waiting for it. Perhaps as you get older you get to know that few things are worth waiting for; that what you get will not make the difference you think it will. People do not change in essentials. By the time a child is five or six, it is formed; before that, it can be molded, but only then within the limits of its inherited field."

"That is what we are doing," von Brandt said: "molding our children. They are like steel, forged pitiless. In the fatherland. . . ."

Sebastian broke in: "But the artist is youth itself. He is without cynicism, perpetually hopeful. Adolescent. He is always in pain, always on the verge of self-destruction. I have had a hard life." He gulped his brandy.

Channel said, "Sebastian is right. The artist is at once very old and very young. With him, neither his mind nor his body is master: both are the servants of his art."

"The true artist," von Brandt said, "is Aryan. Our Führer is a great artist."

"The artist is international!" Sebastian shouted.

"Only the Jew is international." These people infuriated von Brandt. If it had not been for Olga—and for his instructions to watch the professor—he would never come near them.

Olga touched Wilson's ankle with her foot. She saw his fingers tighten on the cigarette he held. She liked his hands. He kept them well, but not too well. Fritz manicured himself continually; his nails had a brilliant polish. Also he slept in a hairnet at home, she had heard. So many Germans did.

She got up. "Don't you think we should be more comfortable in the other room?" The men all rose. They followed her.

She wondered what was going on in Fritz's head . . . in Wilson's. Fritz was even more arrogant than usual. He had a new confidence. His eyes were full of that blue Prussian fire. They were like bright blue stones: utterly expressionless.

SHE sat down and arranged her dress. It was a black silk moiré that swathed her to her hips and then flared out. She had a red hibiscus flower in her hair. She held a gold kid pocketbook in her hand. Inside it was the little packet Bentinck had slipped into her hand when he came in.

Standing near her now, he said, "I think it's getting warmer, don't you?"

"Yes," Olga said. "I didn't know you were feeling the heat, too."

"I didn't notice it," Wilson said.

"Notice what?" von Brandt asked.

"The heat," Olga said.

"You are feeling tired, madame?" The others had drifted over to Channel.

"*Ja,* Fritzie," she said, "a little." She put her hand out to him as he stood beside her. Yes, it was a pistol in his hip pocket. She had wanted to make certain. He must be afraid of something. Or less afraid. He was the kind of man who would always go armed openly if he dared; he loved weapons.

At last they were going. Sebastian had followed Channel. They would talk and drink till dawn at his house. Wilson was standing opposite her.

"Good night, Olga," he said.

"Good night, Mr. Wilson. I wonder how I shall sleep. Parties always excite me."

"I have not been sleeping well lately myself," he said.

"Do you expect me to be sorry?" She was smiling as she released her hand from his.

She heard von Brandt's car start. Then a door opened. Bentinck came out of the bathroom.

"The hunter returns," she said.

"Poor old Bentinck," he said. "Simple old chap." He sat down. "You are a very clever woman, Olga. Warm, warmer. . . . It's getting very hot, my dear."

Olga lit a cigarette. "Danzig, the Polish Corridor. Yes, it's coming," she said. "Anything new?"

"Straws in the wind. But we'll know soon. That's what the trip with Wilson is for. You know he's in it, too, don't you?"

"Yes," Olga said.

"Have you put it away yet?" Bentinck asked.

"Not yet." He was talking about the packet he had given her. She would put it in the wall safe in Congo's room before she went to bed. There could be no better place.

"I'll be going now," Bentinck said. "Sit outside and smoke a bit and then go over to Channel's. They'll still be talking."

Olga sat on in the drawing room. Perhaps she had better let Fritz convert her. She had been toying with the idea a long time. She could lead up to it by saying she hated the Jews. Any one who did that was well on the way to National Socialism. It would be enough to set him off.

The dinner had been an excellent idea.

Two days remained now before her husband was expected back. On the second day, when she and Wilson were finishing lunch, she looked across at him teasingly.

"Why are you so frightened of me?" she asked. "I don't bite."

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "I'm not frightened."

"Listen, Wilson," she said. "You don't know what is going to happen here. You think you do, but you don't." She was suddenly very serious. "You don't know me either," she went on. "You may not even know that I am a British agent. I don't think you know how long I have been working for them. I started before I was married. You are deceived by the outside circumstances: by the fact that I am not unattractive, by the queer people here, by Congo, by the climate. But under all this," she went on, "is the never-ending fight for the riches of Africa."

"I only said I would help Frazer because I thought it would give me something to do." It was impossible to follow her change of mood.

"It will. And you wanted to forget certain things, did you not?"

"Yes."

"You were bored. Now with me you are not bored. At least, I imagine you are not."

"No."

"You want to forget your wife," she said. "Sometimes the best way to forget one woman is with others. You might think of that sometimes."

Wilson was furious with her. Every one seemed able to jockey him into positions invariably unfavorable to himself. One thing led to another. One position to another. He finished his coffee and excused himself.

She wore bright red that night. A sleeveless dress without shoulder straps. He had seen her first in red, but that had been dark crimson.

"And did you put in a good afternoon's work, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes," he said. "I read and tidied things." He was not going to let her know she had upset him. But he was sure by the way she looked at her gold slippers that she knew. She had on no stockings. The red enamel toes showed through the open ends of her shoes. Her dress was slit and showed her leg almost up to the knee. She rearranged it.

"The professor should be home tomorrow," she said.

WHEN they had finished dinner, she said something to the butler in Swahili. He bowed.

"He wanted to know if he could go," Olga said. The boys left the house every night, but tonight she had underlined the fact. In the sitting room she went to the piano. She sang softly the song that Channel had asked for at his birthday—"*Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot.*"

She sang it again and closed the piano. She was coming toward him. He rose to meet her. She seemed to float. He had no sensation of her coming nearer, only that she was coming, that she was nearer, that it was impossible for him to do anything but wait. Everything had led up to this moment. The scent of geraniums enveloped him, the scent of her hair, the rustle of her dress as it swept along the parquet floor, the tap of her heels. Her eyes were nearly black. . . .

In the morning the professor's return woke Olga. He came into her room.

"Darling," he said, "how beautiful you are!"

"Thank you." She smiled at him. She was happy. Life was not as dull as it had been before the American had come. He was so easy to annoy—like teasing a child.

For his part, Wilson had decided that gorilla hunting might be an improvement on things as they now stood. After dinner he said good-by to her. How he wanted to hold her, to feel her in his arms! Her hand was so cool, so soft, so noncommittal.

The stuff was packed in his car. He went over to Channel's house to say good-by to him. Channel was sitting

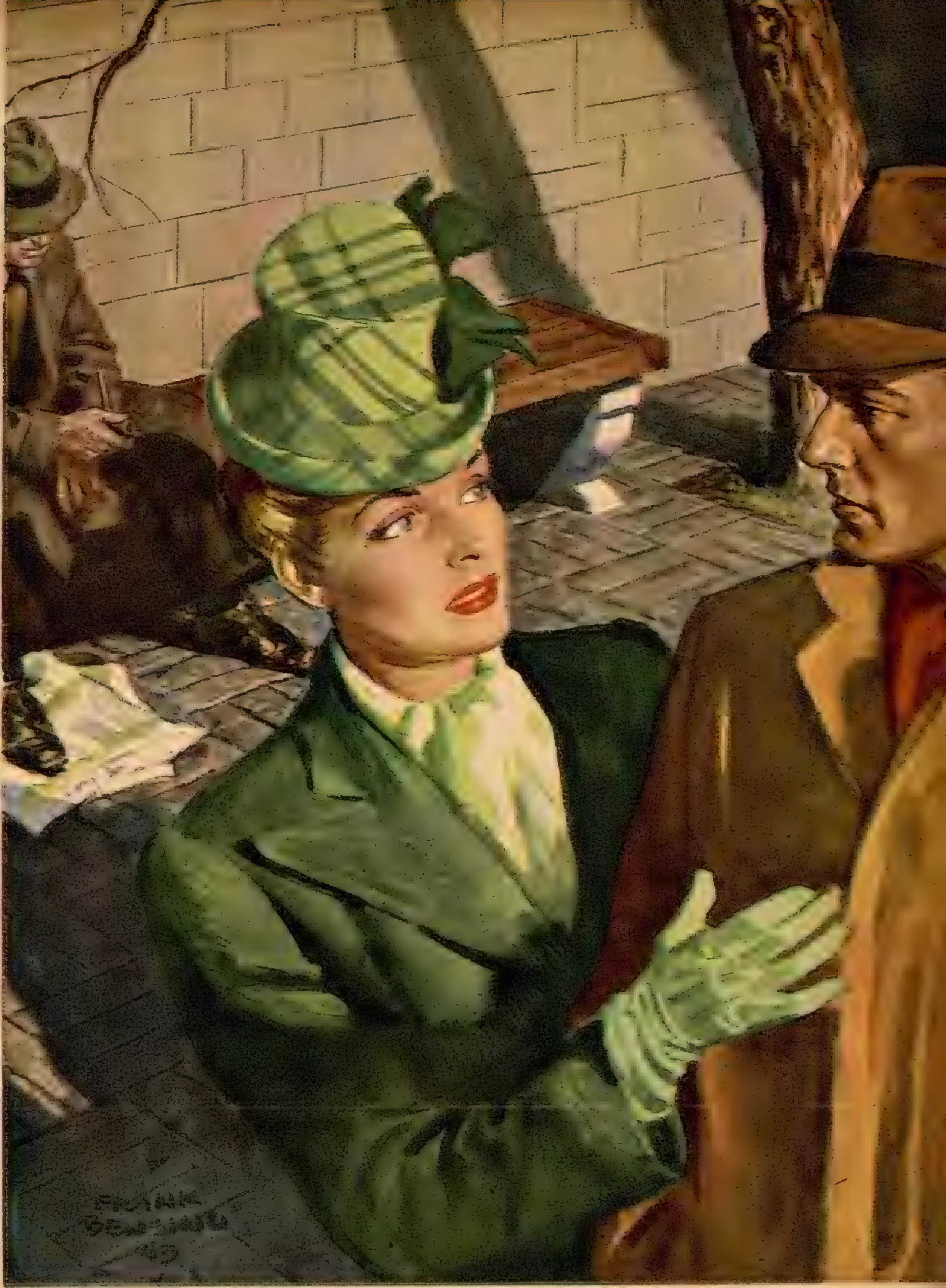
(Continued on Page 45)

STALK THE HUNTER

Trapped by her own blunders and cornered by Paul's threats, Kit turns to track down her unseen enemies

BY MITCHELL WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING



"Would I do the sort of work I do if I were an adventuress?" she asked.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

KIT GRUENHOLZ went to Paul Campbell's house on Long Island and shot him in the back of the neck as he sat on the davenport. Then she drove to New York, to the St. Regis, where she had promised to meet him for dinner. It would look more natural to turn up, in case some one at the art museum where she and Paul worked knew of the appointment.

At the bar a voice said, "Hello. You're ten minutes late." And Kit looked up and saw Paul Campbell smiling down at her!

Her heart froze as she realized she had shot the wrong man and that Paul undoubtedly knew of the murder. She was more than ever in his power.

Kit's work in the underground in occupied Europe had made her wary, suspicious of people. She did not trust even Dan Shay, the young chemist who had got her the museum job. But she had always felt secure with the handsome Englishman, Paul Campbell. Until the terrible day when he had told her he was a Nazi agent.

He wasn't afraid she would betray him. He knew she was in America on a forged passport. If he told the F. B. I. that *she* was the Nazi, they would believe him rather than her, an unknown Czech refugee. As the price of his silence he demanded that Kit lead him to Anna Mahler, head of the Czech underground party, who was now in America.

That was when Kit had decided she must kill Paul.

That evening at the St. Regis, Paul did not mention the dead man in his house, nor did Kit. The next day she got in touch with Anna and the old woman promised to meet her in the last row of a certain movie theater. Shortly after Kit went in, a man sat down beside her.

"We got her, thanks," he said.

He was Paul Campbell!

When she told the story to Conrad Kreutzer, who was working with Anna, Conrad expelled Kit from the movement. Determined to save Anna and trap Paul, she turned to Dan Shay for help. She must trust him now. She had no one else.

While they were talking in her office, her telephone rang. It was Paul, and he was coming to see her.

"Stand behind the door in the stair well and listen," she told Dan. "I can promise you that you'll be convinced that Paul is a Nazi."

KIT went back to her desk and arranged her papers to look busy. In the distance she could hear Paul's quick footsteps, and he was whistling Finlandia. In a few minutes he marched into the room without pausing, and tossed his trench coat on the windowsill.

"What a night!" he said. He leaned out of the window and stared up at the sky. "Beautiful! You know, it's odd, but I don't know of any painter who's succeeded in catching the beauty of the night sky. The third dimension *has* to be there, and the painter has no reference points to trick the eye, as he can do in a landscape by making the trees which are supposed to be far away so much smaller than those close by. It's a nasty problem," he said chattily, and then he turned to her. "Well, Kit, suppose we get down to business."

"Suppose we do," said Kit. She leaned against the edge of her desk so that the door was between them.

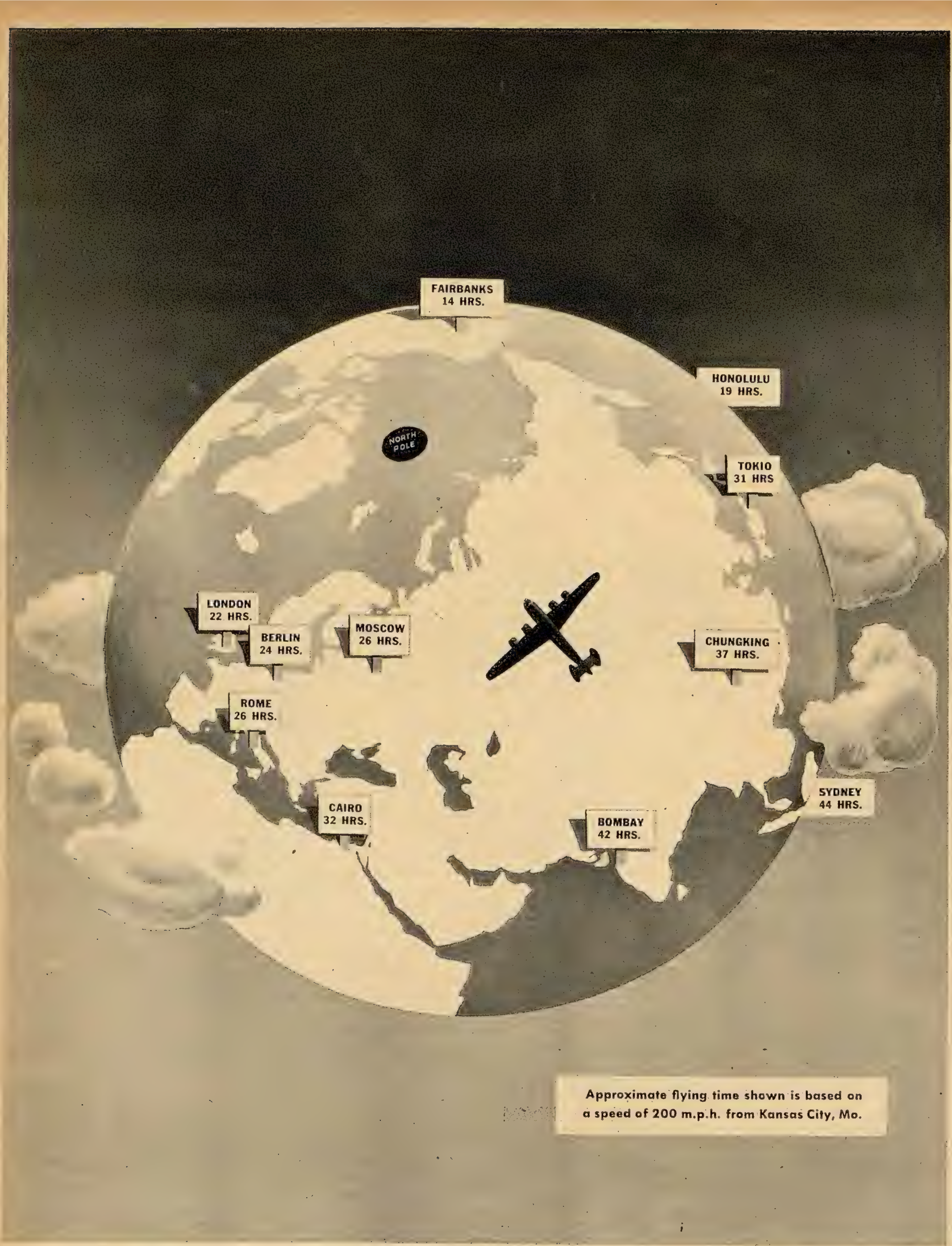
"You seem very docile this evening," he remarked. "Have you got something up your sleeve?"

"You were about to say—" Kit ignored the gambit.

"I was about to say that your next assignment is for the coming weekend. Some of the Slavic national groups are having a joint picnic on Staten Island. Most of the money collected is going abroad. You and I are going to see that it doesn't."

"The picnic?" Conrad's words went through her mind, and involuntarily she repeated them.

(Continued on page 53)


FAIRBANKS
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ROME
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We had made the mistake of looking at maps in terms of *rowboat* geography. We learned our mistake when the Axis took our own invention, the airplane, and taught us the grim fundamentals of *aviation* geography – first over Britain, then at Crete, and finally at Pearl Harbor.

Now we know that to win this global war and build a lasting peace, we must revise our geographical thinking. We are looking at our maps more intelligently, and we are drawing *new* maps which show us global geography more clearly. These new maps have shadows on them, cast by wings. And they show us the world as it really is, because of the plane – a clustering of Air-age nations which must forever more be close friends or close enemies.

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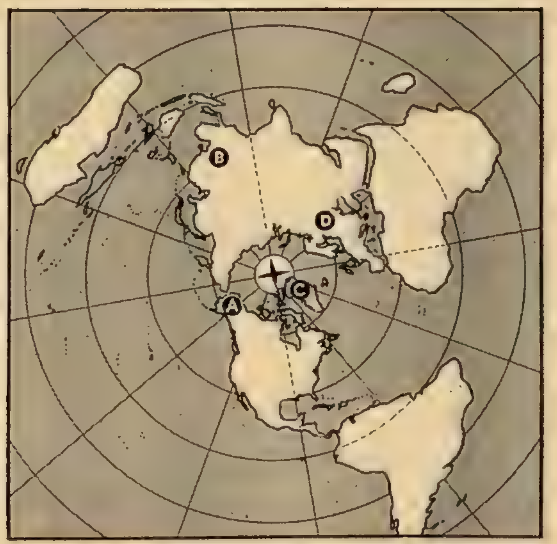
For only then can we fully understand why supremacy in the air is a "must" for America, both for winning the war and for securing the peace that will follow.

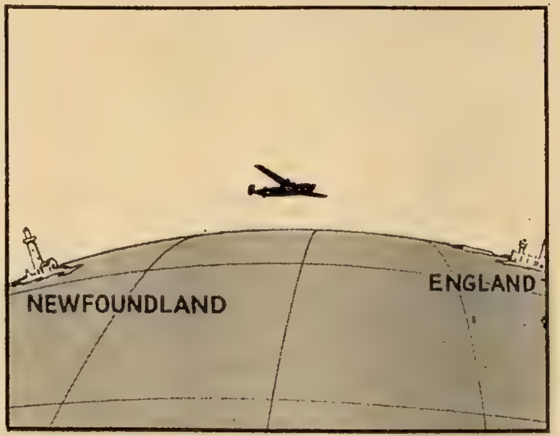


Polar azimuthal equidistant projection

On a global projection *of the earth, we see the nations in their true relationship. Alaska (A) is merely a way station on the route to Chungking (B) – and Greenland (C) an easy stopover on the flight to Moscow (D).*

Orthographic projection

No longer *can we think of Europe, Russia, or even China as remote bodies of land on "the other side" of the world.*



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ALL IN GOOD TIME

Liberty's SHORT, SHORT STORY

Ellin had to crowd a lifetime of love and longing into a few short hours—but among the gifts she found a promise of future joy

BY CONSTANCE J. FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

THEY were back in Ellin's tiny apartment and she was showing Bill the wedding presents, trying hard not to see the hands of the clock on the mantel out of the corner of her eye. In just two hours they'd have to be at the railroad station and their honeymoon would be over.

There hadn't been time before the ceremony for Bill to have a look at the gifts, piled high on the gate-leg table. He had rushed straight from the train to the church where Ellin was waiting for the first down beat of the Mendelssohn diapason in white satin and filmy net supplied by Furlough Weddings, Incorporated —$150 for everything, including the invitations and the wedding breakfast with champagne cocktails. Ellin had shivered a little when she signed the contract. It seemed so much like the way people made funeral arrangements. But what else can a girl do when she has a job and no family except a grandmother out in Ohio, and still wants a real wedding to remember? Remembering is sometimes all a war bride has.

They'd had their marvelous two days together in the mountains. Bill had suggested the seashore, but Ellin had vetoed that in a hurry. Once she had loved the ocean. Now it was her enemy. It was going to take Bill away from her. His outfit was ready to be shipped out any day now. It *would* be her luck, she thought grimly, not to meet and fall in love with him until his training was practically completed.

More packages swaddled in white tissue had arrived during their forty-eight-hour absence, and she sat on Bill's knee while she opened them.

"Another traveling clock," Ellin moaned. "That makes *five*, darling!"

"Judging from the loot," Bill said cheerfully, "no one expects us ever to settle down and go to real housekeeping."

China, silver, and crystal, to set a gleaming table for two who love each other, were conspicuous by their absence. So were furniture, linen, book ends, candlesticks, and all the things that speak of quiet permanence, with the sun rising in the morning to waken lovers who have slept through the night in each other's arms. Instead, there were crisp checks and portable radios, handsome suitcases into which to throw all one's belongings at a moment's notice, leather writing portfolios, traveling robes, cameras to photograph transiency, collapsible drinking cups, decanters to dispense false "cheer" and cocktail shakers to mix it in.

Ellin swallowed hard around the ache in her chest. "I guess people have been reading up on what to give the war bride," she said.

Methodically Bill was winding up all the five leather traveling clocks on the table. It broke her heart. He was such a stable person, the kind of husband a girl could have counted on to put the cat out and bank the fire and never let the hall clock run down.

"Darling," she cried out wildly, "let's get rid of them—all of them! I hate them. Come on! We'll put them in the closet and shut the door so we can't hear them ticking. Then we'll put a record on the phonograph and dance. Please, Bill!"

Hilariously they gathered up all the clocks and stuffed them into the hall closet. Ellin added the electric clock on the mantel to the pile. Its hands had moved since the last time she'd looked. Less than an hour now before Bill's leave was up.

She dropped the needle on the portable phonograph that was a wedding present from the office staff. But the record turned out to be You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To and she changed it quickly to something safer.

They danced, not talking, not thinking even, just moving in rhythm and holding time at bay. But Ellin kept hearing a faint ticking sound. Suddenly she realized that it came from Bill's shockproof wrist watch under the sleeve of his uniform. He was too good a soldier to unstrap it. When the time came he would make his train. Putting the clocks in the closet was just a pretend game he was playing to humor her.

The needle scratched to a stop on a long whining note and Ellin ran to lift it from the record. Bill shot his cuff and glanced at the implacable minute hand.

"Almost time to go," they both said in the same breath, which is always the prelude to a wish. Solemnly they linked little fingers and pressed thumbs together.

"What goes up the chimney?" Bill intoned the childish formula.

"Smoke!" laughed Ellin triumphantly. "May your wish and my wish never be broken!"

She stood on tiptoe to kiss him, and he looked awed.

"That's what I wished," he said. "That you'd kiss me!"

"Bill Evans!" Ellin scolded. "Why waste a perfectly good wish on a silly thing like that when there are so many important things?"

"But it wasn't silly," he protested. "And, besides, it came true right away, didn't it? Maybe yours . . ."

There was a knock on the door. The superintendent thrust in a square, crated package. "'Nother wedding present, miss—begging your pardon—*ma'am*. And my best to you and the corporal."

"Get your hat on while I open it," Bill grunted, prying up a board.

Ellin's hands were shaking when she tried to powder her nose, and it seemed like the last straw when Bill shouted, "It's another clock, honey!" She was mad clear to the tips of her toeless slippers. But all the resentment drained out of her when Bill came toward her, holding the offending object in his arms. For this was a different kind of clock. It wasn't a traveling clock or an electric clock or an alarm clock. It was a stay-at-home clock, as old as time itself, with a mellowed mahogany body and a wise old face that had seen other men go off to other wars and watched over their women while they were gone.

"It's from your grandmother," Bill said. "Look. There's a note . . ."

Together their young heads bent over the feeble chicken-track scrawl.

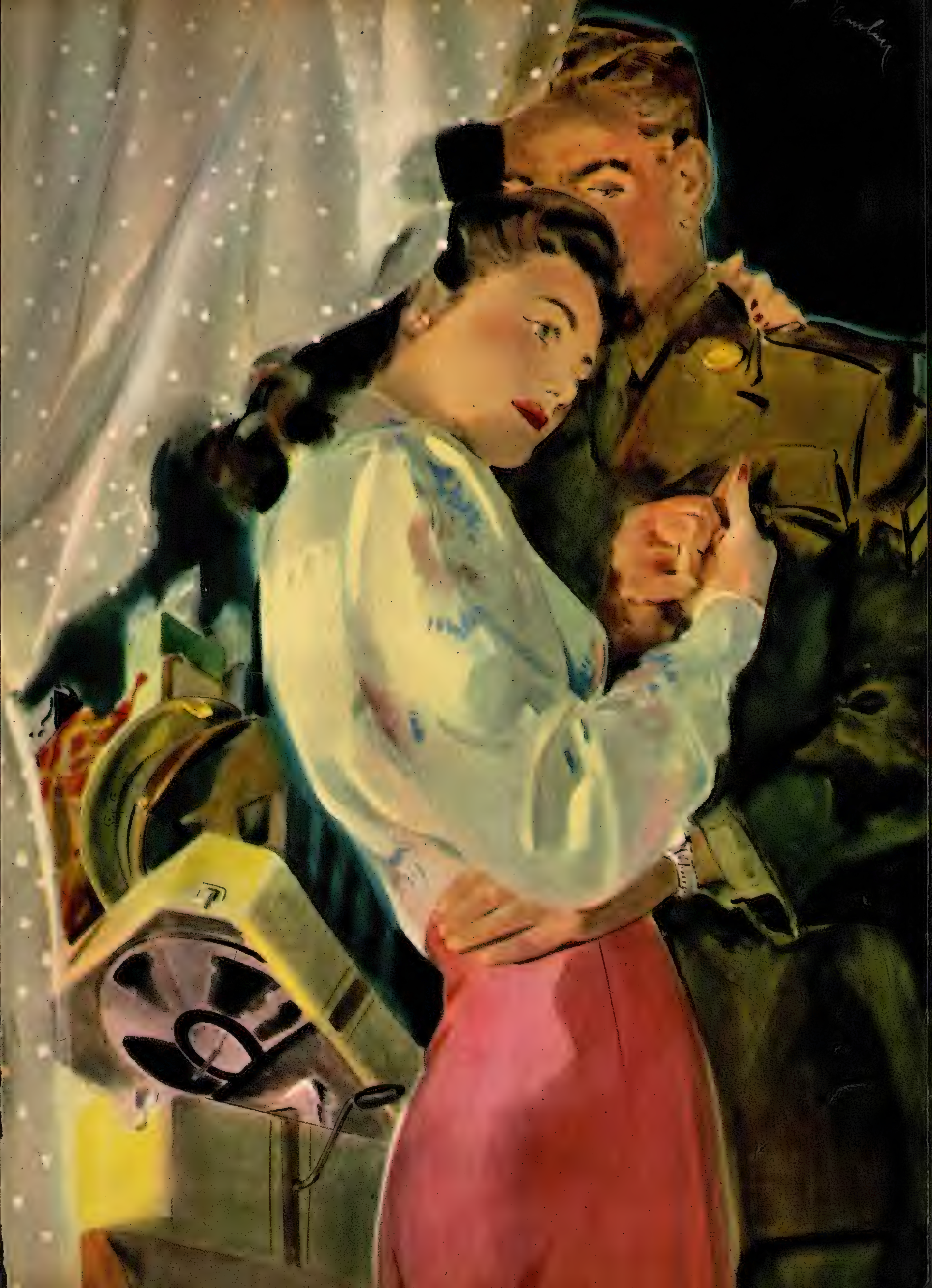
"Your great-grandparents went to housekeeping with this clock," it said. "They were married just two days before his regiment was called up in the Civil War. They raised ten children after he came back. The clock will keep Ellin company. It's seen four wars, and all in good time its hands will point to the minute that marks the end of this one."

Ellin touched the ancient wood reverently.

"It's my wish, Bill," she breathed. "I wished for just one wedding present that said marriage is for keeps. Come on, darling. I'm ready now. You mustn't miss your train."

THE END

Solemnly they linked little fingers and pressed thumbs together. "What goes up the chimney?" Bill intoned



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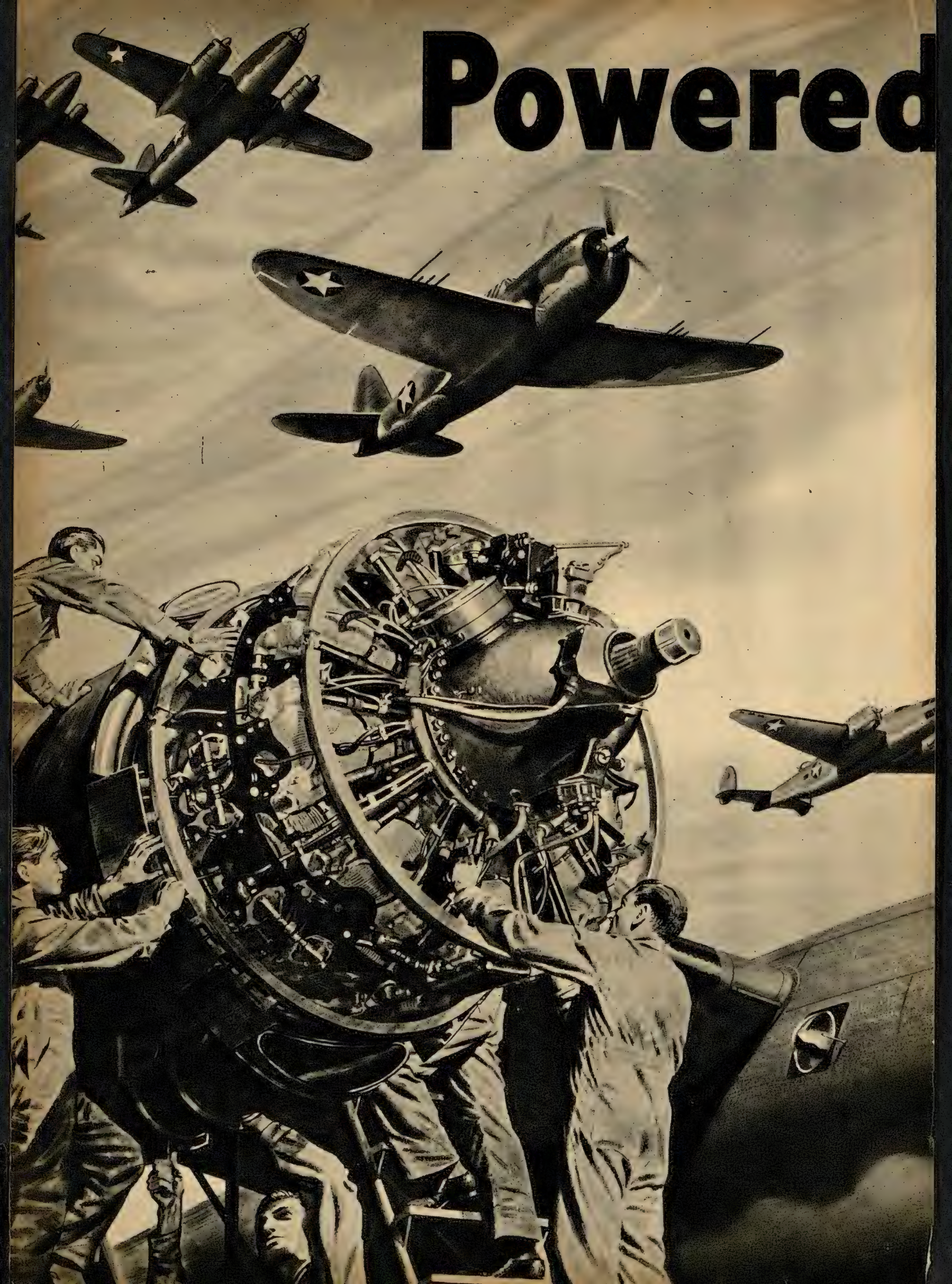

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Recently two engines were taken apart—one made by Ford, the other by Pratt & Whitney. The parts were then scrambled. When reassembled both engines gave top-flight performance. A variation of even a fractional thousandth of an inch at certain points would have made such a feat impossible. This proves that mass-produced parts—the first and the millionth—are precision twins differing from others only in cost.

Other Ford plants are delivering fleets of war models every day. On some of these projects Ford has *extra capacity* to produce even *more* armaments if needed.

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AMPHIBIAN JEEPS
ARMY TRUCKS • TANK ENGINES
TRUCK AND JEEP ENGINES
AIRCRAFT GENERATORS • ARMOR PLATE
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This list does not include other important Victory models now in production that cannot be named due to wartime conditions.

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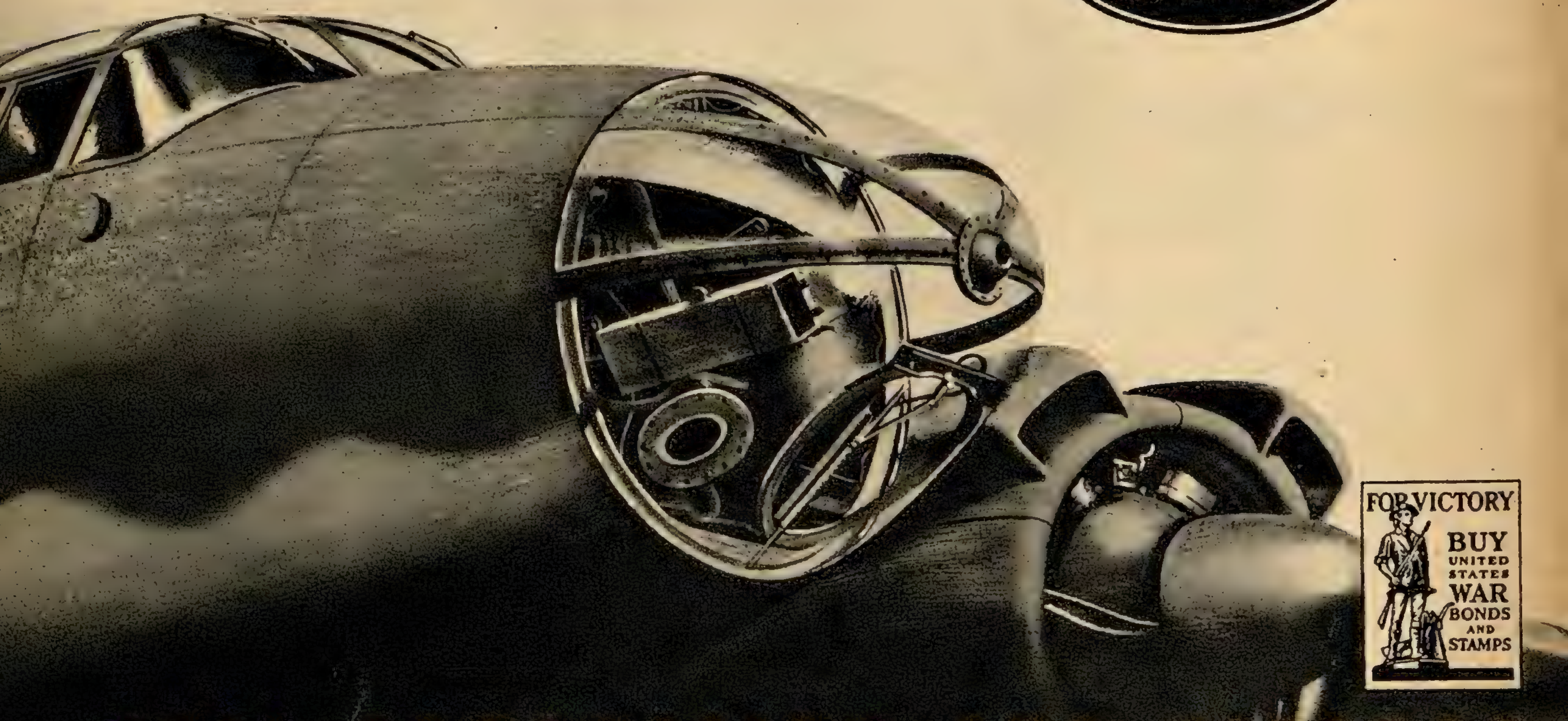

FOR VICTORY
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FULL PRODUCTION FOR VICTORY

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN NORTH AFRICA

Continued from Page 13

son of the Mayor of Algiers, as well as the mayor himself; Morali, an influential Algerian doctor; Aboulkere, a leading native (Arab). These men were in Algiers and were leading lights in that part of the campaign. Finally, in Algiers alone, about 500 people had wind of the invasion, but most of this number were notified at the last minute.

Maybe the most important of all was Jacques Lemaigre-Dubreuil. He was a business man with a shady political past, but during those days he was an intermediary between the Americans and General Giraud. His service was rewarded with a post in America after Giraud gained control. Later he "resigned" under pressure and returned to North Africa.

While Murphy and his men were softening up the ground for the invasion, our army was preparing to plant the seeds. At the famous secret meeting in Washington, Eisenhower was chosen to be generalissimo. The quiet assembling and launching of the great invasion force were planned with due painstaking care and put through most efficiently. Even so, unfortunate circumstances prevented the invasion from being the brilliant offensive coup it might have been.

The War Department was never sanguine about invasion possibilities. Murphy's men had warned that North Africa would be no pushover. Our army was not invading soil certain to be friendly, as many misinformed persons supposed. Of all French North Africa, only Algiers was actually part of France and enjoyed statehood. Morocco and Tunisia were merely French protectorates, the former ruled by a sultan and the latter by a bey—with France maintaining only resident generals and administrators there.

MOREOVER, there was a complex racial problem. French North Africa is populated by four different races: the nomadic Arabs; the Kabyles, who live on the plains; the Berbers, strong mountain men; and the Jews—their number greatly augmented by refugees from Europe. The Arabs, Kabyles, and Berbers had the Moslem faith in common. This set the Jews apart and formed the basis for a conflict. Indeed, the acceptance of Vichy policies by French North African Moslem natives and their consequent coolness toward the United Nations have rested largely on this conflict with the Jews. The Moslems were pleased when Vichy revoked the Jews' right to French citizenship and were in no hurry to see justice restored to them.

Besides racial difficulties, French North Africa, prior to the invasion, had no fewer than three Fascist parties—each with a native following as well as active French leaders. They were the French Popular Party, the French Social Party, and the S. O. L. (Service d'Ordre de la Légion). The S. O. L. was a semimilitary outfit of the black-shirt, brown-shirt variety.

"Which ocean—Atlantic or Pacific?"

Still more perplexing and ominous were the attitudes of the French administrators. They were capable enough, but politically they were pro-Vichy. Many of them were convinced that France's best policy lay in playing ball with Germany. Among these were Charles Auguste Noguès, governor general of Morocco, by whose order many Americans were fired upon and killed at Casablanca; Pierre Boisson, governor general at Dakar, who has the distinction of being the first Frenchman to order his men to fire upon fellow Frenchmen (at Dakar in September, 1940, when the Fighting French and British attempted invasion there); and Admiral Esteva, resident general of Tunisia, who shoved democracy out the front door to let the Germans in the back.

Further complicating our invasion chances was the strange diplomatic game the North African French were playing with the Germans. Much light is thrown on this by General Emile Béthouart, whom the writer has interviewed. He is now General Giraud's representative in Washington and head of the French Military Mission. He was the Allies' key man in Morocco, also a key man in negotiations between the North African French and Germany. His story therefore is an authentic inside story of the internal affairs of French North Africa before and during our campaign there.

It begins in Norway, back in 1940. In conjunction with the British, General Béthouart took part in the successful occupation of Narvik. He had no sooner got ashore than he found himself ordered to evacuate Narvik, load his troops on British transports, and sail for Africa. In Morocco he learned, to his sorrow, that he was no longer a fighting general but was president of an armistice commission to deal with the Germans. In the time it had taken him to reach Africa, France had fought and lost.

Thus began the North African French honeymoon with the Germans, a blighted love affair in which, Béthouart says, the French had but one watchword: Give the Boche nothing and by all means keep him out of Africa. His direct superior, famed General Maxime Weygand, flirted so half-heartedly with the Boche that he was recalled to Vichy under strong German pressure.

UNDER the armistice terms the Germans seized what little modern equipment the French had left. "We had to hold Northwest Africa by diplomatic guns alone," says General Béthouart, "and we were always on the verge of running out of ammunition. Our only hope of liberating France and getting back into the fight was to keep the Germans out of Africa, but soldiers with no cannon, with nothing but words, have very little power indeed.

"I'll never know quite how, but in one round of talk we persuaded the German Armistice Commission to make a blanket agreement not to propagandize the population. Even then we had to be constantly on guard to stop the leaks. One way of doing it was to keep the natives from fraternizing with the Germans. Most of them kept to themselves out of preference, but I'll never forget one young lady who was unwise enough to accept a dinner invitation from a German soldier. I didn't know about it until much later, but the young lady quite disappeared after that dinner. Seems two of my officers kidnaped her and shaved off all her hair! We never saw her again after that—nor, I'll wager, did the Boche.

"As time went by I began to realize that, like Weygand, I wouldn't be able to hold out much longer. The Germans were beginning to catch on. I understood this even more fully a month ago, when my former chief of staff, who is now in Tunisia, found my picture on a captured German officer. Undoubtedly the Germans wished to make sure that an officer would recognize me when he saw me. And so, not wanting to be sent back to France, where I would be of little use, I asked Admiral Darlan, then commander of all the French armed forces, to take me off the Armistice Commission and give me another African post.

"Darlan offered me command of the Casablanca division, which I told him I was going to prepare for the day when we got back into the fight. With that I left Vichy for Casablanca and began the task."

And so it was in Casablanca, in hot midsummer, that the Moroccan part of the plot began to boil. Two young men of mystery presented themselves at Béthouart's office in August, professing to be secret agents from Giraud. They told him what seemed a fantastic story of plans for an Allied landing operation on the Northwest African coast. Startled, fearing a typical German plot to uproot him, Béthouart refused to take the plans seriously until he had checked on the young men. He sent Giraud a message through the famed French Underground: "Did you send two men to see me?" Then he prepared to congratulate himself on a narrow escape from a Nazi squeeze. But to his astonishment Giraud's answer was "Yes."

Neither Béthouart nor any other plotter had means to determine the size of the intended American force or how well equipped it would be. And Béthouart is speaking for many another when he says he "prayed that hordes of Americans with tons of equipment would arrive, for if we French in Northwest Africa based our entire future on this landing, if we helped and it failed, there would be no going back. Gone would be the ammunition for our political pistols. The Germans would have us by the neck—and, far more important, they would at last have an excuse to invade our African colonies. Already with their hands on the knob, they would open the door and come in."

THE invasion was planned for the following spring, the French plotters thought. In Algiers, General Mark Clark slipped in to confer with Frenchmen on military details. In Morocco, Béthouart was turning over methods of organizing his men and the natives. Since at any cost the secret had to be kept, all plans had to be last-minute plans. Spring seemed a long time off.

September came and went, and October. The French colonies seethed with German agents, and Frenchmen went about their business of words. Occasionally an agent from Giraud would appear, only to disappear as magically as he had come.

Suddenly, on November 4, Béthouart heard in Casablanca, that the invasion plans had been changed. The Americans were not only coming sooner but a convoy was already on the way! On November 6 a young man named Demari appeared with a note saying the Americans would land at five the next morning.

Béthouart says, "As you may imagine, I was much confused, for I had practically no advance warning. I learned that General Giraud was on his way to Algiers. I gathered my staff and, with Demari, went in full dress to Rabat, the capital of Morocco, which is about fifty miles from Casablanca. We organized all that night, taking into our confidence such French officials as should be warned of such a move, and preparing a speech to be read on the radio to the natives in General Giraud's name. We were, of course, curious to know the size of the American fleet, but we didn't even have an observation plane to send out to see.

Wise Rhymes for These Times

1.
At the station—
on vacation—
Cherrie Chipmunk stood.
The Crop Corps beckoned,
Cherrie reckoned
She could do some good.

JOIN THE U.S. CROP CORPS
Wanted: Tomato Pickers

FARMERS ARE FIGHTERS
FOOD CAN WIN THE WAR

2.
And she was right.
From dawn till night
She helped the farmer's son.
While he was charmed
with how she farmed,
She found he was The One.

SAVE "THE CANNED GOODS"
BUY WHAT'S FRESH

3.
They matched so well
they rang the bell—
A Happy Blend of mates.
And that, you'll say,
is CALVERT'S way
Of blending whiskey traits.

4.
For CALVERT takes
the best and makes
A whiskey that is right.
The blend's the same
that won acclaim;
It's mellow, smooth and light!

BE WISE!
Calvert

Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

Calvert RESERVE
Calvert SPECIAL

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof —65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

"At five o'clock we were very tired but excited. At six my men came up from the beach to report no Americans yet in sight. Seven o'clock passed, and eight. Around eight my chief of staff hurried in with the information that the Americans had landed at Casablanca after all, and that in the confusion and lack of organization French soldiers were carrying out Marshal Pétain's standing orders: They were firing on the Americans!"

What Béthouart didn't know then, and won't talk about now, was that two American naval officers had mistaken a burning oil tanker in the harbor of Casablanca for the flares Béthouart, by prearrangement, had lit on the beach at Rabat. That miscalculation of some fifty miles between the two Moroccan cities was expensive, for though Béthouart might have been able to control the situation at Rabat, he had an hour or so earlier lost his command over the soldiers at Casablanca. Sometime during that early-morning rendezvous he had informed Noguès, as well as other high French officials, of the surprise landing operation, and Noguès, feeling that Béthouart had been a victim of mystification, refused to co-operate. Béthouart organized his men on the Moroccan coast under orders not to resist, but Noguès reversed these orders and, being Béthouart's superior, was obeyed. Meanwhile he had Béthouart thrown in prison at Meknes on charges of treason against the Vichy government.

So the Americans were fired upon at Casablanca and a battle raged. Oddly enough, the fate of French North Africa, as such, hung upon the defeat and not the victory of the French Army—and so did the life of General Béthouart. If the Americans won, he would be a hero . . . but meanwhile he was being tried for treason, and the penalty for treason was death.

The battle wore on for three days. The casualties were heavy on both sides. By November 10 all the testimony worth hearing in the Béthouart trial had been heard, but the verdict was strangely postponed; Noguès had asked that the trial be lengthened. By the following day the armistice had been signed, and through the intervention of American army officers Béthouart was given back his uniform and allowed to go free.

Béthouart has little to say about those three perilous days of his life, but he will go into French raptures about his first day out of jail. He walked through the crowded streets of Meknes, where a jubilant people waved American flags with their French ones. He thought it odd that such a celebration could have been arranged so quickly; the armistice had only been signed that morning. And then he remembered the date. It was November 11, and this celebration had been planned to commemorate the ghost of another armistice.

"I stood there and thought for a moment," says General Béthouart. "It seemed a strange coincidence that France, who owed the United States a great deal of gratitude on that other November 11 in 1918, should owe a still greater obligation in Africa on November 11, 1942."

By that time General Giraud had arrived in North Africa.

From the American point of view Henri Giraud was a nearly perfect man for the job. He had shown great daring in his escape from Germany. He had had experience in the administration of French colonial affairs. He was not a member of the Fighting French, North African administrators and natives would not be immediately antagonized.

But the Americans could not know the attitude of the French soldiers then resisting the invaders. Giraud arrived and immediately issued orders from Algiers. The soldiers suspected trickery. Giraud was known to them, but he had been absent a long time, and they preferred to take orders from some officer in more recent authority. Here Eisenhower pulled a stroke of genius: He captured Admiral Darlan, then by chance visiting his invalid son in North Africa, and saw to it that the admiral issued the orders. (The actual capturing was done, and done boldly, in most dramatic circumstances, by General Mark Clark.) Hostilities ceased immediately, for French soldiers could then follow their inclinations as well as obey the commander of all the French armed forces. However, there was a bad morale period among those of them who, isolated from the world's opinions, failed to see why Darlan had been made to sign agreements as a "guest" rather than an ally. For that reason, Darlan's assassination, transferring the French Army's allegiance to Giraud, who *was* treated as an ally, oddly but perceptibly cleared up the situation.

Democracy is based upon the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people.—*Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

Of the thirty or forty people arrested at the time of the assassination, only two still remain under suspicion, thus proving that Darlan was not slain as the result of a widespread conspiracy. A number of De Gaullists went to jail, but, according to authorities here, they have now been released. The 5,700 political prisoners still remaining in North African jails were said to have been there already at the time of the invasion, and their cases are being investigated by a joint British-American-French committee.

Giraud rode a balky mule from the very start, and the kicks came in from all sides. The Moslem natives asked if he was going to give the Jews back their citizenship. The Americans wanted to know if he could keep peace until the military operation against the Germans had passed from North Africa. Charles de Gaulle wanted to know how it happened that Giraud was now in command of the French Empire's affairs when he, de Gaulle, had been the one to shoulder France's bloody burden. Suddenly France was being reincarnated on the shores of Africa, and it became apparent that whosoever could patch up France's colonial fringe might have the honor of administering to a later, postwar France. Here a new government was being born, and on the character of that government de Gaulle and Giraud had much to say to each other.

For two years the Fighting French had fought on nearly every battleground of World War II. Attempts to belittle their record could be drowned by even a whisper of "Bir-Hakeim," for at that desert stronghold they had fought an immortal last-ditch battle. By American Lend-Lease they had received some transport planes and some jeeps, but mostly they had fought with equipment captured in Libya from the Italians. And before that they had fought with practically nothing—but they'd fought. Though France's body may now belong to Germany and her mind to logicians like Giraud, her honor unmistakably rests with the Fighting French.

But the De Gaullists have, by their very opposition to Vichy and later to the set-up in North Africa, become booked as a political movement. In an effort to get rid of his "rightist" stigma, de Gaulle annexed liberal factions—so now he suffers criticism for Communist tendencies. However, a good cross section of the Fighting French would probably show a fairly equal division of political thinking. Other supposed Communist tie-ups stem partly from the fact that Fighting French pilots are now fighting on the Russian front. It is possible that with the restoration of France, the De Gaullists will evolve into a real political party, but it would be impossible to guess at this moment the exact nature of its political trend.

The De Gaullists have many bones to pick with Giraud. Marcel Peyrouton, a Giraud administrator whose appointment Darlan favored, is one of them. Peyrouton, under German-Vichy domination, "modernized" the French police into a Gestapo. He established the first anti-Jewish decrees. He broke with Laval over a personal matter, but not with Vichy until Laval assumed power. De Gaullists say Peyrouton must go, and it is quite likely he will.

De Gaullists also want to know why Giraud revoked every Vichy-made law in North Africa but one: the order which took away the Jews' blanket right to French citizenship.

Giraud followers explain it as a peace-behind-the-lines measure. Tranquillity with the natives could be preserved by it. Moreover, since the Jews are eligible for French citizenship as the natives are not (number of wives, for one thing), it seems probable that the Jews will seep back into the French population in fairly short order by reapplying for citizenship individually.

De Gaulle wants to cook Vichy's goose once and for all by setting up a provisional government for France in North Africa. He wants what he calls "total unity," as opposed to "colonial unity." And in his more optimistic moments he wants to head that government.

Giraud, on the other hand, appears to be no politician. Military-minded, he advocates an administrative government (such as the one he now heads), which would handle France's affairs until such a time as the French people could elect a proper body. And in Giraud's more optimistic moments *he* wants to continue to head that administrative government.

THAT is the only important disagreement at this writing between the two French leaders. Our State Department apparently favors Giraud's "administrative" plan on the ground that it would be improper for the American government to impose a "provisional" government on the French nation without the consent of the whole people.

It is quite likely that Giraud and de Gaulle will be brought to agreement on an "administrative council" on which no one man would have complete power. De Gaulle will undoubtedly insist upon as many seats as Giraud gets, and insist that the Underground in France, which is largely Fighting French, be given representation.

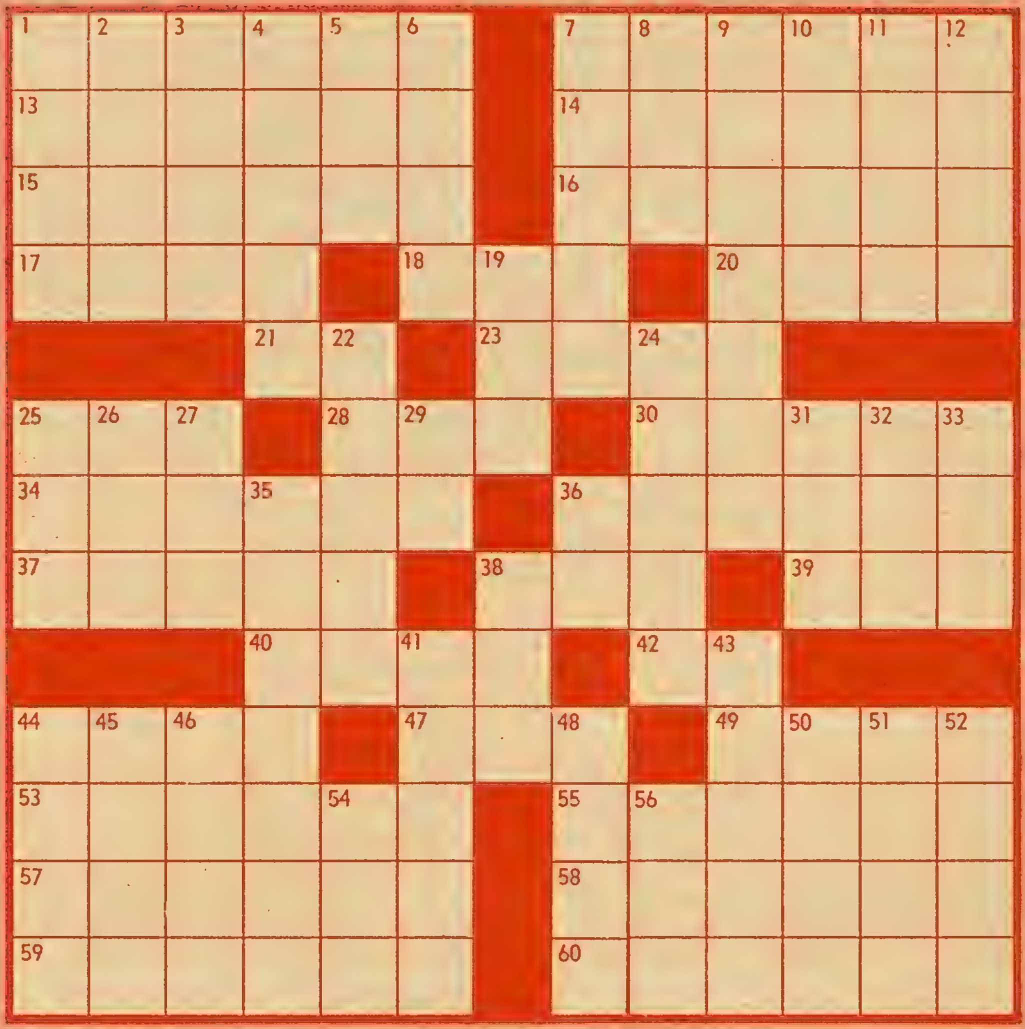
At this writing, British and American authorities, foreseeing a possible disagreement between de Gaulle and Giraud, have suspended (to de Gaulle's disappointment) the widely publicized meeting of the two. This is but another phase of the peace-behind-the-lines effort which has colored nearly every decision of the State Department and the American Army since the invasion began.

There are 300,000 ex-Vichy soldiers in French North Africa, 50,000 of whom have been active in the Tunisia campaign. In the early days, while American and British forces were being marshaled, these soldiers were thrown in to stop the Germans in their push from Bizerte and Tunis. Ill-equipped but dauntless, these troops refused to yield and hundreds were killed where they stood. Thus the same soldiers who, by mistake, fired on the Americans at Casablanca kept the Germans from advancing into North Africa at the cost of their own lives. And thus, whether their leaders agree or not, they have already unified themselves as true "fighting French."

THE END

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 What's a love apple?
7 What saronged isolationist recently joined the United Nations when the Nazis invaded his jungle?
13 On a flight from Crete, who fell in the sea when his wings melted?
14 Who sprang full grown from her dad's brow after he'd swallowed her ma?
15 Elevator shoes of wood
16 What're cured by pasting adhesive tape over the mouth?
17 What'd the fresh-air fiend invent in the doughnut?
18 Deed
20 What Chollie McCarthy does to everything but grass
21 Continent (abbr.)
23 Who's edible and curative, found in gardens alongside margaret, john, louisa, grace, gerard?
25 What'd the unhappy musician cut off and send to his sweetheart?
28 Name the biggest mess in Hawaii
30 What bird walks under water seeking food?
34 When in doubt at bridge, lead what?
36 One of the states in India
37 What word's an acrostic of a British ministry member's initials?
38 What allegedly harmful beverage has vitamin B?
39 What rule can shut up Congress?
40 What's a nickname for Helena?
42 50-50 (Rom.)
44 Mr. 5x5 was largely composed of what?
47 What does Jr. hate for the circus to do?
49 Biblical mountain
53 Who went to bed in 1916 President, awoke to find himself defeated?
55 Ivanhoe's girl friend
57 When do the dog days come?
58 When the world's one big state, what type people'll disappear?
59 Gets in the hair of and tramps around
60 What're tundras, muskegs?

W	A	A	C	■	C	H	A	R	L	A	T	A	N	■
I	T	C	H	■	R	A	D	I	O	■	R	I	O	S
T	O	N	I	■	E	I	D	E	R	■	E	T	A	H
S	M	E	L	L	E	R	S	■	G	U	N	S	H	Y
■	■	■	D	I	P	S	■	I	N	S	T	■	■	■
T	W	E	R	P	■	■	T	R	E	E	■	B	S	D
H	I	V	E	■	S	P	R	A	T	S	■	U	N	O
E	V	E	N	■	P	R	A	T	T	■	S	L	E	W
M	E	R	■	T	E	E	P	E	E	■	K	L	A	N
E	S	S	■	W	A	Y	S	■	■	R	I	S	K	S
■	■	■	F	I	R	S	■	R	A	I	L	■	■	■
S	L	E	U	T	H	■	B	A	B	B	L	I	N	G
H	E	A	D	■	E	E	R	I	E	■	E	V	E	R
H	A	N	G	■	A	R	E	N	A	■	T	A	R	O
■	P	S	E	U	D	O	N	Y	M	■	S	N	O	W

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Name Mary Roberts Rinehart's favorite spinster
2 What's 8 in Latin?
3 What do soldiers in New Guinea value more than money?
4 Who wrote The Green Hat?
5 Who was King Shetyomouf?
6 What was Pelion piled on?
7 What can you have in your mouth yet not in your make-up?
8 Automatic Twister of Noodles (abbr.)
9 An oblique-angled equilateral parallelogram's a what?
10 What's known in aviation as the Flying Goose Egg?
11 Once again
12 What's wet in German?
19 Name the Greek part of a Midwest city
22 What fruit has had the most influence on history?
24 A scrubby under-the-lip beard tuft's called a what?
25 More of same to follow (abbr.)
26 Beautiful noisy macaw
27 What do Italian laundresses do for the Blackshirts?
29 Bone (Latin)
31 Who was King of Albania?
32 From 2 to 7 B. C. came the Vulgar what?
33 Long John Silver had one what?
35 In 1798 who said we'd soon be extinct because population increases faster than substistence? (Then had a lot of kids himself!)
36 What was once part of Mass.?
38 What color makes little boys uneasy?
41 What're nids?
43 A miner major
44 What's fancy for phony?
45 Use
46 We're sick of comics talking of laying whats?
48 What's a kind of poker and a bridge?
50 What's the best known member of the goosefoot family?
51 What English queen is famed for her wooden legs?
52 What's a lad's correlative?
54 Roughly, in what direction does the Panama Canal run from the Atlantic end? (abbr.)
56 What's "Hi!" in Spanish?

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

THE EPIC FLIGHT OF THE NIGHT RAIDER

Continued from Page 17

Dawley picked off an ME-110. Big Jung hadn't been on Kilmer's waist gun long when he sent an ME-109 plunging in flames into the sea, and Szabo bagged another ME-109 off the starboard. Besides the three knocked down for certain, there were three "probables."

"A FW-190 came toward us," Szabo recounted later. "His wings were pure red. I could almost see the lead coming point-blank. I froze onto the trigger. His left wing dropped off—he went hell-bent into the water. But he'd fired first and hit Jung and me. I knew Jung was hurt worse than I was. I looked up and saw part of his arm hanging above the window—looked around and saw his side intact. The twenty-mm. blast had ripped Jung's arm from his body, and the shrapnel had hit us both."

Kilmer began to administer morphine and "sulfa" to Big Jung, the guy who'd saved his life a few minutes earlier.

"When I got to looking around, I realized I was injured pretty bad," said Jung later from his hospital bed. "We'd been expecting the end for so long that we figured things couldn't be much worse."

All the while there was no respite for Ellis, Pinner, and Nelson, their guns blazing steadily. Nelson, from the circular top turret, was covering the "dead spots" where Night Raider's fifties had been silenced. There wasn't even split-second time for "intercom" orders or questions.

The skipper knew his boys in the back were "catching hell." He also knew the big cloud formation was much nearer now. Ammunition was getting low. Szabo's gun had only three shells left when he was hit.

Dawley's parachute was hit and began to blaze.

SUDDENLY Fleenor put the Raider into a dive, and into the cloud they went. There was no more gunfire. Visibility was almost nil. "Four Jerries followed us in," one crewman related, "but that was the last we saw of them."

Night Raider was still some distance from England. Gaping holes as big as a fist were draining precious gasoline. Ellis, the navigator, gave the skipper a course to steer. Nelson went out on the catwalk, checked the remaining gasoline, diverting it to the two good motors. None of the fuel gauges was working. One engine was cut and feathered.

Pinner went back and helped adjust Mae West life preservers. A dunking in the North Sea seemed imminent. As Szabo said afterward, he "figured Jung and I wouldn't have a chance if we were forced down at sea."

Big Jung himself said later, "I guess every one took time to pray." Bates climbed out of the tail turret to stand guard with a waist-gun. "How are you doin', Lou?" he asked. "O. K.," was the reply from Szabo. "When Bates shouted, 'There's land!'" Jung recalled, "I knew our prayers had been answered."

Both the skipper and Pinner had been in the rear helping Kilmer, who was doing a superb job of administering first aid. Dawley had taken over Szabo's gun. Ellis' uncanny navigation had steered Fleenor and Leary straight for the nearest landing field, and England's friendly coast-line fields stretched out below.

Emerging from the cloud at 1,500 feet, the Raider's two engines struggled and strained to climb to 5,000. "Just as we reached the coast," Fleenor explained later, "our two remaining engines petered out—we were out of gas."

The wounded didn't know that the undercarriage had been shot out, that the hydraulic system was knocked out, that the tires were punctured, that a forced crash landing was inevitable.

The skipper sent word around that he'd "have to crack 'er down." Ellis and Pinner went backship again to arrange the wounded in such fashion as to lighten the shock. Dawley held Szabo in his lap to cushion Szabo's side, and Kilmer lay down with one arm around Jung's body and used his free arm as a brace.

Our airplane plants are turning out new bombers and fighting planes with dizzying speed. Last week at Lockheed it is reported that they built a plane in eight hours flat. Five minutes later a pilot took off in it. Six hours later the plant received a cable from him. It read: "I am in Australia. Please send motor."—*Pocketbook of War Humor.*

But the shock never came. Skillfully the skipper set the Raider down. Said Ellis: "It was a smoother landing than when we had wheels."

The wounded were rushed to English hospitals in ambulances. The next day in a hospital a young white-clad nurse showed Chaplain James A. Burris, of Cassville, Missouri, Jungbluth's ring. "Won't you tell him he's lost his arm," she pleaded, "because I can't." Then she moved to Jung's bed and slipped the ring on a finger on his left hand. Jung, asleep since the operation, was now awakening. "Where was Szabo hit, Jung?" the chaplain asked. "They got him on his right side—and in the right lung," he murmured. "Where did it get you?" The chaplain asked sympathetically. "Oh, it got me in the right arm. Would you like to see?" Then Big Jung drew back the blankets and they both "saw."

"Well, Jung, I guess that's part of it," the chaplain said.

"Well," Jung said, "that's to be expected—but I'm lucky. Thank God we had Captain Fleenor driving that ship. We all owe our lives to him. It could have been a lot worse." This from a man who had more than a hundred shrapnel wounds.

Szabo's bed was adjoining. His wife's picture shared a little table with wrappers of vanilla wafers.

"How do you feel, Lou?" the chaplain queried. "Fine," snapped Szabo; "but I think I have more metal in me than a B-24." His body was riddled with more than eighty holes, some of the shrapnel so deeply embedded that physicians decided not to attempt to remove it. "My wife, Margaret, objected to my flying, but later approved," he said. "You know, *this* won't keep me out of the air. Not for the world."

Both Jung and Lou will be confined to beds for "several months."

"Chappy, I did more praying in three hours—my guns dead and me bluffing—than you've done in all your ministry." Those were the words of Bates, the tail gunner.

Nelson figured, while his tracers were fanning out in every direction, "If we ever get out of this it'll be because of more help than we had ourselves."

Dawley regretted he was "dead weight" so much of the time.

THE skipper was moved deeply. "The teamwork and spirit were wonderful—couldn't have been more perfect," he said.

Leary figured it was all a "nightmare." Ellis and Pinner quickly agreed. It was an experience they "didn't want to go through again."

Kilmer, the youthful Oklahoman who went from college into the Air Force at the age of eighteen, couldn't be found the next day for a statement. He, whose life had been saved by Jung, and who in turn saved Jung's life, was gone—on another raid.

The ground-crew chiefs handed the skipper this report on Night Raider's wounds: Shot out were the hydraulic and power lines in the tail turret, primers, intakes, carburetors, oil coolers, and oxygen regulators; the undercarriages wouldn't work; tires were punctured; there was a 15-inch hole in the right tail flap; there were forty-seven .30-caliber holes and five 20-mm. holes in the rear fuselage; sixteen .30s and four cannon in the left fen; seven .30s and one cannon in the right fen; five .30s and one cannon in the stabilizers; nine .30s and four cannon in the right wing; three .30s in the right aileron; twelve .30s in the top fuselage; thirty-six .30s in the left wing; twenty-seven .30s in the bomb-bay doors; all gun barrels were "burned out."

One ground-crew man muttered, "This one shouldn't have come back."

But it had. And so had the crew. Death had been cheated into taking a holiday.

THE END

CONGO SONG

Continued from Page 32

back in his chair smoking cigarette after cigarette. They talked until Wilson noticed that it was half past one. He got up.

"I shall miss you, Channel."

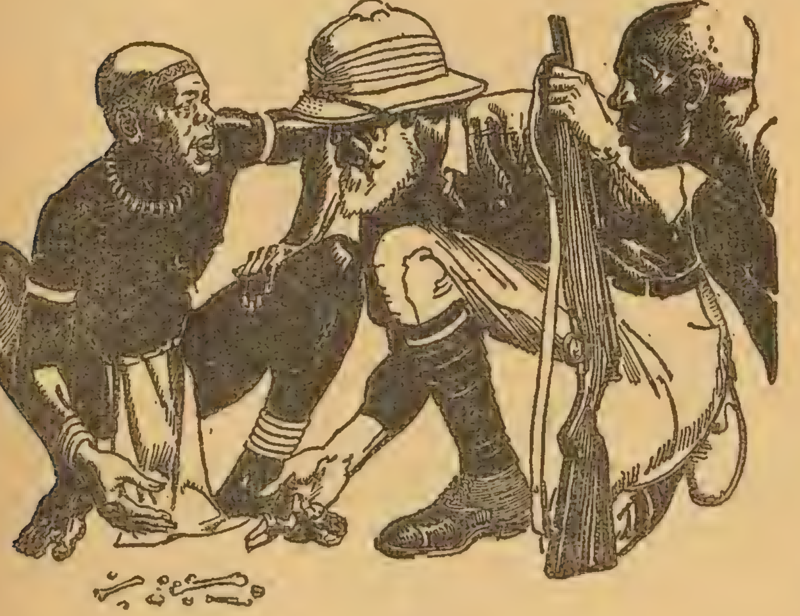
"You will come back, my friend. You will permit me to call you that? And you will be happy with Augustus Bentinck. He is a philosopher."

When Wilson got to the guest house, Olga was waiting for him.

"I wanted to see you before you left. Oh, don't worry"—she had seen his face. "They are asleep. . . ."

Wilson departed unwillingly next morning. Why was he going on this ridiculous safari when he might have stayed near Olga? He tried to concentrate on what he saw as they traveled away from the settlements into the real, unchanging Africa. And gradually he was filled with a strange excitement. He did not want to hunt gorillas, but he was getting nearer to the heart of this dark steaming world.

At night he lay awake. He thought of Olga. He wondered what she was doing. And Olga was thinking often of him. What had his wife been like? The incredible had happened to Olga. Love had come into her life. For the first time she regretted things. . . .



Outwardly life in her house went on with the same exactitude, until one day when she and the professor sat listening to short-wave.

"You think, Olga . . . ?" he asked.

"War, Jean."

"And here?"

"The repercussions." She knew better than her husband what they would be. Risings of German planters; rebellion in South-West Africa and the Union.

"There are some papers," he said. "Perhaps they might be safer with you."

"That is for you to decide," she said. "I could put them in my safe."

"Rubber is not as complex as is generally imagined, Olga. It can be made from almost anything . . . cellulose," he said, "oil, coal, plants." He paused. "But it's a pity if it comes now. In another year I should have had what we wanted, or been near to it."

"You are a valuable man, Jean."

"I am a very happy one," he said, "with my work and with you; but if war comes again . . ."

Olga lit a cigarette. Bentinck and Wilson might find out something. She wished there was some way of getting news of them. If there was war, they would hear of it and know what to do. If it came over the air, she'd tell the boys. Within a few minutes the drums would be tapping and the message relayed on. The thought amused her. I'll get it by radio, she thought, and send it on by drum: the old and the new.

She thought of Wilson. She wanted him back. The past had ceased to exist, and Jean would let her go. They had discussed this question before. . . .

Wilson had shot a gorilla—at least, he had nicked it and drawn first blood, though Bentinck's shot actually killed it—and now Bentinck had just left him to go and shoot a buck for meat. He preferred hunting alone.

It was good to be resting for a time. To sit like this in a village, thinking and watching—not life go by—you did that in a city. Here you watched it going on.

"Baas, baas!" Jan was running toward him. *"Baas!* The *baas,* he is fallen. He is down a pit."

"A pit?" Wilson jumped up.

"Ja, baas. A trap."

Men were collecting round them. Jan sent one of them for ropes of woven bark. A few minutes later they were following Jan into the bush.

The trap was wide at the top, deep and narrow at the bottom. Wilson looked over the edge. There was Bentinck. A sharpened stake had gone through his leg.

"Thanks," he said, when they had eased him off the stake and hoisted him out. "This is the end, you know. These stakes are poisoned."

"End be damned!" Wilson said. "We'll patch you up and get you back." They would take him to the mission first: to Owen, and then to Channel.

Bentinck, as they carried him, slung on a tepoi, was thinking of the heel of Achilles. It had its application everywhere. His own accident was an example. His certainty . . . that he knew his way in the forest . . . had been his undoing. Von Brandt's was women. Marais' might be his superstition. Every man had a weak point—vanity, women, drink, love of money, overconfidence.

ENTOBO, the witch doctor, had come to him the night before they had started on this safari and they had talked about this very question. Entobo had said, "Tell me what you know of them and I will make medicine to destroy them. For each man there is a special medicine, for each has a weak part, and against that weak place, once I know it, do I put the strength of my art."

His enemies—von Brandt certainly, and probably Marais. He had told Entobo of the salt incident.

"This means, then, in your land that he fears the spirits. In that case I will make spirit medicine for him. I will bewitch him with a figure.

"And the 'collector of animals alive.' He, too, shall be dealt with, but by the flesh—subtly, by a woman." Entobo had cast his bones on the floor of the store. "I see it, my friend. I see a woman running, a man consumed." Then Entobo had gone out into the night as he had come, with many packets of medicine wrapped up in the Times and a bottle of good whisky stuck into his girdle.

The idea of Marais being attacked by witchcraft amused Bentinck. The idea of it—even if it did not work—amused him. The power of suggestion. The weight of a little figure made of clay and wax might yet be a factor in the balance of international affairs. They had started psychological war, and he was turning it back on them.

Wilson had come to sit beside him. Tomorrow they'd get to Owen's place.

"Good thing I've lasted to get you to the mission," Bentinck said. He knew he was going to die, but he wanted to die at the mission so that his death could be certified. "Got to have everything in order. Might say you'd murdered me.

"About this other business," Bentinck went on. "Better get the hang of it before I get too weak. Olga has got all the information; mainly suspicions. But they add up. Get it from her and take it to Frazer. Frazer's got the other stuff, but I wanted to run this down. Something big on . . . it's on the other side of the mountains. No doubt about the rebellion: coffee planters all organized . . . but Frazer knows it. It's something else. They've got dynamite, but I'm not sure where they're putting it."

His voice faded. He closed his eyes. That night, after they had reached the mission, he made his last effort to talk to Owen and Wilson.

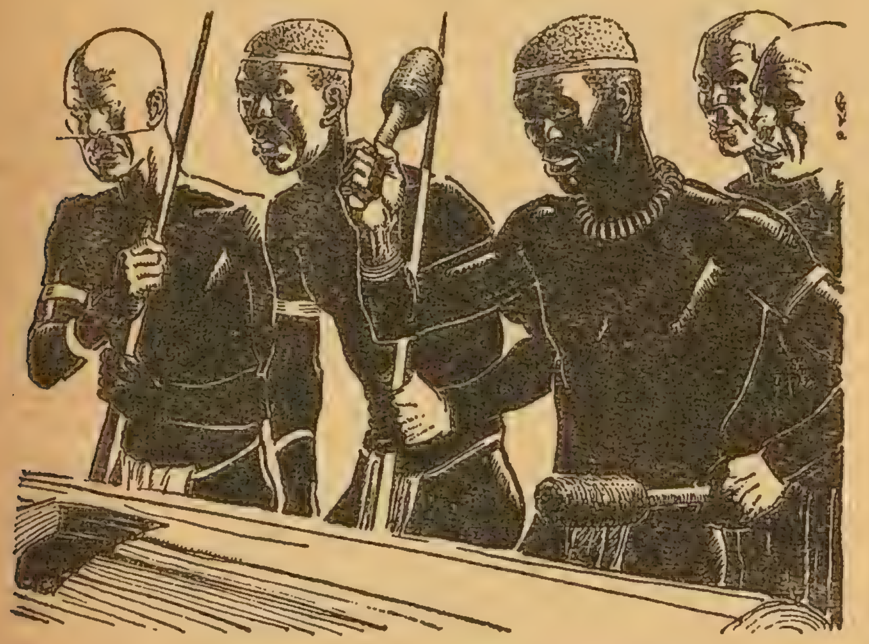
"Go to Olga . . . coffee planters fixed . . . Frazer . . . names and everything. Never should have let them come back. . . . Marais . . . professor's formula. . . ." He was gasping for breath. "Clever, putting in a real Nazi like von Brandt, and then a man like Marais, if it is Marais. Tell Olga . . . dynamite . . . Lake Victoria. . . . It might work. Thousands ruined. Egypt a desert. . . ."

Foam formed on his lips, he gave a choking cry, tried to sit up, and fell back.

"He's dead," Owen said. "Bentinck's dead."

Everything is up to me now, Wilson thought. He must get back to Olga. If there was war. . . .

MARAIS turned down his radio, lit a cigar, and stared at the list in his hand. So it had come., The German army would march into Poland. England and France would declare war. It was a wonderful code: symphonies, marches, songs arranged in a certain order. There were perhaps a hundred men stationed in different parts of the world who could understand it. You had to have *Kultur* to understand it: to be musically educated; to know the names of the pieces and check them off. The time to act was near.



He had a sense of power, of drunkenness. He must see von Brandt, see him at once.

Taking a sheet of notepaper from a drawer he wrote a line, "Come over at once," and signed it, "Hendrik Marais." He called a boy.

"Take it quickly," he said.

The boy ran out of the room. And he would take it quickly. His boys were obedient. He treated them well and beat them well—coldly and without mercy when his orders were not carried out. It would take the boy two hours on his bicycle. It would take von Brandt an hour by car. Three hours. Say four to five, to allow for delays. By dinnertime at the latest.

From another drawer in the bureau he took an automatic. It was beautifully clean. It felt good in his hand. A weapon perfectly made and perfectly kept; an arm of precision. He laid it on the blotter with a box of ammunition.

He looked at the cigar he had been smoking. There were four centimeters of gray ash on it. A tribute to the grower of the tobacco, the maker of the cigar in Rotterdam, and to his own nervous control. He had practiced control since childhood. Impulse . . . you saw its results all round you. The impulse of Olga Le Blanc to enslave all men. The impulse of Sebastian to paint everything. The impulse of von Brandt to possess women. There seemed to be nothing but impulse in the world, which was why things were so easy for men like himself.

Outside, the dredge was throbbing as it sucked up the river sand. At six thirty Marais put on his white dinner jacket, straightened his tie, and went over to look at himself in the mirror. He looked just what he was supposed to be—a Dutch business man.

He was very fortunate both in his appearance and his health . . . forty-four and only one tooth gone. He had his appendix, he had his tonsils, he had most of his hair; only that one tooth, which he kept among his studs. You could not be too careful about these things. His nails, when he cut them, he always burned. His hair, when he clipped it, he had swept up and destroyed. Not that he believed in witchcraft. It was just that he had lived in the tropics so long and had seen so much.

He switched off the light and went out into the big sitting room. He sat down and clapped his hands. His head boy came in with a tray . . . schnapps, a tall glass, water, and ice. He put it down on a little scarlet lacquer table. Marais lit another cigar and poured out a drink.

Presently he got up to go to his desk. He would write some letters just to fill in time. He stopped suddenly. In the middle of his desk, on the blotting pad, lay a little clay figure. He held onto the bookcase. It had not been there when he came in. He had not left the room. Only his butler had come into it when he brought the drinks. Everything going so well and then this. He picked the figure up. It even bore some resemblance to him. A string was round its throat . . . a wound. There were hairs in it; some of them stuck out of the clay. Hairs from his beard.

He opened his mouth to shout . . . closed it. For the moment he would ignore the whole business. Picking the figure up again, he wrapped it in a bit of paper, unlocked a drawer, put it in, and locked it again.

How his heart was beating! He poured out another drink.

"Well, I've come," said von Brandt's voice, "and . . ."

Marais whirled. He stood still for a second, erect, staring into his eyes. Then he raised his right hand and clicked his heels.

"Heil Hitler!" he shouted.

"Heil Hitler!" von Brandt echoed. What did this mean?

"Sit," Marais pointed to a chair. Von Brandt sat down and waited.

Marais was pacing up and down the room. He stopped suddenly.

"Well," he said, "it has come. It is war. We are about to march into Poland."

"We . . .?"

"Yes, we, you fool. We Germans."

"Then you also . . .?"

"Yes, I also. And now, here are your instructions."

Von Brandt sprang up and faced him. "My instructions? I am in charge here."

"You are in charge?" Marais said. "That is why they did not give you a radio. That is why you were detailed to bring me my guns. Look"—he pulled a paper from his pocket. He waved it. "Colonel Hendrik Marais von Hohenlowe, Commandant of the Fourth Central African District. Now are you satisfied?"

"Yes, but I don't see . . ."

"You would not see." Marais spoke patiently. "You were here to do some of the work. I have reported on your conduct to Berlin. The work you have done is good. I have also with absolute impartiality reported your pursuit of Mme. Le Blanc and your seduction of Maria, the native wife of the painter. You were stationed here so that if anything went wrong you would have been the obvious agent. You are too simple to be trusted in the big things.

"YOU will stay the night," Marais went on. "Tomorrow you will go home and proceed to set the detonators and fuses. And remember, the man who does this will be rated a hero in the Reich. Look," Marais said. He took a case from his pocket and pressed a spring, revealing an Iron Cross of the First Class with its silver edge and ribbon of black and white.

"For the hero," Marais said. "I have the authority. But afterward, naturally, it will be awarded officially by the Führer in Berlin. You will have to return for the real investiture."

He put the case in his pocket. Von Brandt was dazed. Dinner was announced, and they went in.

"You are clear about your instructions?" Marais asked. "Once you have made the demolition, return home, act as if nothing had happened. You will even be ignorant of the fact that war has been declared, if you are asked. Later, I will give you orders about joining the commando that will strike from the east at Nairobi. I am waiting for news from the Union and West Africa," he went on. "It should come at any time. There will be no need to see me again. Tomorrow will be a very busy day for all of us."

At dawn von Brandt left. He did not drive fast. There was no great need for haste. Everything was planned. He allowed his pleasure to seep into him. The day had come: the time for action. Still, it was a pity it had come today. He had had plans for last night, and for tomorrow night. But Maria would still be waiting. She would be afraid not to. Soon—next week perhaps, if things went well—he would take her over completely and her sister, too. Then there would be no more need for giving presents. If that Communist dog Sebastian made trouble he would shoot him.

He thought of his mission. Lake Tanganyika was more than a thousand feet lower than Lake Victoria. The barrier that enclosed Lake Victoria was slight. When he touched off the dynamite, the lake would begin to flood the flats, running south instead of north, the rush of waters completing and enlarging the breach he had made. Then the Nile would cease to flow. This was only part of the greater scheme. There would be a holy war in the Near East. A prophet had already foretold the drying up of the Nile as a sign. And when it ceased, the repercussions of war would increase not only in the Near but also in the Far East, the whole Mohammedan world would rise to throw out the infidels.

A few hours after von Brandt's departure, Sebastian rose for the day.

He was at the end of his patience with these overnight visits of Maria to her sick father. Why did Nina never go? Working himself into a fury, Sebastian hunted up Nina and questioned her roughly. At first she was evasive. But the threat of a beating, added to her resentment of Maria's superior success at securing presents, soon led her to betray her sister completely. Sebastian was appalled. It took him all day to compose himself and plan. This to happen to him!

ON the evening of that day the war came on the tapping speech of the drums; over the forests, across the rivers, over the swamps, the mangroves, over the silent emptiness of the steaming jungle: words tapped out by black men on pink palms . . . words—terrible words: War. It Is War. Over the Sea. The White Men Are at War.

At the Station a houseboy came running into the dining room with the news. "It is war." Olga sat alone at the table. Her husband had gone on a tour of inspection. The butler and the house servants crowded round her. It had come on the sound of the drum out of the forest. Like Congo. Why must she think of Congo?

She heard Sebastian calling her from the sitting room. She went in.

"I want a rifle, Olga," he said. "Tomorrow I am going to shoot something. I am starting early."

He was taking a .303 down from the wall.

"The cartridges are in the cupboard," Olga said.

He went to the cupboard and filled his pocket with the clips he found piled there. Next he was going to steal Channel's car.

"So the war has come, Sebastian," Olga said.

"War to the death!" he shouted. "They cannot do this to me. It is death or dishonor." He dashed the tears from his eyes, picked up his rifle, and ran out.

Olga finished eating. The war had certainly upset him.

Maria was waiting for von Brandt in the big sitting room. She had never seen any one look like this. There was no expression in his eyes. The eyes of a madman . . . expressionless blue stones that shone with a fury she could not understand. He looked beyond her, through her.

He was swearing. He raised his whip and brought it down on the sofa. The rawhide cut through the material. She began to scream. Still swearing at her, he moved toward her. Her eyes never left his face as she slipped past him. If only she could get to the door of the stoep. She felt the netting with her hand as she pushed it. It banged back on its spring into his face.

Von Brandt's bungalow faced the lava valley between two volcanic mountains. Beyond the garden was a swirl of lava boiling in spots, with a thin crust over part of it.

Like a buck she ran, bent forward, driving the ground from beneath her feet. She heard him shouting behind her; heard him pounding after her. He had on heavy boots. He was a heavy man. She cleared a hedge of flowering shrubs. She ran toward the mountains, toward her home that was beyond them—her father's house. The lava cut her feet; his boots would save him. She had slowed up. Entobo had said . . . Did she dare? She swung left to the lava crust. It would carry her. It must.

Somebody was shooting. Maria heard shots and the crack of a bullet above her. The rock under her was spongy. She was on the crust—and running. She did not hear the sound of the car that was coming in sight of the house.

Sebastian saw them the minute he got out. A wild joy permeated his being as he began to run too.

Von Brandt began to gain on Maria. She must be letting him do so for some obscure purpose of her own. And he was gaining on von Brandt. The girl was swinging to the left. Von Brandt would cut her off . . .

At last Sebastian was near enough. Two hundred meters. He knelt and fired. Maria was running lame. It would give her time. Von Brandt slowed up and turned to look for him. He fired again. Von Brandt ran on. He was going to cut her off, just as he had thought he would. Why had she not gone on running straight?

Sebastian got up. There were people on the opposite ridge: a white man, some natives with spears. It was Wilson.

Maria was still running, but going very lame, and she had lost a lot of ground by changing direction. Her foot must be badly hurt. Von Brandt was plowing after her. The going seemed to be heavy. Then it happened. Von Brandt sank up to his knees. He threw out his arms and fell. He was screaming. Maria stopped running. Sebastian stood still with his rifle butt on the ground. Wilson and the Kaffirs had stopped halfway down the hill.

Von Brandt's screams were much fainter now. Suddenly Sebastian had it. Von Brandt was burning in the lava. He had gone through the crust. That was why Maria had swung round. To lead him over the treacherous molten quicksand. How clever she was! What a credit to him! And the Nazi was dead or, at least, would be in a few minutes.

Maria was picking her way back toward him. Treading lightly, leaping here and there. He held his breath. She was safe now: on hard ground.

"Wilson!" Sebastian shouted. He was waving his rifle. "We have arrived in time. She is safe."

Does he imagine I knew about all this? Wilson was bewildered.

"The Fascist is dead," Sebastian said. "He cooks. In a few days nothing will remain. Come, Maria, we will go back. I will drive you back," he said to Wilson. "I have the car here."

It sounded as if he was offering him a lift home after the theater.

CHANNEL was awakened that morning with the news of war and the theft of his car, which his boy had gone to clean and had found gone. Obviously it was Sebastian who had taken it. There was no one else on the Station who could drive, except Olga.

After he had breakfast, Channel lit a cigarette and walked over to Sebastian's house. Nina was sitting in the shade eating a mango and weeping. When he had questioned her and confirmed his own deductions, he went over to the professor's house and walked in.

He called, "Olga! Olga!"

"Yes. Come in. I'm still in bed."

She was altogether charming as she sat up in bed to greet him. Her golden hair was down, her face flushed like a child's with sleep. She put her knuckles into her eyes to rub them and stared up at him.

"Good morning," he said. "You look very well."

"Good morning, doctor. I am well. And in no need of your services. But I am glad you have come . . . I want to ask you something. What has happened to Sebastian? He came in last night to borrow one of Jean's rifles. I told him of the war and he took no notice. He said he was going to shoot something. I have never known him to shoot before."

"There has always been some question of Sebastian's sanity. Anyway, if it makes you any happier, he has stolen my car." He sat down. "Nina says he has gone after Maria. She has run away to von Brandt."

Olga was silent, and then said, "He took a rifle. He said he was going shooting."

He got up. "It is no one's affair. I must get back."

Olga sat up straight. "What are you going to do, Channel?"

"Do? The war, you mean? Not much today. Begin to pack, perhaps. You realize that it is over here"—he made a gesture—"that all this is done."

"Yes." Channel was right. Her work here was finished now. Not that there had ever been much in it beyond reporting the gossip she heard and arranging for a man like Bentinck, who knew the natives, to work among them.

Where were Bentinck and Wilson? When would they get back?

As Channel stepped outside, a truck drove up. The professor was back. They shook hands. It was many years since they had shaken hands.

"So it has come, Channel."

"Yes, it has come."

They went into the house together. Le Blanc kissed his wife. "We should have been back sooner," he said, "if we had not had a breakdown."

"A breakdown? Where?"

"Soon after the village, Olga, *ma chère*. We had just passed Sebastian driving like a lunatic the other way."

"Sebastian borrowed one of your rifles. Do you mind?"

The professor patted her hand. "I mind nothing. It is good to be back. I was afraid for you."

When Channel had gone home to begin packing, and the professor and Olga sat at the radio, Marais came into the sitting room.

"Why, Meneer Marais, how nice it is to see you," Olga said.

He bent over her hand. "So I bring you no news?" He indicated the radio. He had never felt more friendly toward them: children, caught in the web he had woven.

"Of course we are neutrals," Olga said. "But it is bound to affect us."

Where were Sebastian and Channel? He must sit so that he commanded the door.

"And our painter friend—Sebastian?" he asked.

"He is away," Olga laughed. "He has lost his wife."

Marais brought a cigar from his pocket. "You do not mind?"

"Of course not. You always smoke them, don't you?"

The professor sat with his elbows on his knees, holding his hands in front of him, fingertip to fingertip.

"A war will interrupt your little experiments, professor," Marais said.

"It will also increase their importance, meneer. This is a war for raw products: for oil and meat, for rubber, for fat. A war of imbeciles, for how will war increase them?"

COCKTAILS were handed round. It was a friendly scene. Olga beautiful, poised: the charming hostess. The savant, her husband, leaning back in his chair. Lucky that he was at home. No, not lucky. Marais had known they were on their way back. He had calculated for it.

It was a charming room—the furniture, the skins on the floor, the rugs, the pictures, the *objets d'art* . . . everything good, in perfect taste, and the feminine touch—the vases of flowers, the scattered periodicals, a book or two lying about on tables. He sipped his cocktail. In a minute all this must end. Von Brandt must be nearly there by now. His heavy automatic was pushing into his hip, pressed into it by his chair.

"Another cocktail?"

"If you please."

This was the moment. They were nicely grouped. He sat in a position where he commanded them; and the door, if Channel came in, was covered.

"I have some news for you," he said.

They sat forward. "Bad news," he said. "I am surprised you have not heard it. Our friend Bentinck is dead."

"And Wilson?" I should not have asked that, Olga thought. It would have come out anyway.

"Mr. Wilson is on his way back, I understand."

"How . . ." the professor began.

"He fell into a game pit. He died at the mission. It is hard, is it not? And something of a paradox that a hunter should be caught in a game pit." Marais raised his glass. "Let us drink to the memory of our friend. To Augustus Bentinck the hunter."

They all stood up. He was holding the glass in his left hand. His right was behind him. His fingers were on the butt of his Lüger.

As they sat down, he pulled it out. Only Olga noticed it in his hand. She made a movement as if to get up, and sank back again.

"And there is something else," he said. The pistol was now in full view. "A little information, if you please."

"Information? . . . And what do you mean by drawing a pistol in my house?" The professor was angry.

"Perhaps I should introduce myself," Marais said. "Colonel Marais von Hohenlowe of the German army and at your service." The friendly fat business man had disappeared. "Yes, information, professor," he said. "Your formula . . . and you, madame," he included Olga, "the papers that our dead friend confided to your care. Not that they are of importance now, but I wish to include them in my dispatch."

IF there was anything in Channel's belief in telepathy, this would surely prove it. Olga was calling for him in her mind, calling his name . . . willing him to come. *Channel . . . Channel.* It was extraordinary how cool she felt. Her hand went up to her hair. She felt for a hairpin that was loose and pushed it in. So she had been right in suspecting Marais. It was so easy, now that she knew. How easy it was to be wise after the event . . . to lock the stable door after . . . His continual good temper, his geniality, his neatness that was even greater than Channel's, his interests here and there that took him on trips. Everything pointed to him now. Von Brandt had been no more than a stalking-horse: so obvious that he had not been really dangerous.

Marais was speaking to her. Only with the greatest difficulty could she make herself concentrate on his words.

"Yes, Olga," he was saying, "it would be best if you could persuade your husband to hand over his formula—best for every one." He was smiling. "Then there would be no ill feeling, no regrets." He spoke quite softly, almost caressingly. "It is war," he went on. "The most distressing things can happen in war. Even to charming women . . . perhaps more to charming women than to any one else."

He was threatening her. He turned to her husband.

"Don't you agree with me, Herr Professor? She is so beautiful, so young, so full of life, and it is so long since some of our men have seen a white woman."

The professor had jumped to his feet. Marais' pistol covered him.

"It is best to remain calm. I can do no more than advise."

"Give him nothing, Jean," Olga said.

Marais was perfectly at ease. He stood balancing himself on the balls of his feet. He is much stronger than he looks, Olga thought. That bulk is not fat, but muscle.

"You must understand," Marais went on, "that resistance is useless. This is not an isolated instance. Everywhere our people have struck. We are organized. What is the good of arguing with Fate?" He was enjoying himself.

"At this moment," he went on, glancing at the clock, "we have launched an attack on Egypt. Perhaps you do not know that Lake Victoria can be drained . . . emptied . . . a little explosion." He turned to the professor. "You can guess what will happen then. The Nile will cease to flow. The water will run south over the flats into Lake Tanganyika. No Nile . . . no Egypt. So simple, so easy. And von Brandt is doing it. The preparations have been made for a long time. He will press a button and . . ." Marais blew the air from his cheeks.

Olga bit her lip. This was what Bentinck had hinted at—the big thing: Egypt . . . no Nile floods . . . famine . . . pestilence. Then she laughed. "What have I got to do with all this?"

"I have often wondered. A woman's love of intrigue, perhaps. I do not know."

"It could not be hatred of the Germans, of course," Olga said in her lightest voice. "It could not be any resentment that you should have marched into my country. That is, assuming that I was concerned in this. I wish I had been," she went on. "Dogs . . . Prussians."

"Dogs, Prussians," Marais copied her. "Perhaps. But is there not a proverb about every dog has his day? Today is ours. Our German hounds are pulling down the Polish boar." He permitted himself a smile. "The papers, Olga, and quickly, the ones Bentinck gave you, and the professor's. If you have not got them, at least you know where he keeps them."

"No . . ." *Channel,* she prayed. *Channel, come quickly.* Had he forgotten Channel?

Marais went toward her. She backed away from him. He was laughing.

"Do not agitate yourself—there is no hurry. We will stay here comfortably—a friendly group till our doctor comes. Then, having captured him, I will lock you up and wait for Sebastian and the so charming Mr. Wilson." He looked at Olga.

So he had not forgotten Channel. Olga went on moving toward Jean.

"Yes, go to your husband. See what he can do."

Marais might be prepared for Channel, but he had forgotten something else. She kept her eyes on Marais, but her hands were behind her on the wall. There it was; she could feel the molding of the door. . . .

"If we agreed, meneer . . ." Her husband looked at her. He was afraid she was going to betray them.

"If you agree, there is nothing more to be said, Olga. In fact, there will be rewards. The Führer needs men like your husband. In the New Order the scientist will take his rightful place. He will have honors . . . money; and a woman like you will . . ."

There it was. She had her fingers on the bolt. It was moving slowly, silently. How lucky she had oiled it the other day! The bolt was out now . . .

"You promise, meneer," she said. "We could go to Berlin . . . to the city—away from this dreadful place?"

"I am glad you are beginning to see sense."

MARAIS was still standing, his pistol held in his right hand. His left hand was on the back of a chair. He held it tighter. He hoped no one would notice. Things were not going right. He had an intolerable pain behind his right eye. It frightened him. It was agony. It was as if his eye had been pierced by a long needle that had penetrated his brain, partially paralyzing it. His whole body was rigid with resistance to pain. With his mind he was trying to isolate it. The needle went on driving through his eye socket, twisting and turning within him—burning, tearing. He was beginning to sweat. He tried to think what it could be. He had never known any pain before except that of a wound; never known illness.

"What's that?" Olga said, pointing. "My God . . ."

For a moment Marais' eyes flickered in the direction of the window, but he did not look round.

"What an old trick, Olga! That is what comes of reading your husband's detective stories."

But Olga had pushed the door open a little. It opened inward. She could feel it gripped. She had succeeded. She raised her hands to her face. She began to cry. That always sent Congo mad with rage . . . It always had . . .

There was a rush of air as the door swung open.

Congo's moment had come. His unused muscles were suddenly released into the action for which they longed. For half an hour he had been growing more and more uneasy . . . had, for some curious reason, not expressed his anger by screams or the beating of his chest. He had crouched by the door, his fingers against it till he had felt it move and seen her hand.

A big man, a stranger, faced him. His black lips drew back from his white fangs, and he charged.

There was nothing to stop him: no prodder, no snake; nothing. Only the man. Taller than he, but a small thing in his hands, a thing that broke as he took it by the arm. Then, as it fell, his teeth sank into its neck. He could not be stopped. He leaped at the professor. Olga's screams only excited him. . . .

Channel had seen Marais drive past. No doubt, before long Sebastian, Wilson, Bentinck would gather at the Le Blancs'. For an instant he had hoped it was Sebastian. The old Ford had assumed a new importance. He would need it. He had decided that Abyssinia would be the best place for him to give his services. He would take a lot of gas. When it ran out, he would abandon the car. He would march on foot. Use horses, camels. It would be very interesting. An old civilization unchanged for thousands of years. He had done enough for today. He found it somewhat astonishing that he should be so ready to make a new life; that he should experience relief at parting with his collection, at dismissing his patients and leaving the hospital he had been at such pains to build.

He lit a cigarette. He sat at his desk to write something—an idea that had come to him. He could send it to America later.

He stopped writing. He had better go over to the house and see Marais. He might have news. . . . I'll go at once, he thought. He picked up the revolver from the bed. They might try it: put up a can and shoot at it. He broke the gun. It was loaded. And the professor had some forty-five ammunition.

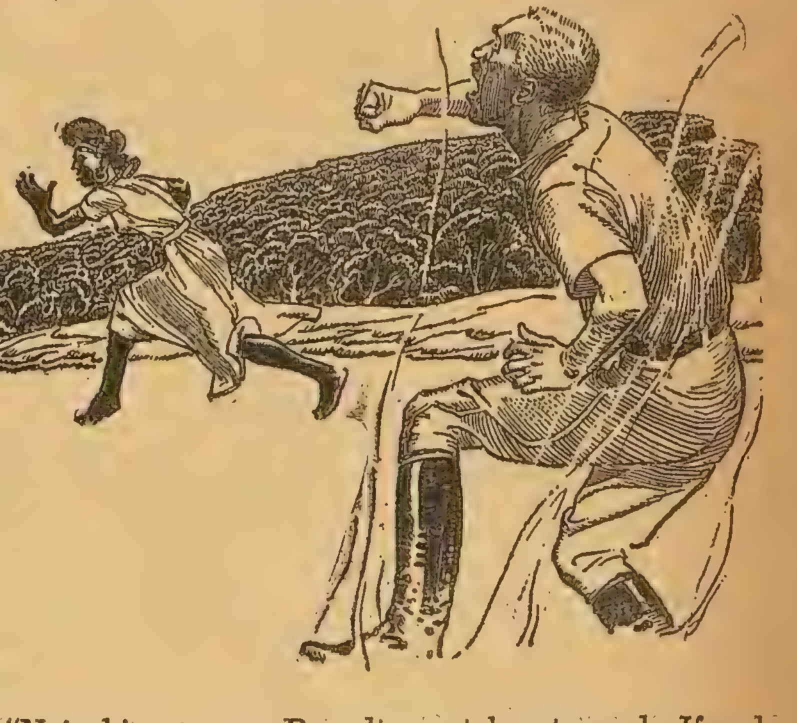
He was hardly out of the house when he heard a scream and a shot. Was Congo out of control? One day he had known it must happen; he had warned Olga. More screams. They were human. He began to run. He dashed through the door into the living room. Congo had the professor in his arms; he was holding him like a baby, cradling him, but the professor's neck was broken. Olga stood backed up against the wall. Marais was dead. One of his arms lay beside him.

As Congo turned toward him, Channel fired. The heavy bullet took Congo in the face. His head was thrown back by the impact of the bullet, but he did not fall. Dropping the professor, he charged forward. Channel fired twice more, thanking God for the automatic action of the revolver. It was enough. Congo threw out his arms toward Olga and fell.

"So you came," Olga said. "I willed you to come."

Channel took her by the arm and led her into the bedroom. He went back for brandy. He poured out two stiff drinks. What would have happened if he had not come? What had prompted him to take his gun with him? And what had Olga meant: "I willed you . . . ?" He supported her as she drank.

"Some one has got to get the news to Frazer," she said.



. . . "Nairobi . . . von Brandt must be stopped. If only Bentinck were here, he would know what to do." But Bentinck was dead—then Wilson. "Von Brandt has got to be stopped," she said again.

"Von Brandt? What's he doing?"

"He's going to blow up Lake Victoria. They had discovered that it can be done. The Nile would cease to flow." She covered her face with her hands.

"I'll go," Channel said. Then he remembered that Sebastian had stolen his car. "My car," he said.

"Take Marais'."

"Yes, that's an idea." It was a good car. He stroked her arm. "Will you be all right alone? At my house, I mean. You can't stay here."

"I'll go to your house." She got up.

"The back way," he said.

They went out through the pantry. They passed Marais' car; its door was open. Out of habit Channel went up to close it: a reflex action, he thought. You see an open car door and close it. But why was it open? It was unlike Marais. He looked into it. What was that? . . . On the rubber floor mat lay a little figure of clay: a child's doll. It lay on its back. A long white mimosa thorn had been driven through its right eye; its right arm was torn off and lay beside it.

He banged the door quickly. He did not want Olga to see it in her present state. Marais' right arm had been torn off; he had lain on his back.

"Anything in the car?" Olga asked.

"Nothing, my dear. I was just looking."

He sat on an armchair in his room. "Excuse the mess," he said. "I was just packing. It is finished here."

"Yes, everything is over, here." She stared at the packing cases. "I called you," she said, "and you came. I wonder what would have happened if you had not come." She shivered. "Alone with Congo . . ."

They heard Sebastian shouting:

"Olga! Olga! . . . Channel! Where is everybody? Mother of God, what has happened? Is everybody dead?"

"Come here," Channel called. "We are in here, Sebastian, in my house."

Sebastian, Maria, and Wilson came in.

"Thank God, you're safe, Olga," Wilson said. He went up to her.

"I brought back the car," Sebastian said. "It is a bad car. You should get the steering fixed." He held Maria by the wrist. "You must forgive me," he said. "It was for my wife. She had been abducted, but he is dead."

"Who is dead?" Olga said.

"The Nazi. Dead, the Fascist dog. And how she fought for her honor! I am proud of her."

"What happened here, Channel?" Wilson asked. "We have been into the house."

"You had better let Olga tell you. Come with me, Sebastian. We will go and tidy things up a little."

"I am at your service," Sebastian said.

"Then there is no hurry for Frazer. Egypt is safe." Olga sat down on a box.

"Egypt, Olga?" That was what Bentinck had said. Dynamite . . . Egypt . . .

"HENRY," she said—it was the first time she had called him by his Christian name—"there are some letters for you. I forgot them." She was opening her pocketbook. They were alone now.

He took them. Two bills . . . it was funny to get bills here, to realize that he had bought things in shops, regular shops. The third was from Anne. The American stamp, her handwriting made him feel ill. But he knew he must open it. He slipped his finger under the flap.

"Dear Henry," he read. "You will be glad to hear that I am married. To Jim. You remember Jim . . ."

Jim. Who was Jim? He was free at last from Anne. It was an extraordinary thing to realize suddenly that she had never meant anything to him. What had meant something was his idea of her . . . that was what he had loved. When it had become impossible to overcome the difference between what she was and what he thought she was, it had been finished. Olga was the woman he had thought Anne was.

Olga was watching him. She knew that the letter he held was from Anne.

"Bad news?" she asked.

"No. Good. Anne is married. My wife," he said.

"And that makes things better for you?" Her lashes lay over her cheeks as she looked down.

"Yes," he said. He lit a cigarette. "I'm going to Nairobi tomorrow; the papers must go to Frazer at once. Will you come with me, Olga?"

"Me?"

"You can't stay here, darling."

"I must stay for a little while. There will be an inquiry. I was the only witness, you know." She smiled at him. "Even in Africa such things have to be explained. But you ought to go. Frazer must have the news and Bentinck's notes. My husband's papers you can give to the Belgian consul."

"And you?"

"I'll come later, if you care to wait."

He went over to her. She stood up. He took her in his arms and kissed her. It was a different Olga that he kissed. . . .

"We'll be married in Nairobi," he said, "and then go home."

"Henry," Olga said, "my husband was only killed this afternoon."

"I'm sorry, Olga."

"I did not love Jean, you know that. Yet I did love him. He was more my friend than my husband. In that way I loved him . . . a good, kind, clever man who never hurt any one." She paused. "But I will come. If you are still there, we can talk of this again." She turned her face up to him. "Kiss me, Henry. I am going to lie down now. I am tired—oh, so tired."

When Wilson joined the men, no trace of the battle was left. The room was in order.

Channel had spoken very little while they worked. Marais' eye was damaged, but it had not been done by the gorilla. It puzzled him.

"A drink," Sebastian said as Wilson came in. He got brandy and glasses. He shouted for ice. "Now," he said, "we must have everything in order. We must inform the administrator, we must send for the priest—for Owen. We must dig graves. Everything must be official, with stamps, statements of witnesses. I understand these things. I have been concerned in many crimes. A friend of mine was murdered once. They thought that I had done it, but I had ceased to be her friend, so what interest would I have had in it? 'On the contrary,' said the police, 'that is what makes the motive.' Now here"—he drank some brandy—"there are many motives, yet they are accidental, irrelevant to the crimes. Did I push that Nazi into the lava?" He struck his chest. "I did not. Did Olga pull off Marais' arm? She did not. I shall affirm that she did not."

"You weren't here."

"Nevertheless, I shall affirm. Let us write the letters," he said. "I had better write them. I write a fine flowing hand. The good sisters instructed me. My writing shows character . . . in addition, it is beautiful."

He wrote the letters, a simple one to Mr. Owen, and a more formal one to the government official:

> I, Sebastian, beg to inform you of the death of Captain von Brandt, German spy, killed by falling into a bed of lava while pursuing an innocent indigenous maiden. Mr. Wilson, citizen of America and I, artist, and some servants witnessed this act of retribution by an always just God. In addition, Professor Le Blanc, a Swiss subject, and Meneer Marais, another German in the service of his government, have met with death at the

hands of a tame gorilla belonging to Mme. Le Blanc, which suddenly ceased to be tame. The gorilla is also dead, killed by the admirably aimed bullets of my distinguished friend, Dr. Channel, citizen of France. These gentlemen and the gorilla will be interred as soon as the missionary, the Rev. Mr. Owen, subject of the United States of America, arrives to perform the ceremony.

We, the undersigned, will be obliged if Your Excellency will conduct the necessary investigations concerning these sad—except in the case of the Germans—events. Believe me, Excellency, your obedient servant, in Christ,

SEBASTIAN, painter.

"Sign that." He brought it to Channel. Channel signed. Then he looked at Wilson. "Olga?"

"She is asleep." Wilson sat down.

"That's a good thing," Channel said. "Rest is what she needs." He picked up a flashlight from the table. "There is something I must get."

A moment later he was back. He put the little clay figure on the table.

Sebastian picked it up. "A pity it is broken," he said. "A work of art. And why the thorn?" He looked at it closely. "It resembles our dead agent," he said. "It resembles him greatly."

"Yes, it is Marais," Channel said. "Do you notice the arm? It is the right arm. And the eye."

"The thorn . . ." Wilson said.

"There you have something. But suppose it caused pain to Marais. Note I say, only, suppose. But something must have happened to him. If not, how could he have forgotten Congo? It is my opinion," Channel went on, "that Congo did not damage his eye. I examined it carefully."

"Bentinck did it," Wilson said. The old man's words came back to him. "Bentinck arranged with a witch doctor to do it. He said, 'It may do nothing; on the other hand, it may help. It may make him forget something.'"

Channel's voice was serious. "There are matters we do not understand. I'll burn this." His chair scraped as he got up. "Olga! Is anything the matter?"

They were all standing, looking at her.

"Nothing," she said. "Please sit down. I have come for the papers. They can't be left in an empty house." She shivered. "How empty it is!"

"Where are they? I'll help you." Wilson went to her. He put his arm around her shoulders.

"In the wall safe in Congo's room. I thought they would be safest there." She had a key in her hand.

"I will get you something to make you sleep, Olga," Channel said, when she came back.

He came out of Olga's room as Wilson went in to say good-by to her. He had the papers she had given him in his pocket. His car was loaded. He had said good-by to the others. Only this, the last good-by, was left. Olga sat up as he came in.

SHE said, "Sit down, Henry." She pointed to the edge of the bed. "In a few days you will be in Nairobi. You will see Frazer. You will be in a different world. You will think of the woman Olga, no longer prejudiced by her presence. You may think that she is an adventuress; that she will not be faithful. So I want you to go alone. When everything is over, here, in a month I will come. And either you will be there or you will not."

"I'll be there."

"Then good-by, Henry." She raised her face to be kissed.

When he had gone, she sat still, waiting for the sound of his car; she heard it start.

Channel had told her about the figure in the car. Henry had told her what Bentinck had said to Entobo. She wondered what Frazer would think of it all; she hoped she had made it clear.

When he reached Nairobi, Wilson went straight to Frazer.

"So you're back. Quite a little show you had up there."

"So you know about it."

"Roughly. No details, of course, but I hear of most things. Bush telegraph, you know." Frazer shrugged apologetically.

"Well, I've got the details for you and old Bentinck's notes. Olga . . . Mrs. Le Blanc said I was to bring them to you at once."

Frazer held out his hand. "Glad she's all right," he said. "Charming woman." He looked at the papers carefully. There were notes in Bentinck's crabbed tight hand . . . in Olga's writing: the tale of the comings and goings of von Brandt, the reported opinions of the administrator, of Marais. He got up and, unlocking a drawer, took out a file.

Yes, here were the missing links.

Amin el Husseine, the Grand Mufti, had prophesied in Iraq that the Nile would cease to flow. When it did, the Moslems would take it as a sign from Allah and rise up to throw the infidels from the East.

It had seemed a mad prophecy at the time, but how nearly it had come off!

He thought of the series of accidents which had prevented it: Sebastian's pursuit of his wife; Marais forgetting Congo; Channel having his gun in his hand when he ran over to Olga's house.

It could have been done. Victoria could have been drained. And the dolls of an old witch doctor might have saved the Empire. He looked back at Olga's report.

"I DID not see the figures, but Channel did," she wrote. "And Mr. Wilson told me that Bentinck had arranged with Entobo to have them placed where Marais would find them. But this does not explain the figure in the car that he cannot have seen, nor the fact that Marais' right eyeball was pierced and his right arm torn off. Von Brandt's fate is easier to understand. This, too, was Entobo's doing, Wilson says. It was arranged that he should be killed by the girl, since girls were his weakness, and living in that vicinity she must have known about the lava crust."

He put down the paper.

Somewhere in another file he had a confidential report that might have something to do with the case. Soon after he came, von Brandt had struck Entobo with a whip. The trouble had been hushed up because of the complications it would have caused. That blow, given two years ago, might have been his death warrant. . . . More things in heaven and earth . . . more things in Africa. Here only the ordinary was strange.

Africa was guarded by her fevers, her little forest paths saved by the beasts that trod them, her rivers watched by saurians. Her secrets were forever guarded . . . forever safe.

This was the Congo song: the song of the sluggish rivers, of the mountains, the forests; the song of the distant throbbing drums, of the ripe fruits falling, of the mosquitoes humming in the scented dusk; the song of Entobo, of the gorilla and the snake.

The song no white man would ever sing.

Frazer turned to Wilson. "You'll stay with me, of course. Any plans?"

"Get back, I suppose, and see what I can do."

"Any idea when you want to go?"

"Soon, but I'll stick around a bit. Mrs. Le Blanc is coming as soon as things are sorted out. The inquiry, you know."

"I'll see she has no trouble."

When he told Frazer he was going to marry Olga, he said, "Congratulations. Charming woman."

"You didn't tell me she was there."

"No," Frazer replied. "I thought it might put you off—social life and all that. Besides, I thought it would interest you to find her for yourself."

It was a month before Olga arrived, driving Marais' car. There had been a little trouble over it. Sebastian had been against her taking it. Such an act, he said, was not correct. He had become a great stickler for convention. But Olga knew that behind his protests had been the desire to steal the car himself. Not having a car except the big truck had been one of her husband's eccentricities. He had claimed that the government should supply transport. The argument, begun when they came, had ended only with his death.

A month. And what a month it had been! The inquiry, the packing-up, the giving away of everything, the paying-off of servants, the good-bys to Channel and Sebastian. The doctor had decided to go to Abyssinia because, he said, the country was nearly unknown and might be interesting—its people and their diseases.

"Abyssinia!" Sebastian had shouted. "We will come with you. I, Sebastian, with Maria. We will travel in your miserable auto till it breaks down. We will become chiefs, kings." He strode up and down. "It is settled, my friend, my comrade. Only death will part us." He picked up his wife in his arms. "A great day!" he said.

But Maria had wept. Entobo had threatened her if she did not destroy von Brandt. Her fear of the German had gone, but she was doubtful if Entobo would give her any reward for her work.

Olga smiled at the memory of the three. And above all, coloring everything, were her thoughts of Henry Wilson and her hopes for the future. Would he wait for her, or would he go back?

She knew she had changed, but would any one else know it? And had she really changed, or did it only seem that she had? Could any one change?

Her luggage was in the back with her boy. That was all she had retained of her old life. I am going to begin again, she thought. They were all beginning again, except Owen. She saw in her mind, as she drove, their faces; she thought of the fetes and the parties; she heard her husband's gentle voice. But it was all past. In front of her was Nairobi—and Henry, if he had waited. For Henry Wilson she felt what she had felt for no one else. He seemed to be the answer she had been seeking all her life.

She guessed that he would be staying with Frazer and she drove to the house. There he was in the garden, reading. He saw her at once.

"So you've come, Olga."

"Yes, I've come."

"Everything is settled?"

He had not kissed her. "Yes, Henry."

"Then come in. The boys will see to your things. Frazer has your room ready. I told him you were coming."

He led her along a passage. "Your room, Olga."

For a fortnight Wilson had kept fresh flowers in this room: red roses, the darkest and most fragrant he could find. For a fortnight he had thought of her being here, adding her perfume of geranium to that of the roses. The moment had come. She was here. In his arms, close to him. Warm and soft against him, her lips on his.

"It has been a long time, Henry."

"A long time," he said. "A very long time."

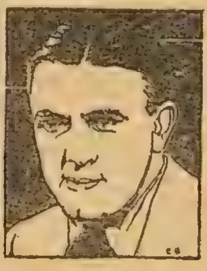
THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

THIS war has produced many strange and fascinating personal odysseys—on rafts, in lifeboats, in jeeps, and afoot. That of Dr. Wassell, which is told by **James Hilton** in **The Story of Dr. Wassell** (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, $1.50), lacks the drama and grimness of many. True, Dr. Wassell fought death, but not locked in a personal, bitter struggle as others have.

He fought for men's lives as doctors fight, sometimes with words of cheer, sometimes by keeping the truth from them, and always by ministering to their bodies whenever he could. In case you have forgotten this man, he is the navy doctor whom the President praised for getting his charges — wounded officers and sailors of the cruisers Houston and Marblehead—out of Java just before it finally fell to the Japs.


James Hilton

The navy sent Dr. Wassell to look out for these men in the Dutch hospital to which they had been transferred. When he arrived, Java seemed impregnable, a bastion too strong for the Japanese to carry without suicidal losses. But when Singapore fell, and then the air raids on Java began, the doctor knew enough to look around for a way out.

But never for himself alone. These sailors for whose care he had been assigned were "his men," and though some of them lay too wounded or burned to move, he watched and tended and shepherded them out of Java; and those he could not get out on the first ships to sail he took to the inland hospital, where he risked capture himself, until he arranged to take them to the port again with the last English column to leave central Java; and at the port he found a ship for them all.

Colonel James Saxon Childers

His is a story of great personal heroism, of even greater devotion to duty, and of superlative love for his fellows. James Hilton tells it simply and well, which is the way the doctor might have told it himself, because that is the way he works.

OTHER examples of courage and co-operation are well described in **War Eagles** (D. Appleton-Century Co., New York, $3.75) by **Colonel James Saxon Childers.** This is the story of the Eagle Squadron, a band of American flyers who operated under English leadership. Colonel Childers tells the story of each of the American flyers separately and finishes off with a history of the squadron.

The stories are personal, thrilling, highly dramatic, and sometimes amusing. Occasionally, as they must be in war, they are also tragic. As a whole, they make up a picture of youthful daring and ability that every American will read with excitement and pride.

A SEAMIER side of current American life is the subject of a novel called **White Face** (Robert McBride & Co., New York, $2.75), by **Carl Ruthaven Offord.** Mr. Offord traces for us the cruel, sad saga of a Negro family which tries to escape the hopeless poverty of life on a Southern farm to set itself up in New York's Harlem.

As a book, it falls short of such a dramatic *tour de force* as Native Son, but its implications are there. It also has the quality of being highly believable. It is a book which deserves to be read because, for one thing, it points out the danger we face in allowing the conditions it discusses to prevail; and for another, it reminds us of something we cannot be told too often—that the ways and principles of democracy should also begin at home.

Continued from Page 33

STALK THE HUNTER

"You know about it, of course?" His quick glance reflected her tone.

"I heard something about it."

"You probably made arrangements to go, then."

"No." Kit was evasive. "As a matter of fact, I already told some people that I couldn't go because I planned to be out of town. It might look odd if I turned up."

"Might it?" he asked. "Well, it's quite simple. Tomorrow you'll call up these people and say you've changed your plans. You'll be there."

"But I can't!" she protested.

"Why not?"

"I can't tell you!"

"Listen to me, my child. The last time we discussed this, I threatened you with a prison sentence as a German spy. Apparently it hasn't convinced you. Very well; let's give the screw one more turn. Last night you shot and killed a man. I saw you do it. You walked so close to me, we might have been dancing, and when you fired the shot I was right behind you!" He laughed. "The temptation to tap you on the shoulder and say 'Boo!' was almost too great to resist, but I managed to keep myself in hand or you'd have dropped dead with fright!"

"No!" The terror she would have felt, had it happened, leaped at her now and clawed her like a tiger.

"I'm afraid it's 'yes.' You then dragged the body out of my house and hid it very cleverly."

"I hid it?" she asked vacantly. "Who was he?"

He looked at her guardedly. "I've no way of knowing who he was or where he is, so I'm not an accomplice in a conspiracy to silence. You've got to produce the body to get a conviction. But, I'm warning you, I'm liable to stumble on it at any moment; and I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if it were to turn up sometime when you're being particularly stupid!"

KIT glanced at the silent door. For the moment she had forgotten about Dan. Along with her exposing Paul, he was exposing her. Here was something she hadn't told Dan. His suspicions of her would be revived. Things were going badly for her.

Paul watched her silently for a moment, and then went on:

"Now, as I was saying, the money to be collected at the picnic will be brought back to New York in one of their automobiles. You are to ride back in that car—"

"But how?" Kit's voice kept breaking away from her.

"You'll find a way. You're to ride in the car, and on the way back you'll pass a gas station called Shorty's. You are to have the car stopped, on some pretext or other. Don't ask me; I'll leave that to you. Have the car pulled into the station—and, take my advice, keep clear of it. There's going to be an accident."

THE SHYLOCK LOAN COMPANY
GEORGE WOLFE

"He says he has his personal reasons!"

"What?"

He shrugged. "How do I know? But, whatever it is, it'll do the trick."

"Nazis prefer it bloody."

"National Socialists prefer results," he corrected her. He frowned suddenly, and then rose from his chair, quickly looking about him. "We seem very free tonight with names, don't we? What's on your mind, Kit?" he asked abruptly. "It had better be good!"

THE restlessness disappeared in a moment, and he grinned. "Oh, I see!" He walked over to the door behind which Dan was standing. Then, without moving his head, he glanced from Kit to the door and then back again. He put his fingers gently on the knob and turned it very slowly without making a sound. Kit watched him, transfixed, not daring to think what would happen. From the slow smile on his lips, Paul had a way to handle this. She wondered whether she ought to warn Dan, but her throat was paralyzed. She could scarcely breathe. Paul shifted his position a bit, as though he were an athlete preparing for the word "go."

"You're very nervous!" Kit said quietly. She was standing behind him, and his head turned slightly as he heard her. Kit swallowed hard to keep her voice under control. "When you're through looking for bogeymen, give me a light, please." His large hands still held the door, but he continued to hesitate. Kit knew that she was playing the most childish trick in the world, but if there were any childish pettiness in him at all, he would respond.

"For goodness' sake," Kit went on, "open the door and then give me a light. If you're so frightened, relieve yourself. Open it. I wouldn't miss the expression on your face for worlds!"

His hand relaxed and the knob rotated back to its normal position with a click. When he turned, he was smiling again, but not sheepishly, as she had expected. His eyes seemed hooded and patient.

"Perhaps it's not my surprise, after all," he said. "In the long run, I think it'll be yours!"

He held his lighter to her cigarette.

"You've forgotten that you already have a light. If you need another one," Paul went on, pointing to her burning cigarette, "you can have as many fires as you like."

He picked up his coat and left. His footsteps resounding down the corridor were light and crisp, almost as though he were keeping time to some gay tune.

Kit leaned wearily against the desk.

"You can come out now, Dan," she said.

Whatever Paul had in mind, at least she had proved her point to Dan. No matter how badly she had been implicated, there was no doubt that Paul was exposed.

The door didn't open.

"Come out!" Kit's voice was sharp. A terrible doubt dawned on her, and she grabbed the knob, swinging the door open wide.

There was nobody there.

"DAN!" Her voice echoed remotely from the narrow stair well. She stood there, staring up into the gloom, hoping to see what her ears couldn't detect. Nothing answered her. A whole world of hints, fears, and doubts lurked in each shadow.

"Dan!" Her voice broke into a scream of despair and frustration. The sound racketed about from wall to wall, spiraling up and then spiraling down, distorted in a million ways into something that was no longer a human sound; and then it died away into a whisper.

"Dan!" she called again, almost as soon as the earlier sound had died away, because she was afraid of the dead waiting silence. She ran up the first quarter flight of stairs, and as she did so the shadows took on a slightly different aspect, as though, of one accord, they had moved to one side to keep her in sight. The sound of her footsteps clattered away after her voice. She could hear them resounding on the iron stairs.

There was no one up here. Nothing could be heard except the distant sound of traffic on Fifth Avenue, and that sound had no relation to reality. In sudden panic, she raced down the steps and into her office, slamming the door behind her. She kept her hand on the knob and leaned against the door as though the thing she feared could walk through locks, doors, and walls.

But it wasn't enough. Directly opposite her was the other door. It stood open, stretching into the darkness of the exhibit. She could see the corners of the long cases, and beyond those more shadows. She shivered as she took a few quick steps across the room and closed the door; and then, riding the same impulse, she pulled the window down.

Her small gestures for isolation were in vain. She stood in the center of the small office and tried to shut herself off from what was happening to her; but there was no way to shut out the fears that spun in her mind. What had happened to Dan? Had he gone away in disgust when he heard her exposed?

There was another possibility that might be explained by Paul's neglect to open the door; and that was that he knew all the time there was no one there because he himself had seen to Dan's removal! It meant the same thing had happened to Dan that had happened to Anna. It meant that, one after another, any one from whom Kit sought aid would be picked off in this stealthy way.

The last suspicion, the third possibility, was almost too dark to face. Her first fears were correct: Dan was in league with Paul. To face it sent any hopes for release skittering like a dried leaf in the wind.

But Kit could sort them out this way for only a moment. After that they merged into one another, and their chaos was more terrifying. It made it impossible to remain where she was—and impossible to contemplate leaving the museum through the dark corridors. The darkness was alive for her now; it stood poised to close in around her like a vast smothering blanket. She tried to collect herself. This was too close to disintegration. Her hands covered her face, and the manual pressure helped give her the illusion of strength.

IN a moment the shattering spasm of animal terror was over. Very methodically, Kit put on her hat, took her bag, and turned out the light. She opened the door and walked into the exhibition room with a firm step.

She turned the corner into the main corridor, and a small square of light at the other end of the building was the street light on Fifth Avenue illuminating the glass pane in the main door. She kept her eyes fixed on it.

In the main hall, the square of light just before the doors was suddenly obliterated as a man stepped out of the gloom and took Kit's arm. It was Dan! Only the ridges and hollows of his face were visible, and the shadow that was his mouth was a straight line. The shock was so sudden that Kit could say nothing.

"Come outside," Dan said quietly.

"Did you see—" Kit began, glancing about.

"He left a few minutes ago," Dan told her in reassurance. "I waited until I saw him go out the front entrance."

Kit shook her head. "It's not enough!" she said. "He may be standing across the street, waiting to see. He had a good reason for not opening that door. It wasn't that I managed to talk him out of it. A man like Paul wouldn't take a chance."

Dan didn't answer. He waited with his own thoughts, and then he led her back along the main hall.

"We can get out through the basement. There's a guard on duty down there. He'll let us out."

The shadows had lost their terror for Kit. As they walked back a few feet to the staircase, she felt ashamed at the thought that this had ever seemed anything else but a quiet, familiar place.

The guard was sitting beneath a pale bulb, reading a magazine. He glanced up and recognized Dan.

"Not using the front door tonight?" he asked.

"This is an easier way to get into the park," Dan told him; his voice was low and confiding.

The guard unbolted the door, and then winked as he held it open.

Dan and Kit walked along a curving path that opened onto Fifth Avenue a block below the museum. If some one had been waiting at the main entrance, he never could have seen them come out.

"Where did you disappear to?" Kit asked.

"I went up the stairs as soon as I heard his voice change tone. But the doors were locked all the way up to the fourth floor, so I had to keep going before I could get out and come around."

"Do you think he heard you going up?"

"He might have," Dan admitted. "I was as quiet as I could be, but once you start to run away from something, you become far more intent on just getting away than on how you're doing it."

"Are you convinced now?" Kit asked.

"He said a lot of things," Dan told her. There was an edge to his voice.

"Most of them are true."

"You admit you shot a man?" He was trying desperately to keep his voice noncommittal, but shocked incredulity burst through. Kit glanced up at him, but he was staring ahead.

"Yes," Kit said quietly. "I don't know who he is. I was shooting at Paul."

He stopped short under a light.

"You tried to kill Paul?"

"Yes."

"This was last night?"

She nodded.

"Is that the reason you refused to have dinner with me when I asked you? You were planning it then?"

"Yes, Dan," Kit replied very soberly.

HE shook his head slowly as though he were trying to understand. "I don't get it," he admitted. "I can understand killing a man in battle, yes; that's what wars are. But this, in cold blood!"

"I'm not a murderess in the sense you mean," Kit protested. "You know my background, the sort of people I've studied and worked with. Am I a criminal? Would I do the sort of work I do if I were an adventuress?" She shook his arm. "Can you think that I'd take a life out of cruelty? I don't want revenge—no civilized person does! Do you remember the people you knew so well and liked so much abroad? Do you know what's become of them, those who are not Nazis?"

She stopped for breath, and for another reason. She was saying too much without convincing. It was on the tip of her tongue to go into details, but she knew from experience that the more harrowing the story the less it was felt. He might believe them, but it was beyond his comprehension to realize what they meant.

Kit caught herself, but her indignation absorbed his gaze.

"Yes," she went on; "I tried to kill Paul Campbell because this *is* war, and the only way to fight is to fight on every front at every minute. I don't care about myself. I'm interested in only one thing—that is, a woman whose name I may tell you some time or other. It's because Paul wanted to get at her that I went out there. If it's a matter of Paul or this woman, there's really no question. It's not important what happens to me, as long as I can help her in some way. And I've failed her. Instead of being of help, I actually led Paul to her. Now she's gone, and I've accomplished nothing!"

He was making no sense of it. Her indignation had outrun his understanding, and emotionally he was left far behind, staring at her, wondering what bridge could reach her.

"You'll have to start all over again from the very beginning," he said. "I don't see the implications. It's all jagged edges."

"Let's go into the park and sit down," Kit replied. "It'll take time."

The yellow lamplights gave the park a theatrical quality. Winding paths, empty benches, the profusion of trees and broad lawns lay like a shadowed sea with occasional islands of light.

Infantry commanders always put a left-handed man on the left flank while traversing unknown country at night because of this fact: recent scientific investigation shows that left-handed people possess this decided advantage over those who are right-handed: they can walk straight. Right-handed people always deviate to the left.

Gene LUTTENTON

"It's getting so I'm scared to look."

They selected a bench near the bridle path. No one was near them. Through the bare branches of trees they could see the night sky and the few stars which showed through the haze that hung over the city.

"Cigarette?" Dan started on a quiet note. Kit took one and he lit it for her. The flame glowed on his face and cupped hands, and then was whipped out. "Go on," he said.

"In the first place, I'm in this country on a false passport. It was the only way I could get out of the occupied countries. I was born in the United States, but I was declared a Czech citizen. Then, after a while, there was no longer a Czechoslovakia. I had to do it!"

"It's a serious offense," he said in a neutral tone.

Kit shrugged. "Yes, I know; but it's not death. That's what would have happened had I remained where I was. I worked in various parts of the Reich, but finally there was no place where I wasn't known—"

"Worked?" he asked, looking at her. "What kind of work?"

She hesitated a moment before answering, but then realized that the time was past for holding back if she wanted his trust.

"I WORKED with the Czech underground," she said. "Our work consisted of organizing resistance to the Nazis, keeping up morale in the face of continued internal defeats, aiding prisoners to escape from concentration camps. I worked under a variety of aliases and disguises, but the Gestapo was always rather close behind me. I got into Portugal by sailing in a fishing boat from the French coast without papers. But they had two gunmen there waiting for me. The only way out was in a small boat going to Rio de Janeiro. I got passage, with ten minutes to spare, simply because another refugee, a Pole, was willing to give up his passage for me. As I got aboard I was given the passport. From Rio I went to Mexico, where I was able to cross the border by bus. After a short time in New York, I met you."

She went on to explain her position, and he listened, smoking silently. Only occasionally did he ask a question to clear up some minor point in her relationship to Paul. Even when Kit stopped talking, he said nothing for a long time.

"Well." He spoke at last, slowly and tentatively. "It's not completely hopeless, you know. I'm an army officer."

There was a stubborn quality to his voice that didn't reassure her.

"Exactly what do you mean?"

He looked at her gravely. "I have a duty to report what information I receive. I'll try to present your case as favorably as possible."

Kit stared at him. "You mean you're going to report me?"

"I don't see any alternative."

"But then I'm the one to suffer by it!" she said swiftly. "In the meantime, Paul will be free. Anna will be"—her voice dropped in despair—"God knows where!"

She'd been a fool to trust him! Conrad was right; she was going to pieces fast.

The silence that hung between them was active. Every second they remained that way they drifted a little farther apart; the rapport between them faded. Desperately Kit tried to stop it.

"I don't mind what happens to me," she said. "I told you that before. It's Anna I'm worried about. Anna, and Paul. Get him first, and then anything that's waiting for me is all right."

He didn't turn. She could see that he was holding her off.

"You'll tell your story to the proper authorities, and then they'll take proceedings."

"But what can I say?" she insisted. "I have no actual proof. It's my word against his, and what chance will I stand? I'm here illegally—a confessed murderess! And Paul's social record is absolutely perfect. He can deny everything. A man like Dr. Lewes, as innocent as a child, will vouch for him. That's the rub. *I* know, but I can't prove anything."

"Nevertheless, we'll have to leave such an investigation to the F. B. I. or the Army Intelligence."

She had her hand on his arm, as though the physical contact might break through to him.

"If that happens, Paul will be sure to find out," she said, and her voice was urgent. "Then he'll do as he threatened. I haven't any doubt at all that he can plant sufficient evidence to make me look like a Nazi agent. He'll have time to clear himself—and that still doesn't help Anna."

"Anna?" Dan said. He turned to her, and for the first time his voice was personal. "I'm more worried about you than I am about Anna."

"If you are, then having me convicted as an enemy agent isn't going to relieve your mind." She stopped as she saw his face. "You're in love with me, aren't you, Dan?"

He looked up somberly, but there was a wry smile on his lips that didn't touch his eyes.

"Not that it's any of your business," he said. "But I guess that I am. Does that make any difference to you?"

If she could lean closer to him, with a soft smile, she would have him. There'd be no question at all then. It wouldn't be hard. He was waiting for her answer; she could see the hope in his eyes. His mouth looked very strong. She wouldn't even have to say anything, merely raise her face to his. It was so easy!

"I'm not in love with you, Dan, if that's what you mean." It wasn't easy at all—it was impossible.

He tossed away his cigarette.

"THAT'S exactly what I mean," he said. "But I live in hope. However, that's something else again. Getting back to where we were. I'd like to do what I can for you, but I don't know where to begin. That is," he said, looking at her very sharply, "if this whole thing is on the level."

"What do you mean 'on the level'?" Kit gasped. Her voice rose. "Do you think this is all a joke?"

"I don't know!" There was a note of tortured desperation which placed his answer on the same high-pitched emotional level as hers. "It could be—could easily be! That little scene between you and Paul could have been faked. But why? Don't ask me that; but it could have been!"

"You mistrust me because I'm a foreigner?"

"No!"

"I think that's it," she insisted quietly. "I have a slight accent when I talk; I come from a background you don't know; and so instinctively you set me, and people like me, apart."

"Perhaps!" He admitted it doggedly and not too convinced.

Kit watched him, and gave a short, helpless laugh.

"I never saw any one so suspicious," she said. "I want to apologize for ever thinking you might be fooled by Fascism as a way of life."

"That's something else again," he pointed out. "As far as Americans go, it depends on how it's presented. If it were fixed up to look like a slight variation of something we are familiar with in our own lives, we might fall for it. All scientists are radicals within the framework of their science, but outside of it I suppose I'm conservative. I'm suspicious of anything new and different, I may want to know what makes it tick, but I'm not sure I'm going to like it. That makes me pure Yankee. That's why I'm suspicious of all this business. It's never happened to me before, nor to any one I know."

"IT'S happened to people you knew abroad!"

"I suppose it has," he conceded. "But I can't visualize it. I can't see them sitting in concentration camps. I can *say* it, yes; but to *know* it and *feel* it—" He shook his head. "That's beyond me!"

"But you said you were in love with me," she reminded him insistently. "That ought to make you give me the benefit of the doubt."

"It does just the opposite! I'm in love with you, and you're not in love with me. That means you can use me if you want. Yes, I'm in love with you, but I don't know anything about you. I'm not a kid. I've been in love before, and I know that being in love with a person and liking her are two different things."

"Then your first impulse is to hand me over to the police?"

He laughed. "No. My first impulse is to offer to lay down my life for you. But I'm old enough now to wait for the second impulse before I act on the first. My second impulse is to turn you in."

"It's not as clear-cut as you try to make it seem," Kit said. She had herself under control now. "You talk of turning me in, which means you believe me. In the next breath you accuse me of plotting with Paul to hoax you. That means you *don't* believe me. Which is it?"

He didn't answer—staring directly in front of him at something in the back of his mind.

"You've fooled me," Kit went on. "Or, rather, I'm afraid I've fooled myself. You kept telling me how badly you wanted to be considered a friend, and I thought that when I took you into my confidence you'd actually be glad of the chance to help. I've put myself into your hands completely. That was proof of *my* friendship. I was hoping you'd repay in kind."

He gestured impatiently. "Really, Kit—what do you expect? All this is beyond me. My country is at war—" He laughed wryly and shook his head. "It's far, far easier for me to say that I'm in love with you than it is to say that—well—that I'm patriotic, that I love my country! You just don't say those things! But there it is. I don't want to take any chances. More than that, I admit that I can't cope with this situation. I don't know how to deal with people like Paul."

"You're not afraid; I'm sure of that."

"It's not a question of being afraid. It's just that here a new technique is called for, and I don't know it."

"In that case," Kit said, "you can suit yourself. All I ask of you is to wait before reporting all this until I can get some evidence against Paul. The one thing I'm afraid of is that if he's reported before there's concrete proof he'll be able to cover up."

"Perhaps!"

"Very well, then! Suppose you get in touch with your superiors just before the picnic. Have them send some people to catch the whole thing at the gas station. That's concrete enough."

He considered this in silence for a moment, and Kit went on:

"But don't notify them until the day before, because if you do he'll get wind of it, one way or another."

"You'll still be implicated," he said, finally.

"I told you I wasn't really worried about myself. And, anyhow, it won't be as a German agent. There's the passport thing, of course—"

"And the dead man," he reminded her.

Kit shrugged. "We'll face those things when we come to them."

"Of course," Dan said, and now his voice was different. He was speaking speculatively about an approach to a common problem. "We can always try to get a line on the way he gets his money. He can't support that house on what he gets from the museum. There's an extra income from somewhere."

"That's true! How would we go about it?"

"Well, I was thinking that if we drove down there, and stopped off in one of the real-estate offices, they could tell us something about the house—who owns it, what the rent is. We ought to be able to get some information."

"There you are! You see, you *do* have ideas."

He turned to her, smiling.

"I didn't say I didn't have ideas. Ideas are a dime a dozen. The question is, are they the right ideas?" The smile deepened. "You knew all along I'd fall in love with you, didn't you?"

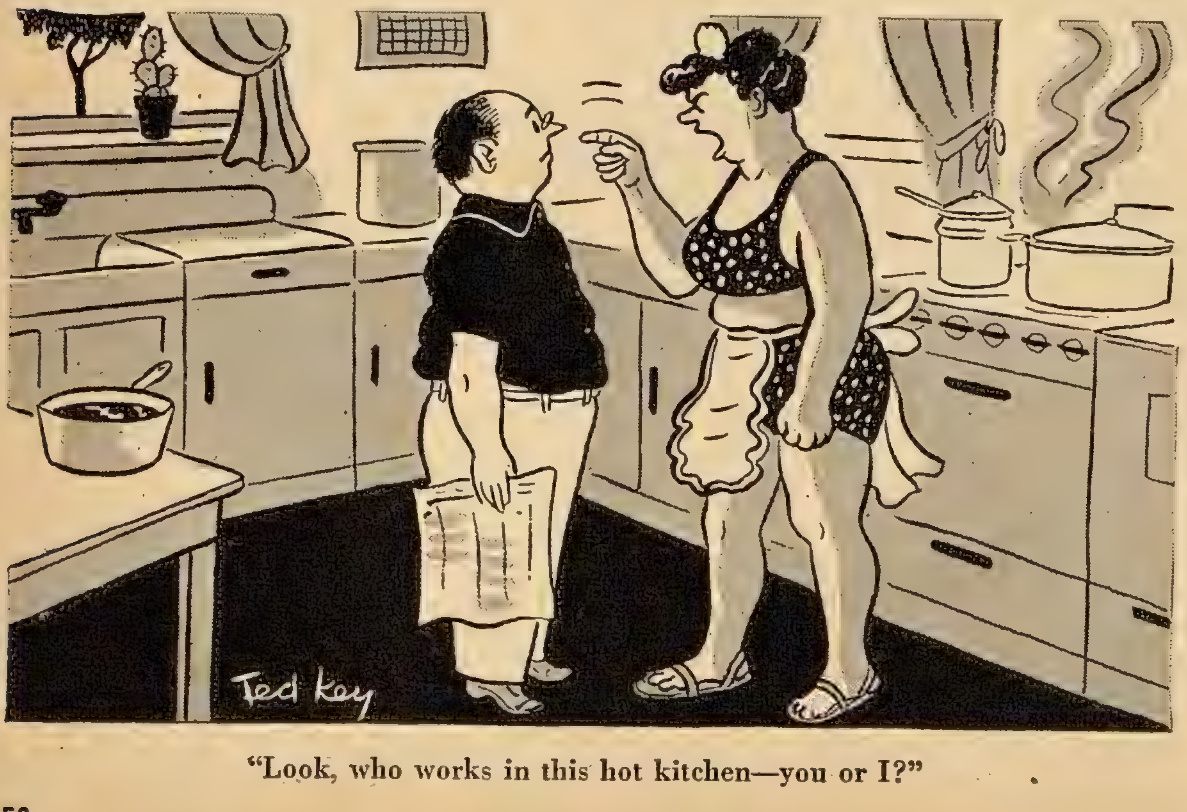
Kit laughed outright. "That suspicious mind again! No; as a matter of fact, I didn't. Up until a few seconds ago I was sure you wouldn't, and I was wondering whether or not to make a break for it and run."

He shook his head and opened a fresh pack of cigarettes.

"You couldn't have," he said quietly. "I had my legs all ready to trip you up if you tried it." His voice was very pleasant when he spoke, but he wasn't joking.

THE following day was Saturday, and the warm weather continued. The air was very balmy, almost enervating. It penetrated the museum, giving a new current of life to the entire place. Kit had arranged with Dan to leave the museum around twelve and drive out toward Saginaw. For the time being, the seriousness of her predicament was pushed back, and in its place was the feeling that this was some sort of holiday. It was more than a day's freedom from routine work—it was the promise of an end to harrowing pursuit. The prey was turning to stalk the hunter.

Will Dan and Kit be able to find out anything that will help them to trap Paul? Their trip to Long Island yields danger and excitement, as you will discover next week.



"Look, who works in this hot kitchen—you or I?"

CALL ME SPIKE

Continued from Page 21

about this," he said, almost happy again. "What's Nobby Clark got on Spike? I'm going to find out."

That was what Ben Kane ate up—a mystery. He's the worst lookout in the Daisy. You could put a U-boat in his eye. But about people, he's on the boil to see what cooks. He wrinkles up his whole skull over it. On leave, he lives in the movies, except when he can listen in on a good troublesome soap opera.

By that time about eight men had told Clark that in Canadian ships and also in the Royal Navy all Clarks are Nobby Clarks and all Sullivans are Spike Sullivans, just as all Paines are Whackers, all Rosses are Stormy, all Martins are Pinchers, all Whites Knockers, all Woodwards Bully, and like that.

"It goes back way past Nelson's time," they told him. "You're Nobby Clark in this man's navy."

"I'll be what I want to be—Spike." Nobby said. "And you chaps will be proud to call me that, too, before I'm through."

He was staring up at the pom-pom platform aft. But he wasn't looking at Spike Sullivan up there; he was looking at the long-barreled Oerlikon that Spike and another guy were putting sixty pounds of tension on, getting set for business.

Nobby Clark had all the crowd's eyes then. "Feel a medal coming on, kid?" Nordyke, an A. B., asked, grinning friendly enough.

You could see the answer was "Yes!"

"You'll get your medal when they start handin' 'em out for chopping ice off the foredeck or turning blue in the wind," Ben Kane said. "Which they won't. Look, Nobby. What you got on Spike Sullivan, hey?"

"I never saw him before," Nobby said.

"Related to you, isn't he?" Ben said. "Spike must have doped that out by what was in your birth certificate."

"Go jump in the ocean," Nobby said.

WELL, Ben Kane settled down to working on the case on that eastbound run. The destroyer of the senior officer might be flashing signals at us about the safety of the convoy and Ben's own neck. But there wasn't anything in North Atlantic operations that interested Ben.

Why hadn't Spike knocked Nobby through the side of the ship that day?

"Look, Ben," a man in his watch said to that matlow. "Don't you never get excited about Hitler and Göring?"

Ben Kane shook his head. "I can't," he said. "They don't make any sense to me. They got no human appeal. As phony as black villains in a Class B terror thriller. They aren't plausible, understand? Now, Spike and Nobby—"

"Well, now, how about Spike being a German spy and Nobby is a Japanese spy and—"

Ben Kane sat down on a depth charge and fiddled absent-minded with the primer. "You been reading a book," he said. "You're full up with melodrammer."

He wrinkled his face. "Could Nobby Clark be a woman—" he began muttering.

"Not in a corvette, brother," said the other matlow and went away. Ben gave up that theory. But he still agonized. Why does a hairy-chested A. B. let a green O. D. cross his hawse? Turning cheeks wasn't in Spike's line.

Nobby Clark kept asking for it. He'd mimic Spike walking the deck with his short thick legs wide apart and his arms pumping; Spike drinking his plew with sound effects; Spike washing his dhobi and hanging it up to dry. He was good at it, too.

Several times Spike caught him at it. But Spike would only put on that lopsided grin of his and walk away. Likely as not Nobby would follow him a ways, still imitating. Like a bear and giraffe these two were.

Spike lost so much face that a couple of the boys tried, like Ben, to bear down on him. It was still a mistake. He made fast hash of them. One of them took it out on Nobby.

Frank BEAVEN

"The Colonel wants to know who pitched for the Dodgers today!"

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The O. D. was willing enough with his fists but he was too green to last out. And then Spike mixed in—on Nobby's side! And Nobby still acted as if Spike was afraid of him! Tie that! Ben Kane couldn't.

"But something's coming," he said. "On the way!"

Ben Kane was still working on the case weeks later, when Nobby gave him more to deduce about. Where was she then? Crossing the Bay of Biscay, heading for North Africa. Africa! Yes, us. The cold-water navy got a break at last. Africa—warm water—at least it isn't ice by the time it blows over the bridge and cuts you in the face.

YES, we were loose, seeing the world at last—something besides Newfiejohn and the Fjord, as the matlows call Rekjavik. We'd been in an English base for a few days, too. When some of the kids of that town heard we were Canadians, they tailed us around, asking about red Indians and whether we'd ever been scalped and all that.

The matlows had to laugh. During the blitz of that port these scrawny little lads had been through more hell right in their own beds than any red Indian would have cared to take. Ben Kane was really interested in that twist. Well, all hands told the kids all the bloodcurdling Indian lies they could sweat up.

Nobby Clark was good at it. As many as twenty of 'em would swarm around him, listening. Never having been more than a quarter mile west of the Halifax docks, Spike Sullivan was a big disappointment. He'd grin that lopsided way of his and leave the yarning to Nobby. That didn't give Ben any clues. It was after we'd picked up this North Africa convoy that he got a new slant.

As I say, we were crossing Biscay. What with this and that, all hands had been closed up at action stations for three days on end, and Spike was having customers for his Oerlikon. They were fighter bombers, a lot livelier moving than the old Kuriers. It was a little rough, too, so Spike, strapped behind his gun, looked like a conga dancer working with a noisy band.

Down on the afterdeck Nobby Clark was crouched against the house watching Spike shoot. The bloke had browned off Nobby for depth-charge handling. The heavies weigh five hundred pounds and it takes more beef than experience to juggle them.

With no submarine action, Nobby had time to envy the gunners, which he was doing. By then he figured himself a real matlow. He wasn't ever easy about himself, but he knew more salty slang and was a lot cockier than anybody else in the Daisy. He saw the ship—all of it. What weight he had he threw, all the time. But mostly Nobby made eyes at the guns, the four-inch on the foredeck and the Oerlikons that throw twenty-millimeter high explosive at aircraft.

A plane came over, low and fast, machine-gunning. He got Spike's loader and put a slug through Spike's shoulder.

Up pops Nobby Clark, up the steps like a rocket. He laid a hand on Spike's shoulder—the good one—and started to unbuckle him from the gun.

"Let me help you out o' this so they can get you below, Spike," he said, mighty sad, and one of his hands ran over the gun, caressing.

The plane had gone, only wobbling. Cussing some, Spike whirled the gun and leaned way back in the canvas sling. He put up one foot against Nobby's chest, fast, and did what he could to shove him off the platform. He didn't quite make it; Nobby, staggering backward, grabbed the rail too soon.

"Keep your kid's claws off my gun!" Spike yelled. And then he shoved his potato face and oversize ears toward Nobby and said something else, brisk but very soft.

Believe it or not, Nobby wilted. One minute he was stealing a man's gun. The next he was hustling off that platform like it was hot.

Ben Kane, who was in the bloke's repair party, had been down on his face, not curious about anything while the plane was going over. But he got up to see the last part of it.

"What'd Spike say to him?" Ben wanted to know. "Huh? Did anybody hear? You can't stop that kid just with a blast. What—"

Another one came over. That's how this war breaks up things. Ben didn't find out.

That night a destroyer that carried a doctor took off Spike and a couple of other wounded. Spike wasn't bad. He'd walked below after the attack and Tiffy had plugged him up and left him happy. Spike put up quite an argument to stay in his hammock in the seamen's mess, but you don't get any place against officers. He went overside in the sea boat, according to plan.

After he'd gone Ben tackled Nobby. Nobby looked him over thoughtfully and gingerly.

"What did Spike say to me?" Nobby answered him. "He told me I could ask Guns to give me his Oerlikon till he—"

"I can make up better lies than that," Ben said, disgusted.

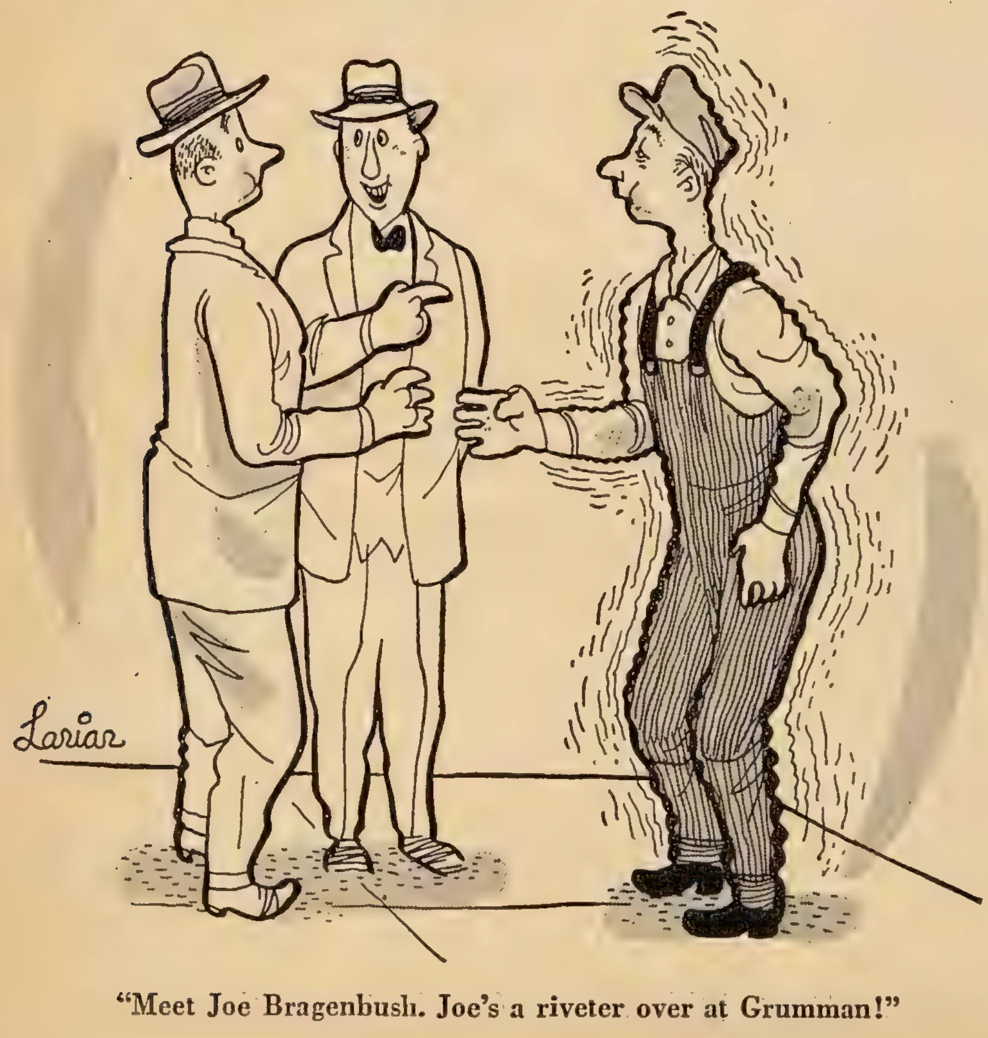
THE next afternoon we got a shock. Two matlows caught Nobby Clark down in the mess deck going through another guy's ditty bag.

"What's it to you?" Nobby Clark said, scowling. He walked right up to them, shooting out his jaw. But his face was paper white. "Some guy pinched my fountain pen. I'm going to get it back."

One of the men was Nordyke, who won't take anything from anybody. With a rush they closed on Nobby and pinned him down on the table. They found Nobby's fountain pen was right in his own stuff, on top. Ben Kane and another A. B. swore somebody had gone over their gear, too. They didn't find anything on Nobby. But there hadn't been anything worth pinching in the stuff.

A thief in the mess decks is hard to bear. It isn't what you lose; it's having somebody like that around. A tight place or a ride in a lifeboat can be coming up and you've got to depend on a heel like that.

THE HOME FRONT



"Meet Joe Bragenbush. Joe's a riveter over at Grumman!"

Nobby clamped his jaws shut after they found his pen. He listened, squirming around once in a while to get away.

"What have I stolen?" he broke in, when some of them had said it was a case for defaulters' parade and had decided out loud that they ought to turn him in to the 'swain to handle. "You can all go to blazes."

"Talk, or you're for it!" Ben Kane said. "Spill it all—or you'll get worse than Number Eleven from the Old Man. Explain about Spike."

Everybody waited.

Nobby glanced at the faces around him. It looked as if he would speak. Then, desperately, he closed his jaws again. The sweat was standing out, little shiny bits, on his white face.

An argument broke out. It didn't get anywhere faster than the convoy, which was a nine-knotter. In spite of Nobby shoving his freckles in all over the ship, acting cocky, and even picking fights, some of the matlows stood up for him. He had a good sort of grin, though he kept turning it off to stick his jaw out, very tough.

Well, he hadn't actually pinched anything. The chance of action against him faded out as the chatter went on. You could see the strain go off his face as the boys kept talking. He slumped, nearly out, with his arms and legs dangling.

After that, Nobby found he was lonely. The boys shied away. Being lonely when you're in two hundred feet of boat with seventy other ratings is bad.

Nobby's angle was that he didn't care. He kept on being cocky and nosed into everything from the pilot shooting the sun to the cook shooting the garbage after dark. But he was a lonely O. D., no matter how he played it.

THE convoy made the Medit and crawled along our new African coast. It was like summer coming. The boys aired their tattoo marks. Luxury-liner stuff. The destroyer with Spike Sullivan and the other wounded in her breezed off ahead at thirty-five knots.

"Spike will be wild," Ben Kane said, watching her go. "He likes his ship." He was wild himself, having his case split up.

The convoy kept creeping. We were going in past Tunisia, through Bomb Alley. We expected bombing planes daytimes and subs at dawn and dusk. But what we got, along toward the tail end of a black middle watch, was destroyers. Italian destroyers. Mostly they keep them indoors somewhere. But these two Its were out. They ran into the Daisy about four miles north and abeam of our convoy. She was off there, on a sweep, and these two, bent on firing a few shots and letting go some fish at the merchantmen, figured they were way outside the screen of escort ships. So they were, except for our corvette.

The bridge spotted them with asdic and with eyesight, though it was darker than inside a black cat. The Old Man let them come in close. He was matching surprise and one four-inch gun against the eight 4.7-inch guns they'd have between them, besides more A. A. armament.

The A. B. that had inherited Spike Sullivan's high-angle gun peered over the edge of the platform. "If that's you, Nobby Clark, hiding down there by the foot of the ladder, get away before I drop a magazine on your skull," he whispered. "You're adrift from your station in action, you!"

"What's the good of standing by the ash cans when there's no sub—" Nobby was mumbling, but the A. B. cut in: "Away, you deserter!"

Nobby went dragging aft.

The Old Man's idea was good. The only catch in it was that as the leader ghosted past three hundred yards ahead of the bow, the second It destroyer almost ran us down, blind. That was a moment in a nice black night. It lasted quite a while. Waiting.

Blam! The Daisy's four-inch opened up on the leader. The report tore apart the night. Nothing fancy about the shot, like figuring range, deflection, and all that. This darker blob on the dark horizon showed up. The Old Man spoke to Guns and they let her have it. Whereupon our after lookout let go a whoop, as if the shell had caught him square in the center of the pants. He'd seen this other destroyer towering up, bows on, on the port quarter, much closer than anybody thought.

Simultaneously our Oerlikons and other stuff opened—on both. We were spreading it mighty thin. But the surprise helped.

The Italian leader began evading action—skedaddling is the word—before she returned our fire. And at that her gunnery was ragged, because she'd been hit, her own ship was so close, and she didn't know but what she'd fallen into some trap. Anyhow, instead of blowing the corvette out of the water, she just blew.

The It who had the bridge of the second destroyer must have sheered her off us instinctively and gone astern on her engines when the Daisy opened up. They were in a swell spot to ram, but they didn't. A corvette is solid, anyhow. The destroyer began turning astern of us. Her sudden heel made her guns blast holes in the water between the two ships. Spray and hot gas dowsed the corvette. It was that close.

Too close. When you're looking right down the muzzles of 4.7s—and four of them at that—gunnery and nerve and skill don't count. They're going to hit you, brother, even if Benito himself, with both eyes shut, is the gunner. The Daisy's spot was desperate.

IT was right then that Nobby Clark was going into action. For seconds the destroyer's salvo had stunned him. Crouching by the port ash-can thrower, he'd been close. He was dropping tears of rage onto the three-hundred-and-fifty-pound depth charge that would crush a sub like a housewife steps on a tin can but isn't built for surface action.

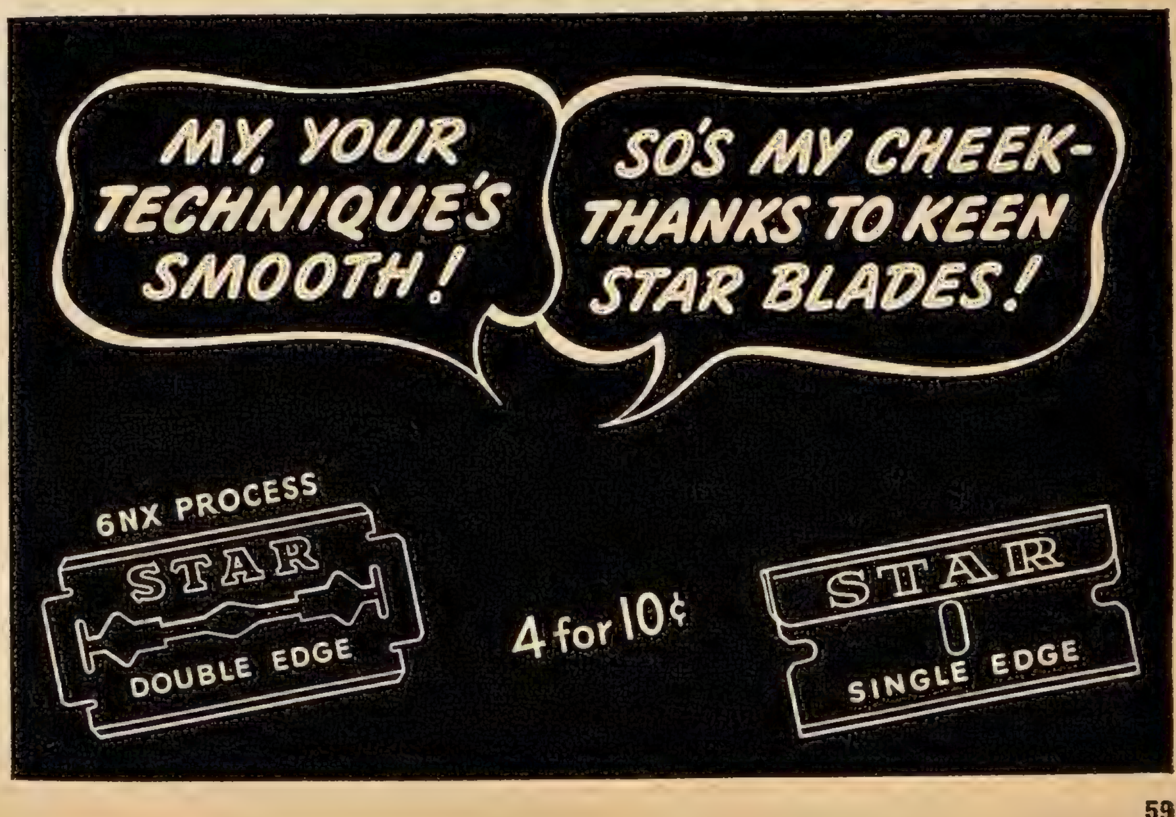
Then all at once he came to. His eyes jerked from the ash can to the dark bulk of the destroyer turning almost alongside. He let go a yell and grabbed for the pistol of the ash can. He changed the setting and jerked out the key in one twist and pull.

Also he didn't wait to get orders. He grabbed at the lanyard. He knew you were supposed to be going away fast when you tossed those things. But the Daisy's chances then weren't good, anyhow.

Blump! said the thrower, and it heaved the can of *TNT* up in the air.

It's no gun, that thrower. Nothing with an extreme range of less than fifty yards is a gun. But with the destroyer almost in our lap, fifty was plenty. It sent that can glancing against the destroyer's side.

No; it didn't go off. It just sank. And the destroyer was moving, with engines ahead again. The ash can


MY, YOUR TECHNIQUE'S SMOOTH!
SO'S MY CHEEK-THANKS TO KEEN STAR BLADES!
6NX PROCESS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
STAR
SINGLE EDGE

reached a depth of fifty feet. The pistol in it called for action.

Have you seen one of those nice-looking movies of a depth-bomb explosion—a thick column of white water hurtling skyward, hanging there a moment, and then roaring back into the sea? Well, the destroyer's stern was sitting on one of those things. Also, one of her magazines let go and one thing led to another.

IT'S too bad it was so dark. Not that even daylight would have given the Daisy's crew much of a view. The corvette jumped sideways quite a few feet on the wash. A tough little ship. Before anybody could get back on his feet the waterfall hit her. That kept the boys busy.

All of the fight and some of the stern had been knocked out of the destroyer. She went dead in the water. With all the white steam from her boilers around her she looked in the blackness like her own ghost. *Blam! Blam!*—we poured it on.

Down in the port gangway Ben Kane and another matlow picked up Nobby Clark. The explosion had blown him against a row of depth charges. He was out, and Tiffy, the sick-berth attendant, said there was something wrong with his back. They stowed him below.

But that was later, after the leading Italiano had buzzed off into the dark with one of ours after her and we were picking up the other destroyer's crew. All of 'em we got were glad to get blown out of the war.

"Whyn't these Its put up a peep about being shoved into a war in the first place, if they don't like it?" Tiffy asked Ben Kane. Ben didn't know.

Ben was sore, anyhow. We'd got a signal that they were taking off our prisoners and our casualties. That meant that Nobby Clark, too, was leaving and Ben was losing the second half of his unsolved mystery. These wars are terrible. Lots of signals that morning. What Nobby had done to that destroyer on his own was getting around.

The kid was conscious as they stood by to sling him over the side in a stretcher. He looked pretty gray behind his freckles.

"I'll be back, matlows," he said. His eyes went from one to another. "And I'm asking, anything any of you've collected about me just hang onto until I come. It might be worth something."

"Meaning—" Ben Kane started, but just then the bloke passed the word and we lowered Nobby over.

"'Anything any of you've collected—worth something,'" Ben Kane muttered. "Am I supposed to dope out something from that?"

Well, he didn't, though he kept chewing on it. Down from the bridge, where our signal projector was working overtime, trickled word that the senior escort officer, who was carrying a couple of war correspondents in his wardroom, was talking about getting a medal for Nobby Clark—just like Nobby had threatened. It was about time another Canadian sailor got handed a piece of tin.

At that, Nobby might rate one, the Daisy figured. Hadn't he knocked off a destroyer under his own steam, displaying resourcefulness and all that other stuff mentioned in dispatches? Of course nobody'd say now to any gold braid that they'd caught him with his fingers in another man's ditty bag.

We made our port, one of those sad places that all hands had taken turns bombing for years. There were some R. N. and U. S. ships in there, with a rear admiral.

The town didn't look like much. But it improved fast when we spotted Spike Sullivan, with his arm in a sling, standing on the mole as we came alongside to refuel. He hadn't broken out of the hospital; he was a walking case with privileges, and you know where a guy like that would walk. He looked at his Oerlikon first and then at us.

We didn't have to tell him about the destroyer. Nobby was already in his hospital. The doctors seemed to think he was all right.

Our chief engine-room artificer, who was a good, obliging guy, put up a squawk about Nobby's blast maybe knocking his shaft out of line, or something, so we hung around there. Some of us got liberty. Not the E. R. A., which made him do some fancy grousing.

Ben Kane shook his head. "If he'd act noble about it, he'd get some credit," he said. "He's got the wrong angle. Where's that liberty boat?"

ASHORE the boys found out that the rear admiral had worked himself up to giving Nobby a medal. In fact the rear flag was going to do it with splashes—a review ashore, newsreel men, and everything.

But when four of us Daisies ran into Spike Sullivan, we got a jolt. Spike shook his head.

"Maybe there'll be a review and a medal, but Nobby won't be there," he said. "That rear admiral ought to keep up to date. Nobby'll be in the hospital."

We looked at him. Of course Nobby had his faults and all that, but we had got around to standing him as a shipmate.

"They onto him?" Ben Kane asked.

"Is his back broken?" Nordyke said.

Spike hesitated. He studied us four. Then he jerked his head toward the little hill the hospital was on.

"I know an orderly," he said. "Come on, you."

He took us around the back of the hospital and left us under a sick-looking coco palm. After a while this lad in white opened the back gate. Spike was inside and this orderly, hushing us down, led us around behind a sort of wing onto the main building. He pointed to a window and blew.

We closed in on the window slow and soft. We looked through. Nobby Clark was in the nearest bed. He was asleep. His face was the size of a basketball. And there were streaks

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

WEIGHFARER: A fat tramp.

SUBOURBONITE: A tipsy commuter.

LAWNGEVITY: Old grass.

TOBARGAIN: Prices on the slide.

LOWQUACIOUS: A talkative midget.

SOUPREME: Wonderful broth.

SEACLUSION: Davy Jones' locker.

PENNYTRATION: Boring a hole in the piggy bank.

FEENOMINAL: Big dough.

LOBBYRINTH: Main floor of a big New York hotel.

down his face—streaks like tears make.

"Mumps," said Spike Sullivan. "Not dying. Not suffering any from that wrench he gave his back. Mumps."

"Mumps?" said Ben Kane. "Why—that's a kid's disease!"

"Sure!" said Nordyke.

"That's why he's got it," Spike said. "Because he is a kid. He caught it off those lads in England. He's fifteen, not eighteen."

"Fifteen? Nobby?"

"Fifteen," said Spike. "And that's grounds for discharge in this man's navy."

HE took out a paper. It was Nobby's birth certificate. "I got him right where I want him," Spike said. "I dug this up out of his stuff before they took me off the ship. Remember, I saw it the day he came aboard after that matlow that was shaving put a wet hand on it. Look!"

Where it said "1925" on the certificate the ink was a little blurred and a different color. Looking hard, you could see the "5" had once been an "8."

"He was looking for this when you caught him going through stuff in the mess deck," Spike said to Nordyke. "He knew somebody had copped it. But he didn't know it was me. He'd been scared to throw it away in case he got picked up ashore somewhere as a kid masquerading as a sailor. And yet it's a dead giveaway now. It was bad judgment not to burn it up."

"He's been worrying about it," Ben Kane said. His voice was uncertain and he looked sideways at Spike. Nordyke was growling in his chest.

Nobby woke up. His eyes jumped to the window. He saw Spike. His eyes fixed on the paper Spike held.

"It's a dead giveaway," Spike said again. "One squint at that by the Old Man and Nobby goes home a passenger, with no medal on his chest."

In spite of his swollen face, you could tell that Nobby was scowling.

> For a generation we have been living on the edge of a new world; we are only now beginning to realize it.
>
> —*Donald M. Nelson.*

He jerked up a fist and shook it at Spike Sullivan. Then he looked around to see if a nurse was in the room and started getting up out of bed. Once you knew he was fifteen you could see he was fifteen. And you could see he was too big to be a schoolboy in a fighting world, and too young to be a man, which was why he had to keep pretending he was so cocky and tough. And just when he'd won through to manhood, and medal winning on top of that, a kid's disease like mumps had to kick him back into childhood. No wonder his face was streaky and his fists were hard as he headed for us. His eyes, deep in his bulging face, burned at Spike.

Spike held up a hand, just like a traffic cop. He crammed Nobby's birth certificate into his mouth. He started chewing it. Solemn, Spike was, and he chewed hard.

We other sailors got it at once. Deadly serious. Ben Kane clamped his hand over his mouth. So did the rest of us. We made it plain we were all as dumb as oysters.

Nobby came tiptoeing over to the window. He was a sketch all right, grinning now all over that streaked swollen pudding face of his. He'd forgotten about that medal he was going to get without any big review.

Spike Sullivan hiccuped. He showed Nobby Clark the fist that wasn't in a sling.

"On the day you hit eighteen I'll be skinning my knuckles on your medal, Spike Clark," he said.

"The name is Nobby," Nobby Clark said in half a voice. "Nobby. Haven't you ever been in a navy? We Nobby Clarks go way back before Nelson's time and probably before the first Spike Sullivan."

Spike hiccuped again.

"I should of guessed this," Ben Kane said very sadly.

Some matlows are never satisfied.

THE END

SMOKING LESS—or SMOKING *MORE**?

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You're SAFER smoking
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Scientifically proved less irritating for the nose and throat

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ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
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America's FINEST Cigarette

JOHNNY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE

Continued from Page 15

him for the loss, to send him a batch of cookies.

On Tuesday night she arrived home from work so dog-tired that her one thought was just for the luxurious hot bath she would have before dinner.

She got as far as the middle of her own living room before she realized that the man's deep voice bellowing Home on the Range was coming from her own bathroom.

WITHOUT stopping to consider the delicacy of the situation, she stalked to the bathroom, flung open the door and demanded, "What are you doing in my bathroom?"

And then she gave a little squeal of anger, because emerging from a great white blanket of pine-scented bubbles—*her* bubbles—was a face trimmed with rusty freckles and a pair of prominent ears, and topped off by a thatch of fiery red hair.

The song stopped on a strangled note, and the freckled face gazing over its shoulder at her turned scarlet in horrified embarrassment.

"For Pete's sake, lady, please get out!" the head begged.

"Using *my* bubble baths!" Sally almost shrieked.

The head was scrouging down into the white blanket now in an agony of embarrassment. It said reprovingly, "Well, what do you keep your bubble baths in Johnny Moore's bathroom for?"

Sally tapped her foot like a cat lashing its tail. "Why, you—" she said. Then she exclaimed, "Oh, for heaven's sakes! Johnny doesn't live here any more!"

"Oh, my gosh!" the head almost moaned. "I didn't know. I just got off a transport, and all I could think of was a bath in Johnny's bathroom. I had a key and I came right on up."

"Transport?" Sally asked.

"From the South Pacific," he said.

There were faint hissing *pck, pck, pck* sounds as the bubbles in the protecting blanket began to break.

Little beads of sweat were standing out on the crimson face now.

"Look," the head said pleadingly. "Won't you please get out? These bubbles will be gone any minute now, and I—"

"I ought to stay till every bubble has burst," she said. "Maybe next time you go taking baths in a lady's bathroom, you'll remember to bring your swimming trunks!"

And with that, she stalked out of the bathroom and slammed the door. So this was the sort of thing Johnny Moore meant when he said he hoped his friends wouldn't be dropping in and bothering her! Why, probably men all over the world had keys to her apartment!

She jerked on a yellow pinafore and began yanking things out of the icebox. All the time she was conscious of almost frantically hurried sounds from the bathroom, and a few minutes later she heard steps crossing the living room, and she looked up and saw standing in the kitchen doorway the most embarrassed and miserable-looking tall redheaded soldier she'd ever seen in her life.

He said, "I—I'm terribly sorry. I don't know how to—"

Sally always had a hard time staying mad at any one, and now she burst out laughing. "I'm an utter beast!" she said. "This is a fine way to welcome the armed forces home! Johnny Moore left very suddenly, and he warned me some of his buddies might drop in. Will you have dinner with me? It's almost ready."

A look of almost blissful relief spread over his nice freckled face, and he said, "I spent two days on a life raft in the Coral Sea, but it wasn't as bad as *this*—" He gestured toward the bathroom.

"Just an old family trait," she explained, "going off like a pepper pot. I'm Sally Adams."

"I'm Sam Bailey."

She laughed. "Maybe you are, but you'll always be Bubbles to me."

"Aw, listen—"

"Look, Bubbles, how'd you like to build a fire in the fireplace and then set the table?"

They had a wonderfully hilarious time, and because Sam was a friend of Johnny and one of the boys from overseas, Sally went out of her way to make it a pleasant evening for him.

She said, toward the end of the evening, "I suppose you'd counted on spending the night with Johnny; but now—"

"Hey, that's right," said Sam, getting up. "I better go rustle a bed."

He began to laugh, and Sally said, "What's the matter?"

"Last year Johnny sent Christmas cards, with keys to his apartment tied on, to a lot of us fellows, saying, 'My house is yours' in Spanish. Often Johnny would come home and find the place swarming with guys, and never bat an eye. Best-natured hombre I ever knew. But, gee, once Irené came up while we were all here, and she raised merry hell!"

"Irené? That's a silly name. Who's she?"

"Irené Darcy. Interior decorator. Engaged to Johnny, poor guy!"

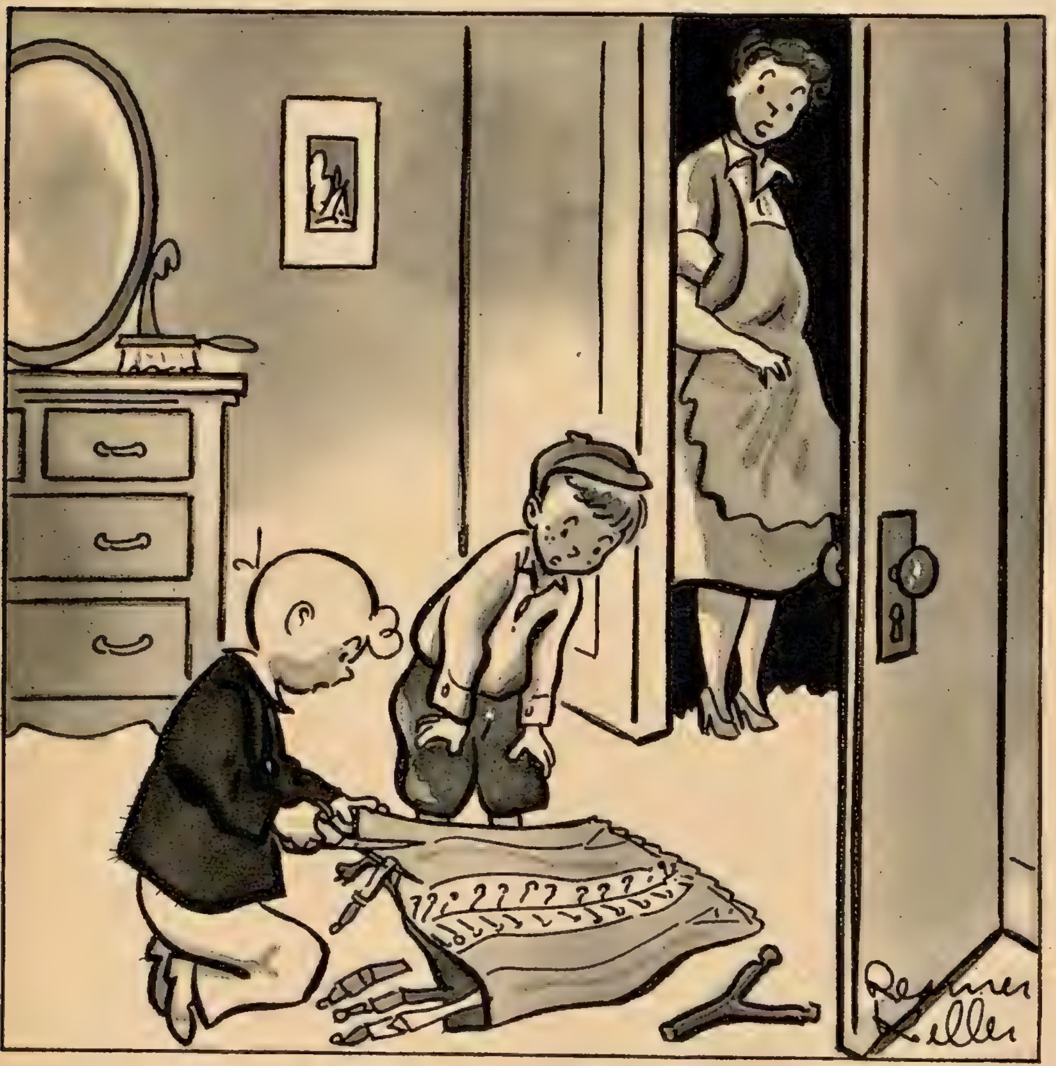
"Oh." Sally looked thoughtful. Engaged, h'm? Well, Johnny Moore was so swell, he ought to have nothing but the best.

Sam said hesitantly, "I have two weeks' leave. Would it be all right if I came back to see you?"

"Why, naturally, come back, Bubbles. But if you want any more baths, get them before I come home."

THE next two weeks passed rapidly, with Sam coming often, bearing, the first night, a huge box of bubble baths as a peace offering, and later doing the town with Sally. And a card came from Johnny Moore, saying he was nicely settled at Camp Parker, and hoped none of his buddies had dropped in and bothered Sally. Sally laughed, showed the card to Sam, and replied by return

HARDTACK



"The war caught me without any rubber bands for my slingshot."

mail with a huge box of cookies and a humorous account of Sam Bailey and the bubble bath.

Ever since that domestic evening with Johnny Moore, and since her former roommate's marriage, Sally had somehow decided that *she* wanted to get married. The only thing was that she hadn't found the right man yet.

She was genuinely sorry to see Sam go, but she knew it was about time, because he was beginning to fall just the teeniest bit in love with her. And as fond as she had grown of Sam, *he* wasn't the man, she knew.

THERE were plenty of men who liked Sally, though, and the following Saturday she brought Bill Brown home from the office for dinner. As she unlocked her door, she said, "You first, Bill. I can't wait to see how you like my apartment."

She had expected him to break into "ohs" of admiration, but he just stood, gaping stiffly. "For heaven's sakes," Sally said behind him. "What is this—silent awe?" She stepped around him then, and could see the davenport. "Oh-oh," she said. "So now it's the marines!" She walked over and shook the long, peacefully sleeping marine.

He sat up abruptly, gave one startled look at the two faces, and was suddenly on his feet.

"Hey!" he said. "Where's Johnny?"

Sally smiled gently at him. "Now, take it easy, brother. Johnny doesn't live here any more."

"The heck you say!" He scratched his head reflectively. "I didn't know. Johnny gave me a key, and—"

"I know," Sally sighed. "Men all over the world have keys to my apartment. Only a couple of weeks ago I came home and found Sam Bailey in my bathtub."

"Good old Sam!" The marine roared with laughter. "I'll bet he blushed like a girl!"

Sally laughed and nodded. "I'm Sally Adams," she said, "and this is Bill Brown, Mr.—?"

"Steve Flaherty," the marine said, including them both in a large grin, and shaking Bill's hand with a rock-crusher grip. "Sorry I crashed in like this. I'll be on my way."

"Don't be silly," Sally said. "You'll have to stay for dinner. Won't he, Bill?" She grinned up at Bill Brown, and almost jumped with surprise because his face looked as if it had been chipped out of dry ice. She continued hastily, "Come on, let's start dinner. I'm starved."

Steve Flaherty and Sally made it a marvelous evening, despite Bill Brown's cold disapproval. When Bill was leaving, quite early, he said, "I can drop you any place you're going, Flaherty."

Steve said, "Thanks, but I'll stay and help Sally with the dishes."

An angry flush mottled Bill Brown's handsome face, and after he had taken his stiff departure, Steve said, "Hey, what's the matter with that guy? The way he's got a chip on each shoulder, you'd think he was practicing to be a lieutenant."

REPAI
SHOP
JACK MARKOW

"Something goes 'ping-ping' inside."

Sally just laughed, but to herself she said, "*Bill's* not the one either."

STEVE FLAHERTY took up where Bubbles had left off, and the following Sunday afternoon he brought two of his marine buddies, who were also friends of Johnny, over to call on Sally. The four of them were having an early supper out under the jasmine vine on the balcony. There was the sound of high heels tapping on the steps below, and Steve tipped his chair back quickly, cocking an eye down.

One of the boys gave him a look and razzed softly: "Pipe King Leer at the sound of high heels!"

Steve came down on all four legs of his chair with a bang, hissed, "Jeepers, it's Irené, and she's headed for here!"

The two other marines groaned, and Sally said, "Well, personally, I'm very anxious to meet Irené. Any friend of Johnny is a friend of—"

"Aw, nuts!" the three of them derided in unison.

And then the bell rang, and Sally went to the door, and a young woman said, "Miss Adams, I am Irené Darcy. John Moore may have mentioned—"

"But of course," Sally lied. "Come in, won't you?" She led the way out to the balcony, saying, "There're some friends of Johnny out here. I think you know them. Welcome to the USO of Garber Hill."

Irené Darcy said, "Oh, good heavens, are you three still around?" and sank languidly into a chair.

They grinned at her, and while they were exchanging caustic greetings, Sally had a chance to get a really good look at Irené. She was rather exotic-looking, and her bright darting dark eyes under a black bang gave her somewhat the look of a hooded cobra, Sally decided.

Irené turned suddenly from the boys and with one glance took Sally in from her head to her toes. Then her pointed scarlet tongue flicked out, and she said, "Miss Adams, I came for my Dali."

Sally's new-moon brows shot up in surprise, and she thought, O. K., I can go along with a gag. She said, "Dolly? But I haven't found any doll. Where did you leave it?"

Yelps of delighted laughter greeted this, and the cobra struck angrily. She said, "Miss Adams, I presumed that even *you* might have heard of the artist, Salvador Dali."

"Oh, *that* Dali," said Sally. "Well, I haven't seen him around here. Is he a buddy of Johnny's too?"

"Look, Miss Adams. I lent Johnny a very exquisite Dali to hang over his mantelpiece. It was the one thing needed to lift the room out of mediocrity. Johnny wrote me that he left so suddenly he forgot all about the Dali. I just got back from New York, and I came over here at once to get it."

Sally burst out laughing. "I did find something wrapped in newspapers on a shelf in the kitchen. It looked like a high-explosive bomb in a beanpot. Wait. I'll get it."

Sally tripped out to the kitchen and came back a minute later, peeling the newspaper off something in a frame. She held it up. "Is *this* your masterpiece, Miss Darcy?"

Irené gave a little scream of anguished delight, leaped from her chair, and coiled herself lovingly around the picture.

The boys groaned.

Irené said, "I'd just as soon cut off my right arm as lose this."

"Would you settle for your tongue instead?" Steve asked.

Irené gave him a look, and then turned on Sally again. "Miss Adams, how did you happen to meet Johnny?"

"Oh, just a pick-up," Sally said, laughing gaily. "And the night Johnny left, when I was packing for him, he said—"

"I'm not interested, Miss Adams! You sound just like a—a—"

"Trollop?" suggested Sally sweetly.

"What *she* said!" one of the boys drawled.

"Exactly!" Irené agreed.

"I'll tell Johnny you called, when I write him," Sally said.

"*I'll* tell Johnny I called," Irené said. She tossed her black bang, and with the picture tucked lovingly under her arm, said her good-bys and undulated out the door.

SALLY shut the door after her and went back with blazing eyes to the three boys.

"That—that *cobra* woman!" she said.

"You *said* it!" Steve agreed.

"Gee!" one of the others said admiringly. "You made her so mad I thought maybe she'd bite herself."

"Look," said Sally. "It's none of my business, really, because I don't know Johnny very well, but *you're* his friends, and I should certainly think you'd do something to keep her from marrying him. She's not

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good enough for him and you know it!"

One of them winked at the others and said to her, "You don't know any girl who *is* good enough for him, do you?"

Sally blushed and it made her furious. "There's nothing personal about this at all," she said firmly.

The boys grinned and promised they'd try to figure out something.

After they'd left, even though it was late, Sally made a batch of cookies for Johnny, just because she felt so sorry for him, being engaged to such a—a creature.

SALLY loved the apartment more and more, but there was something lacking. Several evenings she invited men friends in for dinner, and then began to believe she was pretty hard to please, because at the end of every evening she'd say to herself, a little defensively, "No, *he's* not the one."

Yet she had plenty to choose from, because, besides her own friends, the armed forces, in the persons of various of Johnny's friends, began to drop in in increasing numbers. The password was "Johnny." And any one who knew him, or even mentioned his name, was welcome. And Sally, who had thought her time was filled to overflowing with her job, now spent her evenings and weekends sewing on buttons and chevrons, trying to keep her cookie jar filled, giving little dinners, being bright and gay, and, no matter how tired she was, loving it all because they were friends of Johnny, and she owed Johnny a lot.

She wrote Johnny regularly, her excuse being that she was always seeing his friends and thought he'd like to hear of them. And Johnny wrote back, thanking her for things she sent and for her swell letters. And he'd even begun asking her advice as the other boys did.

"Look," he had written. "Do you think it's wrong for a private to marry a girl with a good job?" Sally wanted to write back and say, "She's a snake in the grass and not worth your little finger, Johnny." But she didn't. She only said, "I can't see what jobs have to do with marrying, these days. Everybody works now, anyway. And I guess love is *still* the only thing that matters in marriage."

A whole week went by and she didn't hear from Johnny. Then one afternoon she came home, shivering in the cold foggy dusk and feeling very lonely. She unlocked the door of her apartment and suddenly smelled marvelous warm cooking smells. There was a crackling fire in the fireplace, a table set for two in front of it.

Her glance leaped to the kitchen, and she saw, without surprise, a khaki back bending over the stove.

She called out, "I'd better warn you now, Johnny doesn't live here any more; but I'm awfully glad to have company, and any friend of Johnny is a friend of—"

The soldier turned around and grinned and said, "He *is?*" and it was Johnny Moore.

And Sally said, "Why—why, Johnny!" And then she thought suddenly, Why, *he's* the one! And then, as quick as light, But *he's* engaged to Irené.

Johnny said, "Pardon my barging in like this. But I'd forgotten to give you one of my keys, and thought I'd bring it back in person and just see how the old place looked."

"And how *does* it look?"

"Like home."

Sally took off her things, put on an apron, and said, "Here, let me help."

They were almost ready to sit down to dinner when Sally gave a little scream and said, "Johnny, what's that on your arm!"

He grinned self-consciously, said, "Corporal's chevrons. Wondered when you were going to notice 'em."

When they were eating dinner, Sally said, "I suppose you came home to get married."

"I don't know, Sally. A corporal's pay isn't—"

"But she has a good job."

"Well, if I were sure she loved me—"

"You ought to know, you've been engaged to her long enough."

"Hey, who are you talking about?"

"Irené, of course. Who are you talking about?"

"*You,* of course."

Sally looked at him wide-eyed.

"Sally, that day you stopped me on the street and asked if I was moving, I was reading a letter from Irené, breaking our engagement. She didn't like me giving up a good job when I didn't *have* to, to go in the army, and the truth is our engagement had always been a mistake."

"BUT that day she came here to get her Dali, she never mentioned that you weren't engaged. She let me think—"

"I'm afraid she was just being a cat in the manger. But now—to important things. I fall in love with a girl who cheered me up, packed my things, saw me off right when I was all alone—who's written me wonderful letters, made me cookies, runs a swell service center for all my friends, and then I get to be a corporal, get a ten days' leave, and come straight home to ask the girl to marry me—and what does she do?"

"She says *yes!*"

"She *does?*" He was up from the table, with his arms around her before she could even get her breath. And then, after a minute, he stopped kissing her long enough to demand severely, "But, Sally, you have to promise me one thing."

"Yes, Johnny?"

"Don't ever, ever let me hear you say again what you said when you first came in tonight!"

"Why, what was that?"

"You said, 'Johnny doesn't live here any more.' "

"Oh, yes, he does!" Sally said.

THE END

BRING ON THE EMPTY HORSES

Continued from Page 19

by a blanket. The property man provided Curtiz with a dummy.

Mike frowned. "It doesn't look real," he decided.

"What do you want me to do," asked Jack Warner, "commit a murder just to please you?"

Mike weighed the question gravely. In his estimation, a good picture was well worth a human life, but there was the district attorney and the stupid American laws to be considered.

"I want that guy you brought from London. That big handsome guy."

"Help yourself," said Warner.

An unknown young Irishman who had been working in an English music hall for five dollars a day a few months before, was entrusted with the part of the corpse. Because of the blanket, nobody saw his face, but when Curtiz began casting for Captain Blood, he recalled "the big fellow who played the corpse." He tested him. The rest is history. The name of the corpse was Errol Flynn.

STRONG as a bull—at fifty Curtiz can lick the average man of twenty-five. He leads a Spartan existence. He has never been to a party since he came to America. Nothing interests him except pictures. He gets up at five, rides horseback until half past six, then goes to the studio. Seven o'clock finds him inspecting the sets. If it were left to him, he would begin working immediately. As it is, he has to wait for the arrival of the players. This irritates him. He cannot understand why any one should want to sleep after five.

His pet aversion is lunchtime. He never eats lunch himself and he suspects that the lunch habit was introduced by some archfiend determined to spoil the Curtiz pictures.

"How can you expect to get decent work out of men and women whose bellies are full of lunch?" He asks that question daily.

At the end of the day he goes to the projection room and looks at the rushes. Finally he starts for his ranch, situated fifteen miles from the studio.

On the way home he does a great deal of talking. He talks to himself. He rehearses scenes, he heaps venom on stupid actors and the world at large. He is totally unaware of the traffic. Dinner over—never a lengthy affair at Mike's house—he either goes to visit Hal B. Wallis or gets him on the phone. In any case, the two men talk shop until the early hours of the morning.

The meaning of the word "vacation" is unknown to Mike. His employers have long since given up trying to persuade him to take a trip or, at least, rest. As a concession, he agrees grudgingly not to arrive at the studio before nine when he is not working on a picture, but that's as far as he is willing to go.

At the stroke of nine he dashes up the steps of the Administration Building and begins a series of friendly calls. He buttonholes producers, directors, writers, actors, hairdressers, any one he can lay his hands on. He volunteers help, sits in on story conferences, reads manuscripts, suggests improvements, explains at length his antiluncheon theory, crawls under cameras, kibitzes on the carpenters, and winds up in Jack Warner's office begging to be permitted to start his next picture right away. A kind-hearted fellow, he wishes well to everybody, but nothing delights him more than the news of another director's illness. That means that Curtiz will be asked to step in and pinch-hit.

In his seventeen years on the Warner lot Curtiz has never asked for a raise. When one was offered to him he accepted it as one would accept a cigarette. The truth is that money leaves him cold. He considers it as so many chips which he exchanges for the upkeep of his ranch and his horses and two square meals a day. His private demon is not a million dollars but the Academy Award. That he has never been able to win it hurts him no end.

* * *

When two people are under the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive, and most transient of passions, they are required to swear that they will remain in that excited, abnormal, and exhausting condition continuously until death do them part.— ***George Bernard Shaw.***

* * *

Last spring, on the night of the annual Academy Award dinner, he was the only man in the banquet room who thought that the Oscar for the best direction of the year would go to Mr. Michael Curtiz for Yankee Doodle Dandy. Even the waiters knew that William Wyler would get it for Mrs. Miniver, but Mike refused to abandon hope. The people at his table felt a lump in their throats when Wyler's name was finally announced. They did not dare look at Mike. There he sat, tense, erect, crimson-faced, big drops of perspiration on his forehead.

"Few people realize," explained one of Mike's friends, "what that Academy Award means to the poor guy. He doesn't think of it as just a statuette which twelve thousand members of the Academy of Arts and Sciences hand to a director. After all his years in America, he is still a Hungarian peasant boy at heart. He thinks that wretched Oscar is nothing short of knighthood or a medal or what-have-you which His Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph deigns to bestow upon a faithful subject."

Mike's beginnings are clouded in the mist of one thousand and one contradictory stories concocted by Hollywood press agents. A double check reveals that he was born somewhere in Hungary on Christmas Day of the year 1892, and that while still in his teens, he ran away from home and joined a circus as a pantomimist and a juggler.

After two years with the circus, he attended a theatrical school in Budapest. Later he worked as an actor for Max Reinhardt. Shortly before the first World War, he made his first motion picture. It was called Slaves of the Night and Mike wrote it at a table in a Budapest café between two helpings of strudel, and produced it in the back yard of another café. The proprietor of both places was a reasonably wealthy man. He owned a chain of cafés and restaurants and it was his habit to show one-reel pictures to his patrons in order to encourage them to order more food and drink.

"Why waste your money on renting those pictures when you can make them yourself?" asked Mike.

The fellow liked Mike's project, but who was going to produce and direct those pictures for him?

"I will," said Mike.

"Do you know anything about it?"

Mike nodded. He didn't know a thing about motion pictures, but there was a French cameraman in Budapest who agreed to co-operate. And so between the two of them they made Slaves of the Night at a total cost of around $200. Most of the actors were paid not in cash but in luncheons and dinners.

THE outbreak of the war found Mike making pictures in Austria, Denmark, Sweden, and Hungary. After the armistice (he was wounded twice), Mike bobbed up in France. Working on a shoestring, he produced one picture after another. Eventually he landed in Berlin and made The Moon of Israel—a film that attracted Harry Warner's attention. When offered a contract with the Warners, Mike demurred. He couldn't speak English, he knew nobody in America, and he was frankly skeptical about Hollywood.

"Explain to that dumbbell," said Harry Warner to the interpreter, "that to be signed up by the Warners is about the greatest thing that could happen to any man. Why, if he accepts my offer, he will be given the greatest reception that America ever extended to any foreigner! When he arrives in New York he will be treated like royalty."

Mike brightened up. The idea of being treated like royalty appealed to him.

And so, on a bright and sunny summer day a few weeks later, Mike Curtiz walked down the gangplank in New York. He looked around and almost fainted with joy. The whole city was bedecked with flags. On the way uptown to his hotel, Mike encountered several parades.

"Why, it's wonderful, it's marvelous!" he said to the press agent escorting him. "To think that all those people should parade in my honor! I never realized that my pictures were so well known in America."

When the taxicab reached the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, Mike saw something which brought tears to his eyes—a parade of Boy Scouts led by a tiny blond youngster. He stopped the taxi, jumped out, and shook hands with the little fellow.

"Thank you," he said in Hungarian; then added the only two words he knew in English, "Hello, America."

The press agent didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He hoped to high heaven they wouldn't bump into any one who spoke Hungarian. He dreaded to think what would happen to him and the Warners if Mike discovered that this was New York's Fourth of July celebration.

Third Degree was the title of Mike's first picture in Hollywood. Originally it was supposed to deal with gangsters, hijackers, hired assassins, and similar characters so popular in the middle 1920s. "Originally" is the word! Jack Warner, who happened to be in New York during the shooting of Third Degree, took one look at Mike's Opus No. 1, then dashed out of his projection room yelling for help.

"Where is that blankety-blank Hungarian?" he screamed. "Send him to my office immediately."

Curtiz appeared, escorted by an interpreter. He was all smiles. How did Mr. Warner like his two pictures?

"What do you mean, *two* pictures?"

Mike spoke (in Hungarian) for about fifteen minutes. The interpreter watched him with that mixture of fear and fascination with which one watches a cobra about to strike.

"For heaven's sake tell him to shut up! What is it all about?"

THE interpreter sighed. His was an unenviable task. How was he going to explain to the head of the studio that the great Curtiz, not satisfied with using his players for just one picture, had decided to shoot *two* at the same time? The second one had to do with the circus, a Hungarian circus to boot. And that is why Dolores Costello would appear in one scene as a girl about to be taken for a ride by Chicago gangsters, while in another she would show up dressed as a tight-rope walker. The sequence of the settings was equally bewildering. An episode at a police station would be followed by a scene under the big top.

While the interpreter was talking, Curtiz was nodding his approval. His eyes shone. To this day he cannot understand why his boss, instead of patting him on the back, jumped up and shook a fist at him.

"Third Degree had to be released in three days, and I'll never forget what I went through in the following seventy-two hours," recalls Jack Warner, "lifting the clowns, the tight-rope walkers, and the rest of them by the seat of their pants and throwing them out."

Definitely a man, not a mouse, Curtiz is famous for his fiery outbursts. Errol Flynn (whom he calls Earl Flint) is his favorite actor, but when he directs him, the two men abuse each other mercilessly. Both swear they will never speak to each other again and certainly never, never work together again. A week later they are seen marching arm-in-arm, discussing their next picture.

When Curtiz began directing This Is the Army, he was told that he would have to control his temper. After all, this time he was dealing not with actors and actresses but with Uncle Sam's soldiers. At the end of the first day's shooting, the major in charge of the This Is the Army unit walked up to Curtiz and shook hands.

"How did the boys do?" he wanted to know. "How do you like that last scene?"

Curtiz bowed from the waist.

"It's perfect," he said sweetly, "but it slightly stinks."

THE END

SAFETY MIRACLES IN WAR PLANTS

Continued from Page 23

the dust-laden air, even inside the suction pumps to eliminate explosions there.

What is more, the worker's equipment includes goggles, gloves, a fire blanket, and a ripper suit that can be torn off with a single jerk. Near by are "panic" showers into which a workman can dive and be instantly, automatically deluged with water and compressed air which literally blows the fire off him.

This is simply smart engineering. Other plants have built the same safety essentials into new production lines. The yard of the Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation (a Henry J. Kaiser plant) is one of these. There sixty-ton cranes rolling on tracks between the ways are rigged with locomotive bells, rubber fenders, and metal skirts over the wheels, to keep jay-walkers from being injured. Straddle trucks are painted a vivid yellow, sheathed and skirted to the ground, equipped with horns that bellow with each turn of the wheels. Eighteen safety engineers check handrails and ventilating hoses each day, make sure one crew doesn't work directly over another on which materials and tools might be dropped. A corps of 250 pickers-up are steadily keeping the whole place clean and in order, even removing scraps of paper from the docks.

For the sake of safety, the Elco Naval Division of the Electric Boat Company at Bayonne, New Jersey, in building PT boats, reversed its whole procedure. Instead of working from the keel up, the keel is suspended upside down on supports and the frame is built down and outward. This means working in an upright position instead of cramped in under the hull, a target for falling tools. Jigs are rigged into place easily, planking is warped with a downward push of body weight instead of upward straining of arm muscles. Accident frequency now is one fourth what it was, and the production rate has risen steadily.

BOTH men and women workers in all plants are resistant to wearing goggles. Despite the constant danger from flying bits, acid splashes, and metallic dust, and despite the knowledge that 300,000 eye accidents a year is not unusual, many workers still cannot be persuaded to keep on the goggles the company provides.

One safety engineer got quick results with a gross of glass eyes. He went from machine to machine, laying out a blue or brown or gray eye to match those of the operator. "This is your reserve eye," he'd say in explanation. "You'll be needing it any moment now, since you work without goggles."

Other shops have rigged up what amount to permanent goggles on the machines themselves. The Chicago shop of the Illinois Central Railroad installed sheets of heavy shatterproof glass over the grinding wheels. The Crane Company, also in Chicago, has panels of thick tuf-lex glass covering its testing machines.

Safety engineers, delving still further into the causes of eye accidents, found that fatigue and eyestrain run up trouble; that sometimes so simple a thing as a new coat of paint will relieve the disorder.

The Philadelphia Electric Company found in its machine shop that color contrasts are highly effective; if the stationary parts of the machine are painted one color and the moving parts another, the zones of hazard are sharply defined. A naval plant has adopted three-dimensional painting in its machine shop to enable workers to concentrate on working parts — where danger lurks — and ignore the rest. The floor is painted gray, base of machine blue, all non-operating parts white. This leaves the working parts and control surfaces metallic.

"Zinc chills" and "brass chills" are fevers every electric welder dreads. For a long while they were considered an unavoidable occupational disease. Now all sorts of precautions are taken against these serious lung ailments. There are hoods and masks with self-contained oxygen-breathing apparatus for welders and sand blasters.

In addition, there are electric precipitators which constantly test the air for the presence of lethal fumes. Where gas is used as a raw material, workers carry the "hoolamite," a carbon-monoxide detector. Standard equipment now with the Caterpillar Tractor Company and several others is an air exhaust system which sucks metal dust downward away from the workers, through a floor grille and into a filter.

Real fatigue, safety engineers say, is the result of driving the body beyond its ability to recuperate during the normal sleep period. Since it directly affects the nervous mechanism controlling muscles and slows up hearing, seeing, and reacting processes, it is a sinister risk in every plant.

To combat monotony fatigue, athletics, song clubs, bands, noon-hour plays, and generous recess periods have become a part of good factory routine. Ear muffs and ear stopples are provided to reduce nervous debility from intensive and prolonged noises; vibration-absorbing materials are being installed to decrease jarring; and for workers in high temperatures fatigue due to body-salt loss is counteracted by the installation of salt dispensaries beside drinking fountains.

Some plants are now asking applicants for work how much they habitually eat, and requiring them to eat a substantial breakfast and midmorning and midafternoon snacks. This has come about since a New England factory tested the effect of food habits on piece workers. Those who ate a sketchy breakfast and two main meals turned out 183 pieces an hour. But others, eating a cereal-and-egg breakfast and also given extra midmorning and midafternoon snacks of a glass of milk and a piece of angel-food cake, ran up a total of 193 pieces an hour, with fewer accidents and fewer rejects.

THE engineers of the National Safety Council staff get between 300 and 400 inquiries a month. Here are samples: "With the rubber shortage, what protective material can be used for electricians' gloves to be used at a 2,000-volt switchboard?" and "How shall we prevent skin rashes among women engaged in wood-preserving operations?"

There's an answer to every query. To the latter the engineers would probably say: "Women, being more allergic to lead and benzol poisoning (blondes even more so than brunettes), should be excluded from operations where these toxic substances must be used."

If the engineers don't know right off, they go to work and find the answer. If they can't hit upon a synthetic substitute for those rubber gloves, for instance, they try fish oil or pine tar or whatever else chemistry, physics, and ingenuity suggest.

The result? Another comforting safety miracle.

THE END

WOMAN-TALK

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: The department-store signs are fascinating—especially those that deal with delivery of purchases. Some are wistful, some forthright, others downright threatening. In New York, B. Altman begs: "Please carry small packages if you can." Best's, diagonally across Fifth Avenue, is more explanatory, to wit: "To conserve gasoline and tires, please carry what packages you can." Macy's scorns the propitiatory tone with a candid: "Please carry your packages now—or you'll have to lug the big ones later." But the best of all, though not a carry-your-own bid, appeared in a Washington store: "Please be patient with our clerks. They're harder to get than customers."

GOOSE FLESH ON YOUR BUDGET: You can cool off at home these days, without benefit of an air-cooling unit, by settling down and reading Experiment Perilous, a psycho-thriller packed to the gills with love, murder, and Grade-A goose flesh. The author, Margaret Carpenter, is a grandmother, and mother of five. This is her first book, which is a comforting thought to thousands of busy mothers who hope to find time some day to write a play, compose an opera, chisel a statue, or paint something more artistic and permanent than the kitchenette.

NOTE OF ENVY:

A dame who looks like Mrs. Luce
Is really nervy as the deuce
To be endowed with brains instead
Of being empty in the head.

—*Margaret Fishback.*

FILL 'EM UP! I note a great upswing in the quantity of hors d'oeuvres served before dinner parties nowadays. Anything to take the guests' appetites away before they square off to the meat course or the unrationed but overpriced, overstuffed hen! Manhattans or sherry (domestic) or tomato-juice cocktails, flanked by pretzels, cheese popcorn, peanuts, potato chips, chive-and-cream-cheese sandwiches, and an occasional olive, together give the hostess a fair chance of salvaging a bit of the fowl for the morrow, or at least breaking even and filling up her ravenous guests before they gnaw the legs off the table.

UNDER THE HAIR DRIER: A permanent, after weeks of being straggle-haired, is wonderful for the soul and the health. It takes the weight off your feet for at least two hours. And you can really rest; for there's no arduous task that can be done while lashed to the curlers or waiting for the hair to dry after the operator has patiently set it. You can't wash your stockings, or walk the baby, or water the geranium, or put the spinach to soak; you can't shop around for an unrationed spot of mackerel or capon, and you can't go to see a sick friend. You *have* to sit there, so you might as well relax with an easy conscience. And when you emerge into the sunshine, all fresh and curly and sleek and feeling like Veronica Lake, your health actually *is* better. For you look so much better that you feel better. Especially when people ask you if you've been on a vacation. I hope the WPB will never feel it is necessary to put a crimp in our vitality by refusing us a crimp in our hair.

FUN ON THE HOME FRONT: In a world of tragedy, change, and chaos, it is reassuring to note that certain elemental home truths do not change. First on the list is the truck driver waiting for a green light. Automatically he speeds his idling motor whenever a woman crosses in front of his truck, just for the fun of seeing her scuttle to the curb, though the light is *with* her.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN: A mellow old scrapbook generously bestowed on me by a noble friend who claims he didn't need it contains this bit of advice to bachelors, culled from a newspaper of about a century ago: "Never marry the girl who *sits* in the parlor while her mother *stands* in the kitchen."

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Senior Hostess Merle Oberon explains the no-date rule of the Canteen to the boys and girls.

Bus Boy Sam Jaffe puts down his dish tray to introduce five Russian merchant marines at the Canteen.

Harpo Marx revives his mad honking-horn routine and chases Virginia Field around the dance floor.

BY HARRIET GOULD

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

(United Artists)
All-star cast

ON West Forty-fourth Street, in New York City, right across the street from Shubert's Alley and smack in the middle of the theatrical district, a small red-and-white globe burns in front of a red door marked Stage Door Canteen—American Theater Wing. More than a million servicemen have already gone through that door, for they know that inside they will find not only food and dancing partners, but some of the finest entertainment in the country. And it's all free! This is the theater's contribution to morale.

Producer Sol Lesser's movie, Stage Door Canteen, is a glowing and exciting tribute to the work of America's theater folk—and it's jam-packed with entertainment. There are sixty-eight stars—ranging from Judith Anderson and Tallulah Bankhead to Ethel Waters and Dame May Whitty—and there are six name bands—(Basie, Goodman, Cugat, Kyser, Lombardo, and Martin).

With this plethora of personalities, the picture might well have turned out to be nothing but a mammoth benefit show, with no continuity or cohesion. Instead, with a pleasant thread of a story running through it and intelligent tight direction by Frank Borzage, Stage Door Canteen is 132 minutes of swell movie.

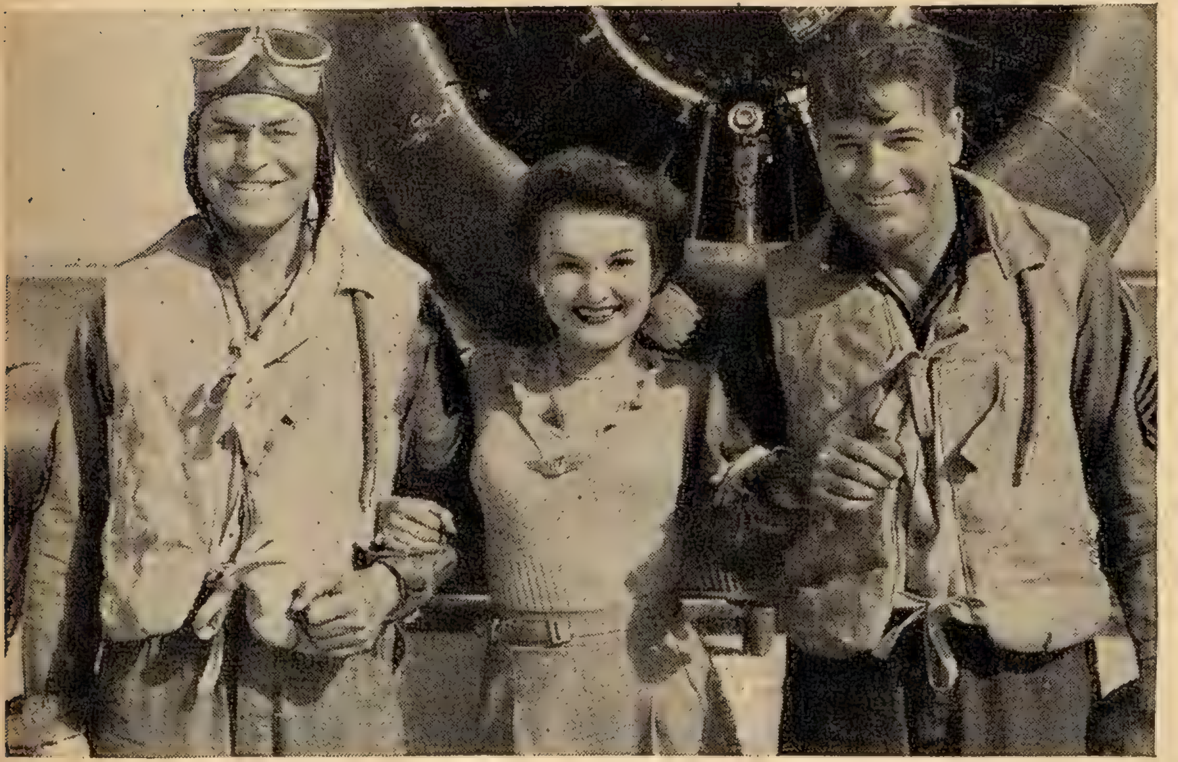
The plot is concerned with three lonesome soldiers who meet three young actresses, serving as hostesses at the Canteen. Cheryl Walker and Bill Terry are the center of attention, but young Lon McAllister—as "California," the boy who has never been kissed—handles his role with a sensitivity that speaks well for a bright future in pictures. His short bit with Katharine Cornell (they do part of the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet—over the steam table) and his attempts to work up courage to kiss his girl are scenes you will remember.

As the soldiers' romances develop, you get a glimpse into the workings of the Canteen. You see people like George Raft, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Aline MacMahon, and Otto Kruger cooking, serving, and cleaning up. You see Helen Hayes, Merle Oberon, and Katharine Hepburn on duty as senior hostesses. As for the entertainers, this is just a sample: Ethel Merman, Yehudi Menuhin, Ethel Waters, Ray Bolger, Edgar Bergen, Gracie Fields, Gypsy Rose Lee, Ed Wynn . . . the list goes on and on—maybe even a little too far on—but it adds up to solid entertainment.

DU BARRY WAS A LADY

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Lucille Ball
Red Skelton
Gene Kelly

THIS is the type of musical that is fondly called a "super-colossal." It's big, beautiful, and expensive. The production numbers are lavish, the girls luscious, and the Technicolor superb. But in spite of all this, DuBarry is a dull movie. Taken from the Broadway show of the same name, it's about a hat-check boy (Red Skelton) and a night-club singer (Lucille Ball) who agrees to marry him—for his money. At their engagement party Red gets a Mickey Finn by mistake and dreams he is Louis XV and Lucille his unwilling DuBarry. The brightest spots in the picture are Gene Kelly's dancing, Virginia O'Brien's dead-pan singing, and a zany take-off on Charles Boyer by Zero Mostel.



AERIAL GUNNER

(Paramount)
Chester Morris
Richard Arlen

FIRST we got a string of commando pictures. Then came a set of resistance-to-the-Nazi epics. Now it looks as though we are in for a series based on the training and experiences of the men in different branches of the air force. This one is about the aerial gunner. Unfortunately, however, the story is "brightened up" by a rather unnecessary and silly romantic triangle between the stars Chester Morris and Richard Arlen and Lita Ward, sister of one of the students. Morris is the tough-guy sergeant who carries his prewar feud with Arlen right into Gunners' School. After the usual double-crossing and hackneyed heroics, the boys settle down to win the war. Things pick up considerably when the action moves to the South Pacific, but by that time you're almost past caring.

The
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

America will never forget Bataan.

★ ★ ★ ★

Nor the motion picture which is a tribute to the heroism of the boys who gave their lives to upset the Japanese time table.

★ ★ ★ ★

Seeing "Bataan" you are in Bataan. Holding out in fox-holes, in trees, in the shadow of a rock. Guarding your water, your ammunition, your cigarettes and exchanging your life for as many Japs as you can.

★ ★ ★ ★

Men of the news services who have been in Bataan, say that M-G-M's film, "Bataan" is the McCoy.

Clark Lee (author of "They Call It Pacific") says—"This picture has captured the spirit of the hungry, sick, outnumbered men who went down to death but whose courage and determination to create a free world should arouse each one of us to do a little more than our share. I knew a lot of men on Bataan like those in this picture."

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll be proud that America had such martyrs of all races, creeds and color.

★ ★ ★ ★

When they see this stark, staring, glorious story, old men will want to enlist, mothers will want to grab a gun.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Taylor as Sergeant Bill Dane, battle-scarred and unshaven, gives a triumphant performance.

★ ★ ★ ★

So do George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Nolan, Lee Bowman, Desi Arnaz and Robert Walker.

★ ★ ★ ★

Watch Robert Walker. He is a sailor boy who back home had worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, went to sea, was shipwrecked and found himself there in the company of heroes.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tay Garnett has directed this original screen play by Robert D. Andrews with heart, soul and realism.

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Mighty events make mighty narratives.

★ ★ ★ ★

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—*Leo*, The M-G-M Lion

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PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
ABOVE SUSPICION (M-G-M) Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, Conrad Veidt, Basil Rathbone	*Spy thriller* (a honeymoon couple search Germany for a missing British agent).	Clues slightly far-fetched . . . but story is excitingly developed . . . better than average spy stuff. (6-19-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson	*All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
DESERT VICTORY British Army Film Unit. Released through 20th-Fox	*Documentary film* (a record of the Eighth Army's victorious drive against Rommel last summer).	Its photography and drama put most Hollywood productions to shame . . . packed with indelible moments. (5-1-43)
EDGE OF DARKNESS (Warners) Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson	*Drama* (a Norwegian fishing village rises in revolt against Nazi tyranny).	Its theme does not suffer by repetition . . . extraordinary collection of acting talent. (4-17-43)
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall	*Romantic drama* (an ambitious aviatrix, reminiscent of Amelia Earhart, is drafted by the navy for a secret mission).	It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)
FOREVER AND A DAY (RKO) All-star cast	*Drama* (the saga of an English house and its inhabitants from 1804 to 1941).	Actors, writers, directors donated talents, and proceeds go to war charities . . . characterizations are gems. (4-10-43)
LADY OF BURLESQUE (United Artists) Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea	*Comedy-mystery* (comics, cold cream, and killers backstage at a burlesque).	A peep-show into the lives of burlesque folk . . . a bad whodunit but good entertainment . . . authentic. (6-12-43)
MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warners) Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka	*Drama* (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union).	Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43)
MR. LUCKY (RKO) Cary Grant, Laraine Day	*Comedy melodrama* (a gangster picks the perfect set-up, but a smart society girl sets him straight).	A lively mixture of comedy and melodrama . . . neat and novel twist makes for a surprise ending. (6-5-43)
MY FRIEND FLICKA (20th-Fox) Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson	*Drama* (the tender story of a ranch kid's devotion to his pony).	Frankly escapist movie . . . beautiful Technicolor photography . . . heart-warming, unsophisticated. (5-15-43)
NEXT OF KIN (Universal release)	*Drama* (a grim well told story of the dangers of loose talk in wartime).	Originally planned as British training film . . . packs an enormous wallop. (5-22-43)
PRELUDE TO WAR (OWI)	*Documentary* (part of the orientation course given the army . . . the incidents of Axis aggression that led to war).	Provides a solid base for intelligent understanding of this war . . . vital, provoking . . . a must. (6-12-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
THE DESPERADOES (Columbia) Randolph Scott, Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor	*Western* (familiar triangle of the sheriff, the friend wrongly accused of robbery, and the gal).	Slick production of an old formula . . . superb Technicolor . . . not just another Western. (5-1-43)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea	*Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing).	One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43)
THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy	*Drama* (mob hysteria in a Western town results in the lynching of three men).	An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . the implications leave you limp . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters. (5-1-43)
THIS LAND IS MINE (RKO) Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak	*Drama* (a timid teacher in a Nazi-occupied country is forced into a real understanding of the war).	Fearless and pointed denunciation of collaborationists . . . Laughton's performance memorable. (5-22-43)

FABLES OF THE FAIRWAY

Continued from Page 24

was ten, which happened to be the same as Mr. Pelley's. I was told to play as many controlled hooks and slices as I could to make myself look as wild as possible, yet still be good enough to be one up on the first nine. On the first hole I started the ball well to the right of the fairway and hooked it back to the fairway. No comment was made. On the second I started the ball over a road to the left and sliced it back to the fairway, whereupon Pelley commented to his friends, 'The kid is a little wild.' This was after he lost the first hole to a birdie four and just before I won the second with a par four.

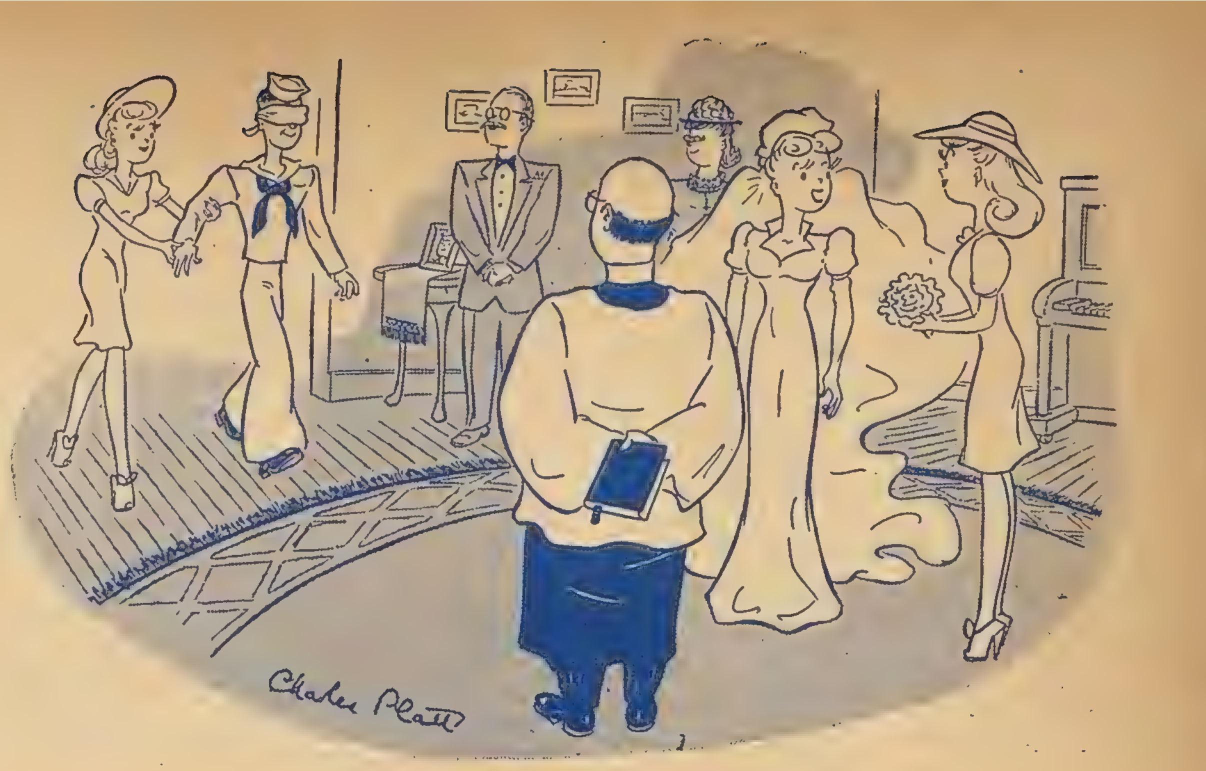
"On the three-par third, I intentionally used much too much club and hit the ball on the top, running it along the ground to the front of the green. Mr. Pelley said, 'Kid, you're the luckiest fellow I ever saw; you can't hit a thing, yet you have the first three holes in one under par.'

"By the time we reached the eighth tee, I was three up, so I must lose the next two to finish the first side one up. I put my tee shot in a trap and took several shots recovering to lose; then I three-putt the ninth to lose. Mr. Pelley said, 'Kid, you are now getting back on your game, and on the back nine you are my meat.'

"My instructions for the second side were to beat Mr. Pelley as badly as possible. One of my habits is to tee my drives very high in order to hit them on the upswing to get overspin, and as I followed this habit on the tenth tee, Mr. Pelley said, 'Kid, you tee the ball too high'—this in spite of the fact that I hit a beauty straight down the middle.

"I BIRDIED the tenth, parred the eleventh, birdied the twelfth and thirteenth, parred the fourteenth and fifteenth—Mr. Pelley meanwhile getting madder and madder. As we were starting on the sixteenth, he sat on the bench saying to Messrs. Thorpe and Early, 'Can you imagine this dirty crook lying about his handicap just to win a few filthy dollars?' I pretended I didn't hear it. We then played two more holes, and on the eighteenth green I apologized for being a little better than usual. This appeased Mr. Pelley, who said we would adjust and make a new match for the afternoon.

"Then, as we were eating lunch, the conspirators had the locker man come in and announce an important long-distance call for Paul Runyan. Without thinking, I jumped up to take the call. When it dawned on Mr. Pelley who I was, he looked for a moment as though he would flatten me, but his pals started laughing and he realized it was a plant and joined good-naturedly in the fun. There's still a password, though, when these golfers get together, and it's 'Kid, you tee the ball too high.' "



"This is a *real* surprise party!"

Craig Wood will always remember the first hole at St. Andrews. It was in his 1933 play-off with Denny Shute for the British Open crown. Craig had a fair drive, but topped his second into the Swilcan Burne. Nothing daunted, he took off his shoes and socks and rolled up his trousers, and while a tremendous crowd "oohed" he played a great explosion shot out of the water and on the green. Then what happened? He took three nice juicy putts for an ignoble six.

The "Terrible-tempered Mr. Bangs" has some disciples in our midst. Jack Farrant met up with one on the ninth at Arrowhead Springs in San Bernardino. Stakes were not cigar coupons, and "Mr. Bangs," which is what Jack wishes to call him, was going badly. The ninth is a par five, with a fast-running creek about fifty yards short of the green. Mr. B. played his second shy, leaving a relatively simple money pitch for the pin. But the third was dubbed into the stream. Shooting five, he knocked this one in the drink. Shooting seven, he again went in the water. Then he threw his club in. Then he took his bag and the rest of the clubs from the caddie and threw them in. Then he picked up the caddie and threw him in. Then he jumped in to pull the caddie out. Then he walked home three miles without even going by the parking lot to pick up his car.

But wait. Next morning bright and early he came back to the club with the same caddie, and the two of them spent hours retrieving most of the clubs and the bag. After which he bought the caddie a complete new outfit of clothes, played a round that afternoon with the same caddie, and gave him a ten-dollar tip.

We can't overlook a few items on beginners. Gene Kunes, in Philadelphia, vouches for this pair:

A newcomer came into the shop of a fellow pro, Bud Lewis, and allowed as how he ought to have a new set of woods. After a little discussion Bud suggested he take a certain set out and try them, but asked the customer to keep on the head covers to prevent scratching or marring the clubs. The man returned after the round and told Bud that while he liked the woods very well, he found it impossible to get much distance "with those covers on."

THEN, at Pine Valley, Gene says, a first-timer who found a wooded ravine with hardly any trouble, failed to show up after a reasonable length of time. One of his fellow players shouted, "Did you find your ball yet, Art?" And Art's echo-like answer came floating back up: "The hell with the ball—find *me!*"

Ben Coltrin, at Lake Merced in Frisco, has a caddie story. Ben was about to give Stan Youngendorf, the town's leading baker, a lesson in getting out of a sand trap. He sent the caddie back to the pro shop for two different types of sand wedges to try out. The boy came back with the *sand wedges* all right—one ham on rye and the other cheese on white.

For my nineteenth hole, I give you the favorite Watrous "stopper." It concerns the tournament decision Joe Devaney of Grosse Ile, Detroit, was called upon to make. Joe and I started in golf together, totin' bags (ah, they were lovely and light in those days!) in Westchester County, so he certainly had enough background for officiating.

In this match one contestant hit a tee shot that landed in a clay bank not far from the green. He took out a mashie and came through with a perfect swing—only, the ball stuck to the head of the club. After trying twice to shake the ball off, he simply walked up to the cup and dumped it in. He claimed it was a two. Those playing with him wouldn't even listen to him. They wanted to count every time he'd shaken the club trying to dislodge the ball. Both schools of thought poured it on Joe for a few minutes and then flatly demanded a decision. Joe deliberated as long as he safely could, ruled it a deuce—and started running for the clubhouse.

THE END

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

A MOTHER writes to ask if I won't put in a word or two about government life insurance for servicemen. "My husband made the supreme sacrifice in the last war," she writes, "but thanks to his government insurance policy I was able to carry on."

This seems as good a time as any to tell the readers of this page that the rules pertaining to National Service Life Insurance have been changed. Better read this carefully:

Government life insurance is now available to every man in the armed services, regardless of how long he's been in, *without* the requirement of a medical examination.

I CRAVE ACTION!

Impatient

The special offer, which doesn't require any medical history statement either, is good for 120 days from last April 12. Even if a man has been previously rejected for government insurance, he can get it with no questions asked during this period.

If you're wondering how come Uncle Sam is holding this "special sale," I can tell you the answer. A check on our casualty lists so far has shown a high percentage of men who had no government insurance at all. That makes it pretty tough for the ones they left behind.

Apropos of the same subject, a reader in Calexico, California, writes: "My son has a $10,000 government life-insurance policy. But he would like to get some kind of accident insurance that would protect him if he gets wounded. Suppose he loses a leg or an arm. Isn't there some kind of government policy to cover things like that?"

The answer is that no insurance policy is necessary. Every man in the armed forces has Uncle Sam's protection in case he is disabled. Ever hear of the Veterans Administration? Well, in soldier lingo that means about the same thing as disability insurance. Except that no premiums are necessary.

The Veterans Administration checks into each case individually and determines the extent of disability, and pensions are provided accordingly. Every disabled man is hospitalized and cared for as long as necessary, and even afterward medical and surgical services, as well as hospitalization, are provided when and as needed.

You couldn't ask for a better accident-insurance policy than that.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Can you give me some information concerning the possibility of getting overseas and seeing some action? I'm itching to get into the thick of this thing. C'mon, Sarge, tell me how I can get my shipping orders, but quick!

Cpl. E. McJ., Camp Pickett, Va.

The only thing you can do is cross your fingers. It used to be possible to request foreign service. But Secretary of War Stimson issued an order recently tabooing such requests. He had to do it because the adjutant general's office was completely snowed under with them. Apparently, Corporal, there are lots of other guys in this man's war who feel just about the way you do. Still, you can see how it would disrupt the army organization if thousands of men were constantly being plucked out of their outfits and shoved into other units bound for the front. Be quite a mix-up, wouldn't it? Better be patient and wait your turn.

* * *

What army regulation governs the bugle calls of the day from Reveille to Taps?

Cpl. G. M., Fort Riley, Kan.

Regulations governing bugle calls are given in the Technical Manual 20-250 of Field Music. The time of day when the various bugle calls are sounded is determined by the post commander at each army post.

* * *

I would like to know what the stars represent on campaign ribbons and what ribbons you are entitled to wear them on.

J. R. M., Miami Springs, Fla.

Let's start with the ribbons. Campaign ribbons are worn by men who have served in active theaters of operations. At this writing our active theaters are the Southwest Pacific, European, North African, and the American Theater of Operations outside the Continental United States.

Now for the stars. A bronze star is worn on the campaign ribbon for each engagement in that particular theater. Not more than five bronze stars should be worn on any ribbon. If there were more than five engagements, silver stars are worn, each silver star representing five bronze ones.

For example, if a soldier served in seven engagements in North Africa, he is entitled to wear one silver star and two bronze ones on the North African campaign ribbon.

* * *

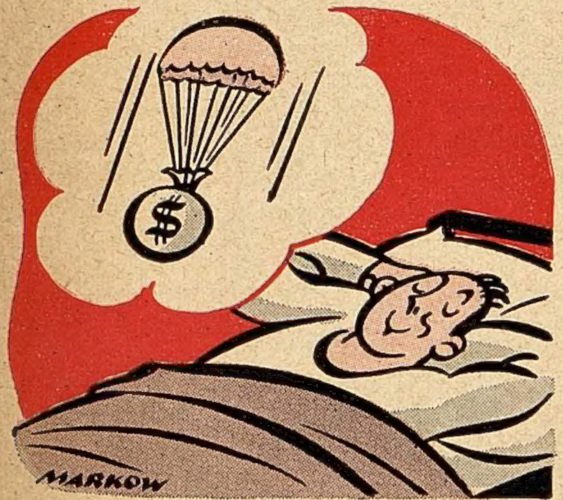
Can you tell us, once and for all, if an enlisted man who is a bombardier is entitled to wear bombardier's wings the same as worn by officers?

An unfortunate occurrence has developed here, in that a second lieutenant (bombardier) ordered an enlisted man (bombardier) to take the wings off that he was wearing as part of the uniform. The enlisted bombardier's pilot told him that he was entitled to wear the wings as much as the commissioned bombardier, and that as long as he was doing the same work he could continue to wear them.

How about an answer? It would help a lot of the boys to get this straightened out, especially those who are in combat areas doing the job as well as the commissioned men.

Sgt. L. E., Barksdale Field,
Shreveport, La.

I don't want to hop into any fight with commissioned officers, never having been one myself. But I've got to hand you the facts as they are. The enlisted bombardier was perfectly right in wearing the wings, and the second lieutenant was out of step in telling him to remove them.



Jump pay

These insignia are issued by the War Department to men who have qualified as bombardiers, regardless of whether they are enlisted men or officers. Same goes for pilots. In our Air Forces today we have enlisted men serving both as pilots and as bombardiers, and as long as they do the job (and we're proud of 'em!) the wings are theirs.

* * *

About two weeks ago the splendid Coast Guard Band played our town. I was one of the many who enjoyed their music very much. I was puzzled to note, however, that when they played The Star-Spangled Banner they remained seated. Should they stand? They were playing in an auditorium at the time.

R. T., Nashville, Tenn.

The band's manners were just as good as its music. Regulations provide that a military band, playing indoors, may remain seated when playing the national anthem.

* * *

I'm in the Parachute Field Artillery and I'd like to know if there is any truth in the rumor that's been floating around here to the effect that the enlisted paratroopers' jump pay has been elevated from $50 to $100. Please print this, because there are thousands of other troopers who are also in the dark about the above subject. Geronimo!

Pfc. R. J. K., Fort Sill, Okla.

For those who don't know it, the present rate of pay for enlisted men in the Parachute Corps is $50 a month over and above their base pay. Officers get $100 a month over their base pay.

Now as to this rumor. It's not really a rumor at all. The fact is, at this writing there is a bill before Congress to raise the pay of enlisted paratroopers to $100 a month over and above their base pay.

But don't go spending that extra money yet. Many's the bright idea that has got before Congress and never got any further. There's not a single straw in the wind right now to indicate whether Congress will turn thumbs up or thumbs down on this idea.

* * *

Men being discharged from the service honorably should have an authorized pin or bar that they can wear on their civilian clothes. Otherwise, I think it will be pretty tough going for a lot of ex-servicemen discharged to civilian life for a disability. How about going to bat for us fellows?

Pvt. H. G., Brooke General Hospital,
Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

There already is a lapel badge for honorable service, authorized by the War Department. It is a circular badge of red, white, and blue, with an eagle in the center.

However, the shortage of metal has prevented distribution of these badges. That isn't much of a break for the fellows who are honorably discharged, and I think you've got a good point concerning them. There's no reason why they should be getting sideways looks and having to get hoarse explaining the whys and wherefores from now until the war's over.

Maybe the War Department could issue some kind of a badge made of plastic. How about it?

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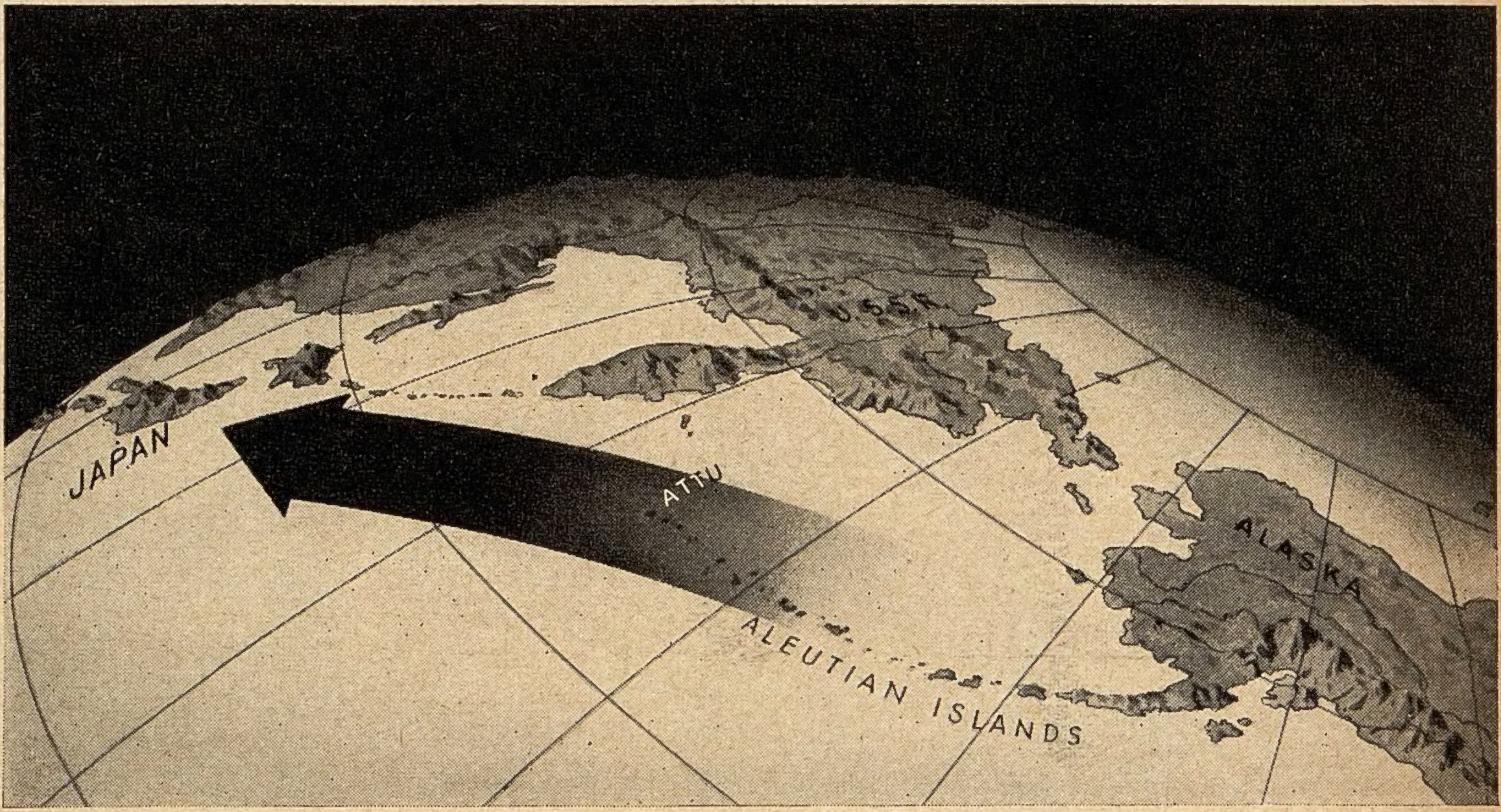
JAPAN'S TURN WILL COME



ALTHOUGH this is a global war, as a practical military problem it divides itself into two separate and distinct conflicts. Ever since America got into the scrap there has been much difference of opinion as to which one we ought to fight first.

The idea became generally accepted that F. D. R. and Churchill decided to throw a haymaker at the Nazis first, meanwhile holding off the Japs with left jabs, as it were. Although we remember no public announcement to that effect, the sequence of events the past year indicates it is true. Our forces moved aggressively against the Nazis in North Africa and in bombing expeditions from Britain, but against the Japs there have been only minor forays.

At present military experts all agree Germany has lost the war. We will do much hard fighting before *we* win it, but it seems definite Germany cannot win. No sudden or brilliant exertion of Nazi strength is likely to turn the tide. If they couldn't annihilate Russia when they were strong and the Russians weak, it seems hardly possible for them to do it now. If they couldn't invade England when the British were defending themselves with a few good airplanes and secondhand shotguns, it seems improbable they could turn the trick today. In other words, Germany is under control.

So voices are again raised calling on our leaders to turn their attention to Japan before she has so entrenched herself in her conquered islands it will be impossible to blast her out.

We have no wish to tell our strategists what to do from the depths of our armchair, but, in common with every one else, we like to do a little mulling over the subject. We think the military leaders of America and of the United Nations are capable men. We are confident they base their decisions on the realities of the situation and not on rumor, hearsay, or emotional appeals. We believe they know best what the logical next move should be and we don't think they should be forced into unwise strategy by popular agitation which hardly can be based upon complete knowledge of the facts.

Nevertheless, the Far Eastern situation is a worrisome thing. While we want to liberate at the earliest possible moment the people of conquered Europe who suffer terrifically under Nazi occupation, we also have conquered people of our own to liberate in the Pacific islands. The fact that the Filipinos are brown instead of white does not make their suffering any less intense under the heel of the ruthless Jap.

Generally speaking, though, we are content to leave strategy to our military men. If they decide to concentrate all our forces against Germany or against Japan, leaving the other culprit till later, may God grant they are right.

Anyhow, we have a hunch they are cooking up a very hot potato for Japan. We note the remark of a high air official that our present Fortresses and Liberators are the last of our "small" bombers. We note also on the map the relatively short distance between Attu and the Japanese islands. Japan soon may be the guinea pig in testing out the theories advocated by Billy Mitchell, Major de Seversky, Al Williams, and others.

Paul Hunter

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A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

since the Battle of Wichita

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

American victories of the past and in this war are an inspiring record. The Corby's distilleries are now on war production. Your dealer may occasionally be out of Corby's, but available supplies are being distributed as regularly as wartime conditions permit. So don't blame your dealer. Ask for Corby's, the light, sociable blend, every time. It's worth asking for now, and worth remembering after victory when you'll be able to get Corby's regularly again.

1 **INDIAN FIGHTING**—Oklahoma; 1858. Comanches warwhoop, U. S. Rifles crack, at the battle of Wichita. The Indians flee, the march westward is on. In that year, Corby's began its march to fame.

2 **GETTYSBURG**—a hot July day in 1863; Pickett's Southern fighters charge and recharge. Union forces finally prevail. In that year, the name Corby's had been associated with fine whiskey for five years.

N. Corby
CORBY'S
Special
LOOK FOR THE SIGNATURE
ON LABEL AND CAPSIAS
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

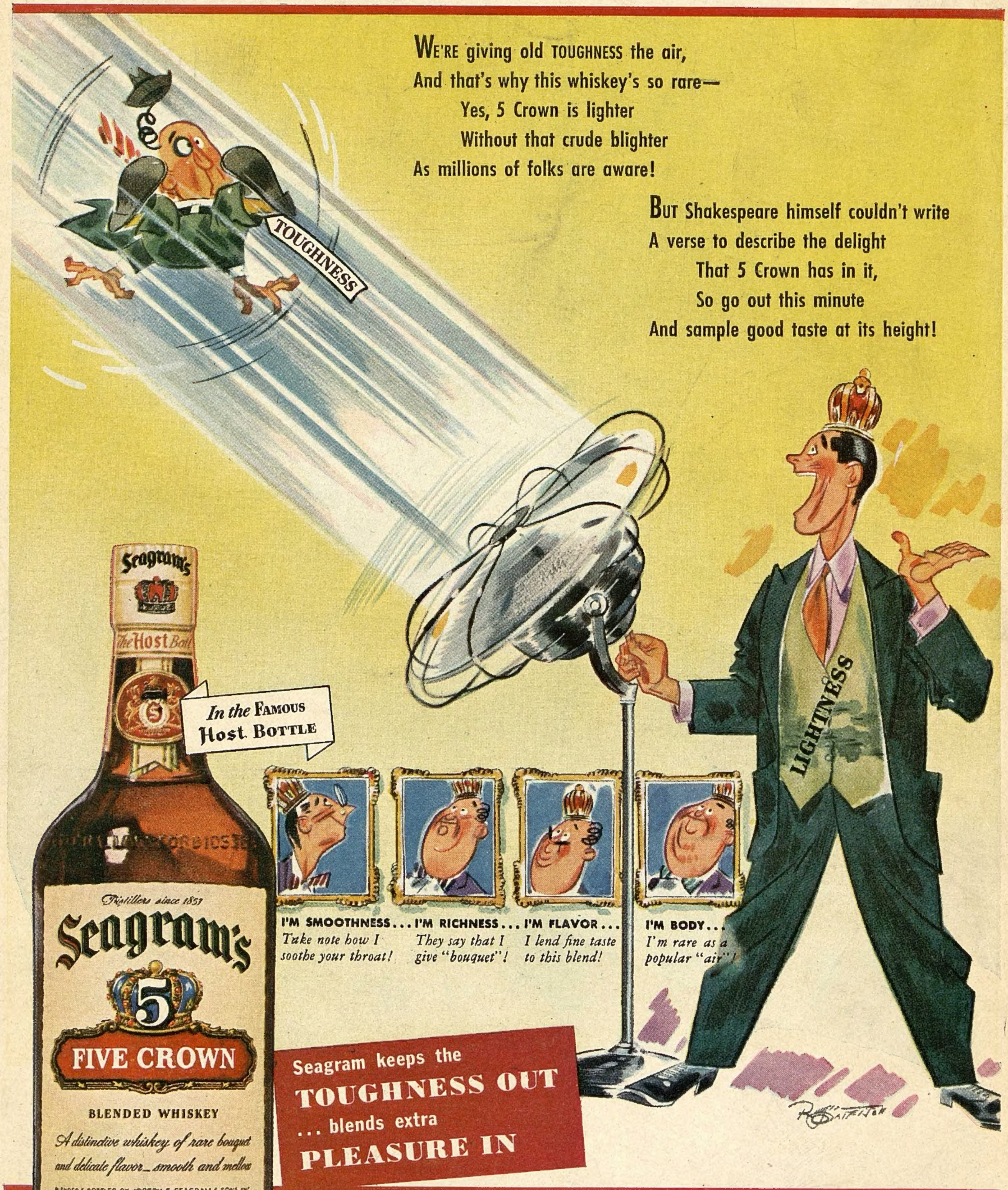
3 **CHATEAU-THIERRY**—July, 1918; the Germans advance on Paris. On the Marne, Americans help turn the tide. In World War days, the name Corby's had 60 years of tradition behind it.

4 **ALL-OUT WAR**—enveloping the globe—1943 battles being fought with new and devastating weapons. And in 1943, the name Corby's has been honored for 85 years as a symbol of fine whiskey.

73.4% Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited,
Peoria, Illinois. 86 Proof—

BUY WAR BONDS

"BLOW, TOUGHNESS, BLOW!" SAY THE 5 CROWNS


TOUGHNESS
LIGHTNESS
Seagram's
The Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
In the Famous Host Bottle

WE'RE giving old TOUGHNESS the air,
And that's why this whiskey's so rare—
Yes, 5 Crown is lighter
Without that crude blighter
As millions of folks are aware!

BUT Shakespeare himself couldn't write
A verse to describe the delight
That 5 Crown has in it,
So go out this minute
And sample good taste at its height!

I'M SMOOTHNESS . . . *Take note how I soothe your throat!*

I'M RICHNESS . . . *They say that I give "bouquet"!*

I'M FLAVOR . . . *I lend fine taste to this blend!*

I'M BODY . . . *I'm rare as a popular "air"!*

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
. . . blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 60% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York